TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

STORIES

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

VOL. I.

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Brulart de Sillery (L. F.) Comte de Genlis.

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BEING

LES VEILLEES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

By MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION, ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY THOMAS HOLCROFT,

Comme raccende il guſto il mutar' eſca,
Così mi par, che la mia Iſtoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata ſia,
Meno a chi l'udirà nojoſa ſia. ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the ſickening taſte,
So, while my muſe purſues her varied ſtrains,
Tale following Tale the raviſh'd ear detains. HOOLE.

The THIRD EDITION.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON,
N°. 25, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, 1787.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

A TRANSLATOR is, by his office, obliged to pay more attention than any reader can be ſuppoſed to beſtow on the purport, execution, and merits of his Author: not only the work as a whole, but each individual thought, as it receives its new dreſs, is compelled to paſs, ſeparately, in review; and undergo a long and ſevere examination. Every honeſt Tranſlator is, at leaſt, inclined to think favourably of his original; but happy is he, indeed, who is never diſſatisfied. Such extreme of happineſs is a thing common-ſenſe never hopes: as well might this ſecondary Author expect the humble taſk he himſelf undertakes ſhould give perfect ſatisfaction.

The Tranſlator of the preſent work is, however, among the moſt eminently fortunate; for he has beſtowed his

labours upon a book in which the powers of genius are ever ardent to inculcate the pureſt morality. Yes, to the eternal honour of Madame DE GENLIS be it ſpoken, her enchanting leſſons inceſſantly tend to inſpire univerſal philanthropy; to draw the moſt amiable, and therefore the moſt juſt, pictures of virtue: to ſoften the aſperities of the paſſions; to teach gentleneſs, benevolence, fortitude; juſtice towards ourſelves, charity towards others; and to induce that ſuperior, that rational conduct, which, alone, can generate happineſs. This praiſe is a tribute which, ſurely, neither phlegm nor envy can, in juſtice, refuſe to pay. The happy influence which a book like this muſt have on uninſtructed or ſubordinate minds cannot be denied; and, therefore, claims the univerſal ſuffrage of the wiſe and virtuous in favour of its author.

He

He who ſpeaks of himſelf, muſt either reſolve to ſay little, or be in great danger of becoming either vain or impertinent. Of the preſent verſion, therefore, let it only be obſerved, it was never intended to be any thing like literal; that the phraſes are ſometimes contracted, and ſometimes lengthened; that the liberty of adding a thought is ſometimes taken; that the picture of Madame Buſca's infirmities, in the ſtory of Pamela (Vol. III.), is ſoftened; that the incident of Doralice, ſucking the eyes of Eglantine (Vol. I.), is omitted (becauſe it is ſuppoſed they would both have offended, even violently, the delicacy of an Engliſh reader); that, in conſequence of the laſt-mentioned omiſſion, it was neceſſary to add circumſtances and touches to give a ſufficient degree of intereſt to the ſtory; and that other little freedoms have been taken; ſuch as, not permitting the ſage Theliſmar

liſmar to tell his pupil, Alphonſo, a falſhood, even though with a virtuous intention; and of leaving out certain notes which it was deemed were either too ſcientific for their ſituation, or too unintereſting; as well as of ſubſtituting ſome very few others, from the Cyclopædia, where it could evidently be done to advantage.

Having had a work before him which ſo frequently incited eſteem and admiration for its Author, the Tranſlator has been zealous to give it ſucceſs in a foreign language. He may have erred in judgment, he may have failed in execution; his intentions only can he anſwer for, and theſe, he repeats, have been ſincere and fervent; becauſe he imagined he might, not only add agreeably to the amuſement of thoſe who love reading, but, likewiſe, afford the moſt ſolid, and, often, the moſt ſublime inſtruction.

THE

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

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OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

THE duties of a ſoldier obliged the Marquis de Clémire to quit his family and join the army. He received, at the painful moment of farewel, the mournful adieus of his wife, his wife's mother, and his three children. Cæſar, his little ſon, bitterly complained, becauſe he was not big enough to follow his father to the wars. He had jumped upon his lap; the Marquis hugged him to his boſom, kiſſed, and ſat him down. His two daughters clung with their little arms about his knees, and cried; and his lady hung round his neck, and hid her face in his boſom, unwilling to receive the parting hiſs.

" Do, dear papa, take me with you," ſaid Cæſar, raiſing himſelf on tip-toe, to whiſper in his ear. The Marquis catched him up, again embraced, and gently laid him on the boſom of his mamma; but Cæſar, with his little hand, held faſt by the collar of his coat. At laſt the Marquis once more kiſſed his children and his wife, tore himſelf from their arms, and ran precipitately from their ſight. Madame de Clémire, overcome with grief, retired to her chamber with the Baronneſs her mother; and, as it was eight o'clock in the evening, the children were put to bed.

The houſe was all one ſcene of hurry, tumult, and conſternation, for Madame de Clémire was to depart, in the morning, to her eſtate in the remoteſt part of Burgundy. Some of the ſervants were to go into the country, others to ſtay at Paris, and thoſe who went were as much diſcontented as thoſe who remained.

" What madneſs, indeed, to go and bury one-
" ſelf in an old deſolate caſtle, to travel in the
" depth of winter, and leave Paris, where my
" Lady might at leaſt find diverſions! And how
" is it to be ſuppoſed that three children, the el-
" deſt of whom is only nine years and a half old,
" can ſupport the fatigue of ſuch a journey? A
" voyage of ſeventy leagues, here, in the month
" of January! A pretty thing! A fine ſcheme!

" And

" And ſo one's obliged to turn hermit, and hide
" oneſelf at the world's end, becauſe one's huſ-
" band is gone to the wars!"

Such were the reflections of Mademoiſelle Victoire, one of Madame de Clémire's women, who, while packing up her band-boxes, addreſſed this diſcourſe to M. Doret, the Maître d'Hotêl, who on his part was reciprocally afflicted, to be obliged to ſtay, and part with Mademoiſelle Victoire.

The two little daughters of Madame de Clémire, Caroline and Pulcheria, heard ſimilar complaints from another perſon. Mademoiſelle Julienne, who put them to bed, could not hide her vexation: ſhe had never lived in any place but Paris, and ſhe had an invincible averſion to, and dread of, the country.

Caroline and Pulcheria liſtened attentively to the oratory of Mademoiſelle Julienne, eſpecially Pulcheria, who was naturally very curious: but, as ſhe was but ſeven years old, this defect was the more excuſable, beſides that ſhe already gave proofs of many good qualities; and though ſhe was more heedleſs and wild than her ſiſter, who was eighteen months older, yet her frankneſs of temper, and ſenſibility of heart, made her beloved.

Cæſar had the moſt ſenſe of the three; it is true he was almoſt ten years old, and at that age we begin to loſe ſight of our firſt childhood. He had acquired ſome command over himſelf, and,

as no one has at all times the ſame ſpirit of application, he, in general, knew how to vanquiſh any little fits of diſguſt or idleneſs. Naturally fond of ſtudy, he had a ſtrong deſire to learn: he poſſeſſed ſenſibility, gentleneſs, ſincerity, and courage; delighted to pleaſe his parents; was affectionate towards his ſiſters; and grateful to his inſtructors; particularly to the Abbé Frémont, his tutor: though the Abbé was ſevere, and ſometimes croſs; eſpecially ſince the journey to Burgundy had been talked of, for he greatly regretted Paris, the news-papers, and his cheſs-party; cheſs having been his principal amuſement for ten years paſt.

There was not a perſon in the houſe who did not go ſorrowfully to bed. The night flew, day appeared; at half paſt ſeven the children were called up and dreſſed, breakfaſt was hurried over, and at eight o'clock the Baronneſs, Madame de Clémire, the Abbé Frémont, and the three children, ſeated in an Engliſh Berlin, departed for Burgundy.

At noon they ſtopped to dine, and Madame de Clémire, who had not cloſed her eyes the night before, lay down to reſt: the others refreſhed themſelves in a chamber adjoining. While the ſervants were buſy in laying the cloth, dreſſing the cutlets, and broiling the pigeons, the reſt of the family were ranged round the fire. The

Abbé

Abbé blew up the embers, and kept a diſcontented ſilence; and the children placed themſelves on each ſide of their grandmamma, chattering and putting their ſeveral queſtions; for the deep grief of Madam de Clémire had ſuſpended all curioſity while they were in the carriage.

What are we going into Burgundy for? ſaid Pulcheria. My dear, anſwered the Baronneſs, when an officer joins the army he is obliged to be at a great expence; and if his wife is prudent ſhe will prevent, by her œconomy, any embarraſſment into which ſuch extraordinary expences might naturally throw his affairs.

Oh! that's it! ſaid Pulcheria. But, they ſay, the caſtle is ſuch a dull ugly place—I am afraid mamma will be ſo ſad and——

If you have no fear but that, anſwered the Baronneſs, you have no cauſe to be uneaſy, my dear; for your mamma will find ſo much ſatisfaction, in fulfilling the duties of her ſtation, that there is no place in the world could afford her more pleaſure than the caſtle of Champcery.

I can eaſily believe that, ſaid Cæſar; for, ſometimes, when I am at my ſtudies, I ſhould much rather play; but then, when I remember I am doing my duty, and how happy every body will be if I learn my leſſon well, I take freſh courage and go on.

And beſides, ſaid the Baronneſs, when you have run and jumped and played till you are tired, do you find any very agreeable thoughts in your mind afterwards?

Oh no, dear grandmamma, replied Cæſar, I find nothing but that I am fatigued.

And when you have ſtudied your leſſon well, how then?

Then! oh then I am ſo happy! ſo careſſed, and praiſed, and beloved! M. Frémont can tell you, grandmamma, how fond every body is of me.

Never forget that, my good child, ſaid the Baronneſs! Never forget that the pleaſures we run after leave a cold laſſitude, and often a ſenſation of diſguſt upon the mind, while your good actions are alway remembered with tranſport.

Dinner was by this time on the table, and, when over, Madam de Clémire rejoined her mother and her children, and in a quarter of an hour they quitted their inn, to continue their journey.

After ſome days of ſlow travelling they arrived at Champcery. The caſtle was old and ruinous, and ſurrounded with marſhes, to which the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, the ſnow, and the icicles gave an aſpect ſtill more wild and deſolate. The old lumbering furniture ſoon caught the attention of the children. See, ſaid Caroline, if all the chairs

are

are not of black leather! Lord what great chimnies! And what little windows!——My dears, ſaid the Baronneſs, when I was in my youth, they uſed to live eight months out of the twelve in ſuch places as this; here they found true pleaſure; here they taſted more heart-felt mirth than, at preſent, is to be met with in the brilliant habitations that ſurround Paris, where, ſeeking delight, they loſe health, wealth, and happineſs.

Notwithſtanding theſe ſage reflections, Caroline and Pulcheria wiſhed they were at Paris; and the Abbé, naturally chilly, ſhivered, and loudly murmured, at the exceſſive coldneſs of all the rooms; the doors and windows of which, it muſt be owned, did not ſhut very cloſe, ſo that he preſently got cold, which aggravated his diſtreſs and ill-humour.

But nothing of all this equalled the vexation of Mademoiſelles Victoire and Julienne. Victoire was the firſt to complain. She durſt not own the true reaſon of her vexation, though ſhe could not forbear to grumble. Therefore, to make a beginning, ſhe declared the firſt morning after their arrival ſhe had not had a wink of ſleep all night, for fear of thieves!—Oh dear, ſaid Pulcheria, of thieves!—Why lord, Miſs, anſwered Victoire, who can ſuppoſe themſelves ſafe here in a ſolitary caſtle, in the middle of woods and waters, and nobody hardly in it—If my lady had indeed brought

all her ſervants, why that, perhaps, would have been ſomething.

And add to that, interrupted Julienne, this country is as full of wolves as of robbers!—Wolves! —Yes, Miſs; mad almoſt with hunger!—Oh dear you terrify me!—Have you heard any thing then, Julienne?—Why Miſs, you ſee all the lakes, and ponds and places are frozen over—Yes! Well!—Well!—And ſo the wolves croſs them every night in ſuch flocks!—Oh dear! Oh dear!—What, ſo near us?—Only think, now, if one ſhould chance to leave one of the ground-floor windows open, only think!—Yes, but you know nobody leaves windows open in ſuch cold weather.—Oh but one may forget—Dear, what a diſmal ſhocking country this Burgundy is!

This diſcourſe could not fail to make a ſtrong impreſſion on Caroline and Pulcheria. Frightened and uneaſy, they heartily regretted Paris. When they came to their mamma, ſhe eaſily perceived ſomething more than ordinary was the matter with them; and Caroline, when ſeriouſly queſtioned, confeſſed all, and re-told what had paſſed in their late converſation with Julienne and Victoire. Madame de Clémire had not much trouble in convincing them how extravagant their fears of thieves and wolves were; but, added ſhe, do not you know, I have forbidden you to converſe with chambermaids and ſuch people?—No more

we

we did not uſe to do, mamma; but ſince our Governeſs has had the fever, and Mademoiſelle Julienne has dreſſed and undreſſed us, we——And muſt you, becauſe ſhe has dreſſed and undreſſed you, join in her idle talk?—Oh, ſhe often does not ſpeak to us, but to Mademoiſelle Victoire.—But if you did not mix in their ſilly tattle, or if you were to liſten with indifference, and without noticing them, they would be ſilent before you; but, on the contrary, if you once become familiar with ſuch kind of people, you will ſoon ſpoil both your underſtandings and your hearts.—Nay, but mamma, have not you often told us that all men are brothers?—Certainly: and we ought to love, ſerve, and ſuccour them as much as poſſible. Nobility of birth is only an imaginary advantage, but education eſtabliſhed a real inequality among men. A rational, enlightened, well-informed perſon, cannot be intimate with one who is rude, ignorant, imprudent, and full of prejudices; nor would hold any converſation with a chambermaid, unleſs ſhe came to aſk a favour. We ought, indeed, to liſten with attention and reſpect to every one who wants our aſſiſtance, and confides in us for help.—Yes, mamma, but ſuppoſe one's maid was *very very* good, ſhould not one look upon her as a friend, tho' ſhe was ignorant, and wanted education?—Firſt tell me, Caroline, what do you mean by looking upon a perſon as

your friend?—Why—to love 'em with all one's heart.—Oh, you know Madame de Merival loves her little daughter with all her heart, and yet ſhe is only two years old, therefore cannot be her friend.—What, then, one ought to have ſomething more than love for one's friend—Aſſuredly; you ought to confide in a friend. Can you aſk, or is a maid capable of giving you advice, or affording intelligent and agreeable diſcourſe, even on common ſubjects? How then can you reaſonably confide your ſecrets to her? If ſhe is obliging and good, you ought to love her; but it is impoſſible you can eſteem her as your friend. Such friendſhip, for a perſon of my age would be ridiculous, but for a child it would be dangerous; of which you may be convinced, ſince two or three converſations, with Julienne and Victoire, have been ſufficient to inſpire you with the moſt chimerical fears, and make you murmur at the will of your mamma, inſtead of applauding thoſe worthy motives that occaſioned her to bring you hither; therefore you muſt carefully avoid, in future, any intimacy or familiarity with ſervants, in general, and all people who have not been well educated, though at the ſame time you muſt treat them with the greateſt indulgence. It would be abſurd to deſpiſe them, becauſe they were deprived of an advantage which it was not in their power to procure. Pity them when you ſee them

inconſiderate

inconſiderate or ſilly; and ſay to yourſelf, Had I not been bleſſed with tender and rational parents, I ſhould have been equally weak, perhaps more ſo.

Well but, mamma I have heard ſay that my aunt, who is ſo good and ſo reaſonable, looks upon her woman Roſetta as her friend.

So ſhe does; but the reaſon of that is, becauſe Roſetta is not ſuch a ſort of a maid as is uſually found: ſhe has been perfectly well educated; that is to ſay, for a perſon in her condition. Her parents could not give her a very extenſive education, but they gave her the beſt of principles and the beſt of examples. When Roſetta was ſeventeen years of age ſhe went to live with my ſiſter, begged of her to lend her books, and aſſiduouſly inſtructed herſelf; and, having a good underſtanding, and noble ſentiments, ſoon obtained her lady's eſteem, which ſhe merited by her piety, attachment, and induſtry. Morel, Cæſar's valet, has ſimilar propenſities: M. Frémont tells me he knows hiſtory and geography well; that he always has a book in his pocket; and is, beſides, very pious. You ſee with what reſpect I treat him, and you know I have not forbidden Cæſar to converſe with him; but then theſe inſtances are ſo uncommon they ought only to be looked upon as exceptions.

After this dialogue, the two young ſiſters no more took part in the prattling of Julienne and Victoire; they ſoon began to find that the country might be agreeable even in the depth of winter, and inured themſelves to the cold as well as Cæſar, who took great pleaſure in courſing about the gardens, making ſnow-balls, and ſliding. Animated by his example, they ventured upon the ice, not without fear at firſt, but cuſtom ſoon made them as bold, almoſt, as their brother. They ran intrepidly, and drew one another about in their ſmall arm chairs, which ſlid eaſily and faſt with little trouble; and though they had frequent falls they were too near the ground to be much hurt; ſuch accidents only redoubled their mirth, they tumbled lightly, and roſe but to laugh. Their mamma herſelf would ſometimes mix in their innocent ſports. She had recovered, not her gaity, but, her gentleneſs and equanimity of temper: ſhe no longer appeared to afflict herſelf, and weep in mournful ſilence; and if, at ſome moments, ſhe found herſelf overcome, ſhe would retire to her cloſet, and preſently return with a tranquil and ſerene countenance.

One day, when ſhe had thus abruptly left the company, Caroline ran to ſearch for her; ſhe could not find her in her bed-chamber, but thought ſhe heard her in her little dreſſing-room, the door of which was half open. Accordingly ſhe enter-

ed ſoftly, and beheld her mother kneeling, and in tears—" Grant me, Almighty God, ſaid ſhe, " grant me a greater portion of fortitude—grant " me reſignation more perfect!"—Caroline, inſpired by her mother's piety, fell on her knees likewiſe, and raiſing her hands to heaven, exclaimed in a broken voice—" Hear, oh Lord, " the prayers of my dear mamma!"—Madame de Clémire heard the child, turned her head, and extended her arms to Caroline, who ran and fell upon her neck. They ſat themſelves down on a couch, and after a ſhort ſilence, Madame de Clémire ſpoke thus:

It is neceſſary, my dear, I ſhould explain to you he reaſon of what you have ſeen. You, perhaps, may have obſerved, Caroline, I have not for ſome days paſt been ſo entirely devoured by grief, and that extreme ſorrow with which I was overwhelmed, as when we firſt arrived at this place. The cauſe, however, ſtill ſubſiſts. I am ſeparated from your father, and have the ſame reaſon to be dejected, were I not relieved by the conſolations which religion affords, and which alone can alleviate my pains. When I offer up my prayers to the Almighty, I feel my heart relieved, and my hopes animated. God ſpeaks, as it were, to my ſoul, raiſes and fortifies it, and on him is all my dependence placed. Then do, mamma, ſaid Caroline, as ſhe kiſſed her, do let me come with you

every

every time you pray for my papa; I am ſure I ſhall pray too with all my heart.—You ſhall, my dear, ſaid Madame de Clémire, and I hope you will never forget that, without a ſincere and fervent piety, it is impoſſible to be happy.

Champcery now ſoon became every day more and more agreeable to its inhabitants; the children wondered why they were ſorry to leave Paris; the Abbé himſelf became reconciled to his country-lodgings, his room was well lifted, the apartments were kept warm, ſkins were hung round the windows and doors; the curate, who was equally ſociable and virtuous, and moreover played paſſably at cheſs, was a proper companion for him, and his good-humour inſenſibly returned.

To give variety to their amuſements, the Baronneſs and Madame de Clémire after ſupper, that is to ſay, from half after eight to half after nine o'clock, promiſed to relate *Tales for their recreation and inſtruction*. This promiſe gave the children great pleaſure, and they were ſo eager to have it fulfilled that their mamma conſented to ſatisfy their impatience that very evening. When every body was ſeated, the children had got round their mamma, and the attention of all was fixed, ſhe began the following hiſtory nearly in theſe words;

DELPHINE:

DELPHINE:

OR, THE

FORTUNATE CURE.

DELPHINE was an only daughter, and an heireſs; her birth was noble, her perſon handſome, and her heart and underſtanding were good. Her mother Meliſſa, who was a widow, loved her exceedingly, but wanted fortitude and ſtrength of mind to give her daughter a proper education. At nine years old Delphine had many maſters, but ſhe learnt little, and diſcovered little inclination to learn, except to dance. She ſubmitted to her other leſſons with extreme indolence, and often abridged them one half, on pretence ſhe was fatigued, or had the head-ach. Her mamma was continually repeating, "I will not have her contradicted,-her conſtitution is delicate, and too much application will injure her health; beſides, added ſhe, proudly, I believe ſhe may eaſily procure a proper match, without any great ſuperiority of talents, and it ſeems to me uſeleſs to torment her about ſuch things."

I am afraid, mamma, ſaid Cæſar, ſhrugging his ſhoulders, and interrupting Madame de Clémire, this lady had not too much underſtanding. What, muſt

muſt one be ignorant becauſe one is rich?—By no means, anſwered his mamma, and the man who even can ſubmit to marry a woman, merely for her riches, never can give her his confidence and eſteem, unleſs ſhe is worthy of being beloved. The fruits of a good education are knowledge, talents, and an equality and gentleneſs of diſpoſition; and ſuch qualities render us delightful to others, and procure us an inexhauſtible fund of amuſement and happineſs to ourſelves: while perſons ill brought up are burthenſome to others, and a continual prey to all thoſe tireſome inward diſguſts which aret he inevitable effects of ignorance, lazineſs, and a wrong formed heart and mind.

Delphine, flattered, careſſed, and humoured as ſhe was, ſoon became one of the moſt unfortunate children in Paris. Her natural tendency to goodneſs each day declined, and her character was more and more depraved. Capricious, vain, and ſtubborn, ſhe would not endure the leaſt contradiction. Far from being willing to obey, ſhe would command. Sometimes ſcolding, and ſometimes converſing with the ſervants, now diſdainful and anon familiar, ſhe miſtook arrogance for grandeur, and meanneſs for affability. So fond of flattery that ſhe was unhappy when not praiſed, full of whimſies, and without any one fixed inclination, devoted to her dolls and play-things, and coveting

coveting every thing ſhe ſaw, ſhe was equally deficient in juſtice and moderation.

What a picture! ſaid Pulcheria—'Tis the picture of a ſpoilt child, ſaid her mamma, and reſembles many a woman of twenty.—A woman of twenty!—Yes, my dear: thoſe who have been ill educated, preſerve even in old age the defects of childhood. You will one day meet in the world many of theſe grown children, who are alternately the ſcoff and ſcourge of ſociety.

As for Delphine, ſhe was to be pitied; ſhe was the prey both of fretfulneſs and paſſion, defects that ſeldom unite. Angry on the ſlighteſt occaſion, and peeviſh without cauſe, ſhe would afterwards torment herſelf, for having been feeble and unjuſt: ſhe wept and lamented, but wanted the power to correct her faults.

To add to her misfortunes, ſhe had not a good ſtate of health. She eat too much, and not of proper and wholeſome food, but of cheeſecakes, tarts and confectionary; the conſequence was, ſhe was continually afflicted with the heart-burn and head-ach. Her mamma, too, laced her exceedingly tight, and ſhe, herſelf, was very much pleaſed to be thought fine ſhaped and ſlender; which ridiculous vanity made her bear, without murmuring, to be ſcrewed up till ſhe could ſcarcely breathe. But, though ſhe patiently ſuffered this ſpecies of torment, ſhe was tender to an exceſs;

exceſs; ſhe ſeldom walked abroad, and never in winter; the wind, the rain, the froſt, the ſun, the duſt, all were inſupportable; and, to paint all her foibles at a ſtroke, ſhe was afraid of riding in a coach, and ſhrieked at the ſight of a ſpider or a mouſe.

Inſtead of growing ſtronger as ſhe grew up, her health was every day on the decline; the phyſician, whom Meliſſa had conſulted, told her there was no danger in her caſe, and that it was only neceſſary to procure her as much amuſement and diſſipation as poſſible. Delphine accordingly ſoon had a multitude of toys, play-things, and preſents; every wiſh was anticipated, every diverſion ſought; but, whether at play-houſe, opera, concert, or whereſoever elſe, ſhe carried with her a laſſitude and diſcontent which no diverſion could diſſipate.

As all her fantaſies were indulged, ſhe had regularly ten or twelve a day, each more ſtrange than the other. Thus, for inſtance, one night when ſhe was at Verſailles, ſhe would ſend to Paris for Leonard to dreſs her doll's hair; and when they remonſtrated with her on the unreaſonableneſs of the whim, ſhe broke her doll, ſtamped, wept with rage, and had a nervous fit that was very dangergerous.

Increaſing thus from bad to worſe, ſhe became ſo truly diſagreeable, ſo odious by her paſſions, ill tempers,

tempers, and caprices, that no one could love, hardly could pity her; every thing irritated, or rendered her deſperate; and ſhe found that her violent humours were a greater puniſhment to herſelf than to thoſe they were intended to torment. At laſt the unhappy Delphine, inſupportable to every perſon as well as to herſelf, fell into a kind of conſumption, from which every thing was to be feared.

Meliſſa ſent in deſpair for a famous German doctor, whoſe name was Steinhauſſen. He examined his patient with great attention, and viſited her for ſome time; he then informed her mother he would be reſponſible for her life, but it muſt be on condition ſhe was left totally to his care. Meliſſa readily agreed, and told him, ſhe would put her daughter into his hands.—Yes, madam, ſaid the doctor, but it muſt be entirely, or I dare not accept the charge: I muſt take her to my country-houſe.—How! my child!—Yes, madam: her lungs are attacked, and the firſt remedy I ſhall preſcribe is to paſs eight months in a cow-houſe†. —Well, but I can have that——No, madam, I will not undertake the caſe unleſs ſhe is brought to my own houſe, and put under the care of my wife.—But, ſir, you will allow her governeſs and

† This is a well-known remedy, and has often been ſucceſsfully uſed in ſimiliar caſes.

woman

woman to go with her.—By no means, madam; nay more, if you confide her to me, you muſt reſolve not to ſee her for that ſpace of time yourſelf: I muſt be abſolute maſter of the child, and ſuffer no contradiction.

Meliſſa ſaid this was more than ſhe could ſupport; ſhe accuſed the doctor of cruelty and caprice; while he, unſhaken in his determination, left her, without noticing her reproaches.

Reflection ſoon brought Meliſſa to herſelf; and, knowing that all the other doctors had given up the caſe, while this one would become reſponſible for the cure, ſent haſtily to deſire his return. He came, and ſhe conſented, not without abundance of tears, to commit her entirely to his juriſdiction.

No one can deſcribe the rage and grief of Delphine, when ſhe was told ſhe muſt go with Madame Steinhauſſen, who was come on purpoſe to take her to her country-houſe. They durſt not tell her ſhe was to quit Paris for eight months, much leſs durſt they mention the cow houſe ſhe was to inhabit; but, notwithſtanding their art, ſhe gave herſelf up to the moſt violent deſpair, and they were obliged to place her forcibly in the carriage with Madame Steinhauſſen, who took her in her arms, ſet her on her knees, and ordered the coachman to drive away, which he inſtantly obeyed.

Poor

Poor Delphine! ſaid Pulcheria—To leave her dear mamma for eight months! I am ſure ſhe is to be pitied.

Her grief was natural, anſwered Madame de Clémire; it is the exceſs of it only which was condemnable. Reaſon and Religion ought always to preſerve us from deſpair. What, moreover, heightened Delphine's guilt was her behaviour; and particularly her diſdain for Madame Steinhauſſen, whom ſhe treated with ſo much contempt that ſhe did not deign even to ſpeak to her.

It was ſix o'clock in the evening when they arrived in the valley of Montmorenci, five leagues from Paris, and entered the houſe of doctor Steinhauſſen. Imagine, my children, what was the indignation of the haughty and imperious Delphine, when they conducted her into the *apartment* deſtined for her.—Where are you dragging me, cried ſhe?—Into a cow-houſe! What do you mean? What will you do with me? Oh what a ſmell! Let us get out of this frightful place.—This ſmell, young lady, replied Madame Steinhauſſen, in a gentle, complacent tone, is very healthy, and eſpecially for you.—Healthy, indeed! Let us get out, I ſay, of this hideous place. Shew me the chamber where I am to lie.—You are there already Miſs.—How! there already!—That is your bed, and this is mine, for I will fare the ſame as you do.—Me! I lay here! I ſleep in a cow houſe?

In

In a bed like this!—It is a good mattraſs.—Do you mock me?—No, indeed, Miſs, I tell you the very truth. This odour, which, unfortunately, you diſlike, is exceedingly ſalutary to perſons in your ſtate; it will reſtore you to health; and it was for this reaſon that my huſband has placed you here, where you muſt remain the greateſt part of the time you ſtay with me.

Madame Steinhauſſen had no occaſion to continue her diſcourſe, Delphine was not in a condition to liſten. The unhappy child, ſuffocated with rage, had fallen ſpeechleſs on the bed; Madame Steinhauſſen knew what ailed her, by the ſwelling of her neck and boſom, and the redneſs of her face; ſhe unlaced her, took off her neck ribband, and Delphine again began to breathe; but it was only to ſcream and cry, in a manner that would have frightened a perſon of leſs determined coolneſs than Madame Steinhauſſen, who took care to remain totally ſilent. Seeing, however, at the end of a quarter of an hour, ſhe ſtill continued her ſhrieks and cries, ſhe ſaid to her,—I have undertaken, Miſs, to nurſe a ſick, and not a mad girl, ſo I will wiſh you a good night: when you are entirely quiet, and cured of this outrageous behaviour, I will return.—What am I to be left to periſh?—No; one of my maids ſhall come to you—Your maid!—Yes, a patient, gentle, very good girl!—Catau!—Catau!

Catau

Catau heard the voice of her miſtreſs, and ran, and Madame Steinhauſſen went away. And now behold Delphine left alone with Catau, a ſtrong, robuſt, chubby, German girl, who could not ſpeak a word of French.

As ſoon as Delphine ſaw what they intended ſhe ran towards the door to get out; which Catau, to prevent her, locked, and put the key in her pocket. Delphine ſcreamed like a little fury, and would have the key, ſhe ſaid: Catau did not underſtand, therefore could not anſwer her; but ſhe ſmiled at her mutinous freaks, and having contemplated the violence of her countenance contraſted with the ſmall feeble frame ſhe beheld, laughable and ridiculous to her, ſhe ſat herſelf very quietly down to her knitting.

The tranquillity of Catau inflamed the choler of Delphine; her face reddened, her eys ſparkled, and ſhe went up to her and ſcolded in a moſt violent manner: Catau, aſtoniſhed, looked at her, ſhrugged up her ſhoulders, and continued her work. The air of contempt, viſible in Catau, drove the haughty Delphine beſide herſelf, till ſhe was ſo enraged ſhe could no longer find words to expreſs her feeling. She was ſtanding, and Catau was ſitting with her head bending over her work, without obſerving her: at laſt, Delphine, having abſolutely loſt all diſcretion and command of herſelf, ſtepped one foot back, raiſed her arm,

and

and applied the palm of her hand, with all the little force ſhe was miſtreſs of, full upon the plump broad cheek of Catau. This was a language ſhe could not miſunderſtand, and was ſomewhat vexed as well as rouzed, by an attack ſo unexpected. She inſtantly determined, however, how to proceed; ſo, taking off her garter, ſhe ſeized the feeble Delphine, and tied her hands faſt behind her back. It was in vain to ſhriek and ſtruggle, ſhe had no power to diſengage herſelf; and, at laſt, wearied with exertions beyond her ſtrength, and convinced ſhe muſt ſubmit, ſhe ſat down, though with an agonizing heart, and ceaſed crying, expecting with impatience the return of Madame Steinhauſſen, hoping ſhe would drive away the ſilent and flegmatic Catau.

Madame de Clémire had told thus much of her tale, when the Baronneſs informed them it was half paſt nine o'clock, and the children went to bed, ſorry not to have heard the end of the ſtory; it was the ſubject of their diſcourſe all the next day, and at night, after ſupper, their mamma again thus continued her recital.

We left Delphine, with her hands tied, alone with Catau, expecting Madame Steinhauſſen, who came, at laſt, and brought with her one of the moſt amiable children in the world. This was her daughter Henrietta, who was twelve years old. Delphine ran as ſoon as ſhe ſaw Madame Steinhauſſen,

hauſſen, turned about, ſhewed her hands, and complained highly of the inſolence, as ſhe called it, of Catau; but ſhe forgot to mention the ſlap in the face. Madame Steinhauſſen looked round at Catau, and aſked the reaſon of it; and Catau, to the aſtoniſhment of Delphine, replied in German, and juſtified herſelf in two words. Madame Steinhauſſen then addreſſed herſelf to Delphine, and thus reproved her for her behaviour.

You ſee, young lady, to what you have expoſed yourſelf, by pride and violence; you have made an unworthy uſe of the ſuperiority which your rank gave you over this girl, and have obliged her to forget the diſtinction which the accident of birth had placed between you. If you would have your inferiors never fail in the reſpect they owe you, be careful always to treat them with gentleneſs and humanity.

Madame Steinhauſſen then untied Delphine's hands, who heard with ſurprize a language ſo new to her. Though more humbled than inſtructed by this leſſon, ſhe yet felt its juſtice; but, ſpoilt by flattery and education, ſhe was not at preſent capable of comprehending truth and reaſon, in their full force. Madame Steinhauſſen preſented her daughter to Delphine, who received her coldly enough, and preſently afterwards ſupper was ſerved. At ten o'clock Catau undreſſed the ſorrowful Delphine, and helped her into her mattreſs

bed, where, being heartily fatigued, ſhe found it poſſible to ſleep very ſoundly though on a hard couch and in a cow-houſe.

The next morning the doctor came to ſee Delphine, when ſhe awakened, and ordered her to walk an hour and a half before breakfaſt. This ſhe thought exceedingly ſevere, and at firſt refuſed, but ſhe was ſoon obliged to obey. They led her into a vaſt orchard, and, though it was the fineſt weather in the world, it being in the month of April, ſhe complained of tender feet, the wind and the cold, and wept all the way, but ſtill was forced to walk; ſhe was brought back to her cow-houſe exceedingly hungry, and for the firſt time within a year, at leaſt, eat with a good appetite.

After breakfaſt ſhe opened her caſket which contained her jewels, ſuppoſing that, by diſplaying her riches before Madame Steinhauſſen and Henrietta, ſhe ſhould ſoon obtain a greater degree of reſpect. Full of this idea, ſhe, with a ſignificant pride, took from her drawer a beautiful pearl necklace, and tied it about her neck, put on her emerald ear-rings, and ſtuck a precious ſtone and a diamond butterfly in her hair. She then marched in ſtate, and ſat herſelf down oppoſite Henrietta, who was at work by the ſide of her mamma. Her approach occaſioned Henrietta to take her eyes off her work: ſhe juſt looked for a moment

moment coldly at her finery, and continued her occupation.

Delphine, aſtoniſhed at the little effect her exhibition had produced, and ſtill deſirous of attracting the notice of Henrietta, took a magnificent box of rock chryſtal, the hinges of which were ſet with brilliants, and offered her ſweetmeats. Henrietta accepted a few ſugar-plumbs, but without beſtowing any praiſes on the fine box. Delphine then aſked her how ſhe liked her box? Why, for my part, ſaid Henrietta, I think it too heavy; a ſtraw-box is much more convenient to carry—A ſtraw-box!—Yes; like mine, for example; look at this; don't you think it pretty?—But do you know the price of mine? how much it coſt?—Coſt! dear what ſignifies coſt. Convenience is better than coſt—But the beauty of the work?—Oh, yes, your's is more beauitful, and would beſt ſet off a ſhop, but mine is better for the pocket—What then you do not care for ſuch pretty things?—Not if they are unhandy, or incommode me.—And don't you love diamonds?—I think a garland of flowers is better when one is young—And when one is not young, ſaid Madame Steinhauſſen, ornaments of all ſorts are generally ridiculous.

Delphine now became thoughtful, and felt a kind of melancholy ſhe had never known before, mixed with chagrin; but, as Madame Steinhauſſen im-

preſſed an awe upon her, ſhe was obliged to ſmother her feelings: not daring, therefore, to ſhew her vexation, ſhe continued ſilent.

After remaining mute for a few minutes, Madame Steinhauſſen ſaid to Delphine, as I find, Miſs, you are fond of fine things, I will ſhew you by and by ſome of my curioſities. O dear, yes, ſaid Henrietta, mamma has ſome delightfully curious things, and among the reſt ſome foſſils. Foſſils! ſaid Delphine, what are thoſe?—They are ſtones, replied Henrietta, which, either by chance or the ſport of nature, have the figures of trees, plants, animals, and fiſh, imprinted on them (1).

This little explanation ended, Henrietta was once more ſilent, and Delphine again became melancholy. She now, for the firſt time in her life, made a few reflexions. Henrietta, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, is only the daughter of a phyſician; ſhe has no jewels, no diamonds, no dolls, no playthings, that I ſee; ſhe is always buſy, always at work. How does it happen that ſhe has ſo much ſatisfaction in her face? Why is ſhe ſo happy, while I have been weary of my life, as it were, ever ſince I was born?

As theſe thoughts paſſed in her mind, ſhe ſighed; but, though ſhe was far from content, ſhe was alſo far from being ſo diſcontented as ſhe had been at Paris. The converſation of Madame Steinhauſſen and Henrietta was intereſting, and incited

incited curioſity; ſhe could not help reſpecting the firſt, and ſhe began to feel a ſtrong inclination towards the young Henrietta.

In the evening ſhe aſked for her doll and play-things, and Madame Steinhauſſen informed her they had been forgotten, and left at Paris, but that ſhe ſhould have them in a few days. Delphine, notwithſtanding her awe of Madame Steinhauſſen, was ready to murmur, when Henrietta ſaid ſhe would go and fetch ſomething which ſhe thought would divert her all the evening. She then ran into the houſe, and preſently returned, followed by Catau, who brought in two huge folios, full of engravings; one volume of which contained a collection of Turkiſh habits, and the other of Ruſſian, by Le Prince. Theſe Henrietta explained ſo well, and with ſuch an engaging manner, that Delphine was very agreeably amuſed. Before ſhe went to bed, ſhe kiſſed Madame Steinhauſſen and her daughter, and told the latter, ſhe hoped ſhe would learn her ſomething more on the morrow.

Delphine lay down without fretting, ſlept well, and, as ſoon as ſhe awaked, called for Henrietta; who, being ready dreſſed, ran, and ſeeing Delphine hold out her arms, leaped lightly upon her bed, and claſped her neck. Delphine hurried on her clothes; there was no occaſion to perſuade her to walk, ſhe took hold of Henrietta's arm, and chear-

fully entered the open air. When they came to the orchard, ſhe ſaw and admired how nimbly Henrietta ran, and endeavoured to run alſo. It was not long before Henrietta perceived a charming roſe-coloured and black butterfly, and propoſed to her companion to try to take it. The agreement was made, and the chace began: the girls ſeparated; Henrietta, being the ſtrongeſt and beſt runner, outſtripped the butterfly, and turned it back to Delphine, whenever the latter failed to catch it, as it alighted on the ſhrubs and buſhes. Delphine at firſt did not underſtand the method; ſhe ran too briſkly; the butterfly ſtill eſcaped, and was ſtill purſued. After various turns it alighted at laſt upon a hawthorn bough, and Delphine this time approached gently, and with circumſpection, firſt one foot and then the other, and with her arms concealed to entrap her prey. Juſt as ſhe got to the buſh, her heart beat with hope and fear; ſhe held in her breath leſt it ſhould agitate the leaves; then, ſtretching out her arm by degrees, tried to ſeize upon the butterfly, and thought at firſt ſhe had it; but, alas, it was gone, it had ſlipt through and left the traces of its flight upon her fingers.

Delphine ſighed when ſhe looked, and ſaw part of the duſt which coloured the beautiful wings of the fugitive upon her hand. Fatigued, but not vanquiſhed, ſhe ſtill followed, till it conducted her and her companion to a ditch, which ſeparated

their

their orchard from another: thither it flew, and thither Henrietta preſently followed; but poor Delphine was obliged to ſtay behind; ſhe could not leap the ditch. She preſently, however, heard the huntreſs proclaim her victory? Away ſhe came, running and jumping, and holding her captive lightly by the tip of its wings, while it in vain endeavoured to eſcape.

O dear, what a charming chace! ſaid Pulcheria; how I long for ſpring, that I may have juſt ſuch another!—Then you wiſh the winter was gone? ſaid the Baronneſs—To be ſure? Who does not? We ſhall have roſe-coloured butterflies, you know, grandmamma.—Yes, but you cannot ſlide, and draw your little ſledges along the ice; you cannot make ſnow-balls and —Oh dear, that's true; I ſhall be ſorry for that!—You will not be ſorry, my dear, when you have enjoyed theſe pleaſures during their proper ſeaſon. Things are beſt as they are; were we to ſee flowers, and green fields, and roſe-coloured butterflies all the year round, we ſhould look on them with indifference. Remember, my children, people who wiſh to be happy, ought to enjoy thoſe things they poſſeſs, rather than thoſe they hope for. Struggle, therefore, with your wiſhes, and keep your deſires within bounds, for, if you want moderation, you want every thing. The remembrance of ſpring will make the winter

irkſome and deſolate, and your wiſh to taſte the fruits of autumn will prevent your enjoyment of the beauties of ſummer: no ſeaſon will bring ſatisfaction; and you will neither value a race on the ice nor a chace of the butterfly.

Very true, grandmamma, ſaid Pulcheria; I perceive I was ſilly; and, I promiſe you, I will hereafter wait patiently for the ſpring.

I uſed mamma, ſaid Cæſar, to ſee butterflies in my uncle's garden at Neuilli, but I never could catch them, becauſe they don't fly ſtrait forwards.

Very true, ſaid Madame de Clémire; their flight is a little extraordinary, always zig-zag; now up, and now down; now to the right, and now to the left; which effect, I believe, is produced by the wings ſtriking the air one after the other, or, perhaps, with an alternate unequal force. This, however, is a great advantage to them, for by this means they often eſcape the birds that purſue them, which always fly in a right line, whereas the butterflies always do juſt the contrary.

Where do they find the moſt beautiful butterflies, mamma? ſaid Caroline. Not in Europe, anſwered Madam de Clémire; the butterflies of China, but eſpecially thoſe of America, and of the river Amazon, are the moſt remarkable for their ſize, the brilliancy of their tints, and the elegance of their forms. (2.) In China they ſend the moſt beautiful as preſents to the emperor, who makes

makes them contribute to adorn his palace. The inhabitants make little ſilk nets to hunt them with, and we are told that ſome of the Chineſe ladies have the curioſity to ſtudy the lives of theſe inſects. (3.) They take them in their catterpillar ſtate, when they begin to ſpin their web, ſhut ſeveral of them up together in a box full of twigs, and, when they hear them begin to flutter their wings, they let them fly about a glaſs-chamber ſtrewed over with flowers.

The children, at hearing this deſcription, all eagerly begged permiſſion to imitate the Chineſe ladies, ſtudy the lives of butterflies, make ſilk nets, and have glaſs-caſes to keep the caterpillars in; which their mamma promiſed them: that is, promiſed to furniſh the materials, and directions how to proceed, provided they would employ themſelves in the execution; which they gladly accepted.

Madame de Clémire then took up, once more, the thread of her ſtory; and, always addreſſing herſelf to her children, thus proceeded.

We left Henrietta and Delphine in the orchard, you remember, and as ſoon as nine o'clock came, Madam Steinhauſſen permitted the two young friends to breakfaſt together, in a pretty little apartment that belonged to Henrietta. Here Delphine beheld objects that were all totally new to her; dried flowers preſerved in glaſſes, variega-

ted ſhells, and butterflies, were its ornaments. Henrietta anſwered all her queſtions with her uſual complacency, ſhewed her each thing individually, taught her that ſhells were divided into three claſſes, (4.) and that theſe three claſſes formed all together twenty-ſeven families, which included every ſpecies of ſhell hitherto known; while Delphine liſtened with equal aſtoniſhment and curioſity.

How do you know all this? ſaid ſhe; you have a deal of knowledge.—Me! ſaid Henrietta: dear, I know very little; my notions are confuſed, and only ſuperficial; I have an earneſt deſire to learn, for which reaſon I love to read,—Love to read! that's very ſtrange!—How! ſtrange! it's a very common thing, I believe.—Oh no, I don't think that.—Shall I lend you ſome books?—If you pleaſe, till my doll comes.—Well, I will lend you *The Converſations of Emilius*, and *The Children's Friend:* which laſt is tranſlated from the German by Mr. Berquin, and is a very good book.—From the German? That's your language.—Yes.—But I can hardly perſuade myſelf you are a German, you ſpeak French ſo well. You are only a year older than I am, how is it poſſible for you to have learnt ſo much already?—I aſſure you I think myſelf very ignorant, but I read a great deal with my mamma; I am never idle, and I have put away my doll theſe two years and upwards.

Here

Here Henrietta ran and fetched *The Children's Friend* out of her little library, and gave it to Delphine. She received the preſent coldly enough, and Madame Steinhauſſen then conducted her back to her uſual habitation, where ſhe left her to the care of Catau, promiſing to come to her in two or three hours.

Madame de Clémire looked at her watch, and found it was time to break up her aſſembly for that night; and though the children, delighted with her ſtory, were not at all ſleepy, ſhe thought proper to ſend them to bed.

The next day Caroline and Pulcheria begged Victoire to learn them to ſpin, that they might be able to make nets, and catch all the butterflies of Champcery as ſoon as April came; Cæſar, on his part, was buſy in his enquiries how to make glaſs-caſes at the leaſt expence poſſible, and his man Morel ſoon gave him ſufficient inſtructions for that purpoſe. The Abbé made him a preſent of the *Spectacle de la Nature*, and it was their afternoon's employment uſually to read that work. But theſe amuſements did not abate their deſire to know the end of Delphine's ſtory; wherefore, on the third evening, Madam de Clémire thus continued.

Delphine being alone with Catau, and without her play-things, thought it beſt to drive away her ſpleen, by reading in the book Henrietta had given

her. She ran over the leaves at firſt with a good deal of indifference, reading only here and there. As ſhe read on, ſhe began to take pleaſure in what ſhe read, and was ſurprized to find that reading could make time paſs away more agreeably than moſt other amuſements.

While ſhe was reflecting on this diſcovery, ſhe heard ſome one knock at the door of the cow-houſe. Catau got up to open it, and Delphine ſaw an old country-woman, led by a young girl of fifteen or ſixteen, who aſked her if ſhe was Miſs Steinhauſſen. No, ſaid Delphine, I am not her, but I expect ſhe will be here preſently. The old woman then begged ſhe might be permitted to ſtay for her, for, ſays ſhe, I muſt ſpeak to her. Delphine now perceived the old woman was blind, and aſked if ſhe came to take advice from Doctor Steinhauſſen. Truly, young lady, ſaid ſhe, I be not come of my own head, for it was Miſs Steinhauſſen that kindly ſent to ſeek me.—Why, ſaid Delphine? The good woman anſwered this queſtion, by telling her ſhe lived at Franconville, had been blind three years, and that the thing which fretted her moſt was that her grand-daughter, Agatha, the pretty young girl who conducted her, was beloved by a rich farmer of the village where Henrietta came from; but that ſhe refuſed to marry him, becauſe ſhe ſhould then have a family to manage, and could not take proper care of her poor blind grandmother;

grandmother; ſhe could not then aſſiſt her, prattle to her, and lead her about; and that ſhe would not conſent to leave her to the care of a ſervant.

Indeed, ſaid Agatha, I ſhould be a very bad girl if I was to do ſo; for you know, grandmother, I loſt my father and mother when I was quite young, and you have taken care of me and brought me up ever ſince.—And ſo this dear child, reſumed the old woman, won't leave me; ſo Miſs Henrietta knows the whole ſtory, and ſhe has been ſo kind to ſend for me in a chaiſe, that her papa may try if he can do me any good; and I am told, he has brought abundance of folks to their eye-ſight again, that were all as blind as I be.

Henrietta came ſoon after; ſhe kiſſed them both with the moſt lively affection, aſked them many queſtions, in a manner that ſhewed ſhe was intereſted in their welfare, and liſtened with concern to their anſwers. Then, taking the old woman by the hand, ſhe ſaid, come, come to my papa; he is juſt returned from Paris; let us conſult him, let us hear what he ſays.

In ſaying this, ſhe obliged the old woman to lean on her ſhoulder, and, taking the young one in her other hand, went towards the houſe.

This ſcene made a ſtrong impreſſion on Delphine; Henrietta had never appeared ſo amiable before; ſhe recollected every queſtion ſhe had

put

put, and the concern viſible in her countenance at their anſwers. The remembrance painted Henrietta in the moſt charming colours, augmented her love of her, and inſpired her with a more lively wiſh to reſemble her than ſhe had ever felt before.

Henrietta returned in about a quarter of an hour, in a tranſport of joy. How happy I am, ſaid ſhe to Delphine, that I had the thought to bring the good woman here! My father is certain he can reſtore her to ſight: he will perform the operation of the cataract upon her in eight days, and has conſented, at my requeſt, to lodge and board her till ſhe is cured. Imagine how happy I ſhall be when ſhe is no longer blind! Her granddaughter will marry the rich farmer, for ſhe won't want her aſſiſtance then; and the piety and affection of Agatha will not deprive her of a good eſtabliſhment, which ſhe might never find again. Ah! my dear Henrietta, ſaid Delphine, I ſee how happy you are, and how much you merit ſo to be!

The entrance of the doctor and Madame Steinhauſſen interrupted their converſation. The doctor, as uſual, queſtioned his patient concerning her ſtate of body, who anſwered ſhe was much better. I am a little tired it is true, ſaid Delphine, becauſe I have ran a good deal to day, but it does not make me ſo uneaſy as I uſed to be at Paris,

after

after having been at a ball or an opera. I am not at all ſurprized at that, anſwered the doctor; the curvets you take about Paris engender fevers, but in the country they produce a good appetite, ſound ſleep, and thoſe ſtreaks of wholeſome red, which you ſee in the cheeks of Henrietta. The doctor then, after feeling her pulſe, deſired ſhe might continue the ſame regimen till further orders.

Delphine received a letter that afternoon from her mamma, which ſhe ſhewed to Henrietta, who immediately ran for pen, ink, and paper. Here, ſaid ſhe, my dear Delphine, here are the materials to anſwer your mamma; but, inſtead of taking them, Delphine hung down her head and bluſhed—Alas, ſaid ſhe, I can't write—What not at all? ſaid Henrietta. I write a tolerable large hand. Henrietta perceived the humiliation of Delphine, and was ſorry. One can't indeed be aſtoniſhed, conſidering your ill ſtate of health, that you are ſomething backward in your education, ſaid ſhe, but it is now time to recover what you have loſt—I ſhall be glad ſo to do, ſaid Delphine; and if any body now would learn me to write, I—My writing is not very bad, interrupted Henrietta, and if you will permit me, I will be your miſtreſs. Delphine anſwered her, by flinging her arms about her neck and kiſſing her; and it was agreed their leſſons ſhould commence the next day.

Delphine

Delphine now began to bluſh at her exceſſive ignorance. She loved and admired Henrietta, who took advantage of the aſcendancy ſhe had acquired over her to make her induſtrious, and willing to learn; ſetting her, at the ſame time, ſuch an excellent example, and being herſelf ſo evidently happy, that Delphine could not reſiſt the deſire ſhe had to imitate her. She found likewiſe in her converſation, as well as in that of Madame Steinhauſſen, ſomething which became every day more and more agreeable. Sometimes the latter would diſcourſe with her on botany or mineralogy, (5.) and at others would relate ſome agreeable tale; or trait of hiſtory; then again ſhe would ſpeak of Germany, its uſeful inſtitutions, and the curioſities to be ſeen at Vienna; of the magnificent collections of pictures at Dreſden and Duſſeldorf; of ſuperb gardens; and, among others, of thoſe at Newaldeck, at Ornback, in Auſtria, and at Swetſingua, four leagues from Manheim, in which were delightful baths, fine ruins of a chateau-d'eau, a beautiful temple of Apollo, a grand moſque, and a great quantity of exotics and ſcarce trees. She deſcribed to her the charming gardens of Reinſberg, in Pruſſia, and the Temple of Friendſhip in the gardens of Sans-Souci. This monument, ſaid ſhe, is of marble, and contains the mauſoleum of the Margraveſs of Bareith, the King's ſiſter. It is ſupported by magnificent

magnificent columns, on which are engraved the names of the moſt revered and celebrated friends of antiquity; ſuch as Theſeus and Pirithous, Pylades and Oreſtes, Epaminondas and Pelopidas, Cicero and Atticus, &c. heroes moſt worthy of living in the memories of man, ſince they poſſeſſed both fortitude and feeling, and owed their happineſs, glory, and reputation, to the charms of Virtue and Friendſhip.

Delphine liſtened to theſe recitals with the moſt profound attention, and ſoon felt a real attachment to Madame Steinhauſſen. She began to feel the value of ſuch inſtructions, and to deſire her to communicate them. She obeyed her commands without an effort, had a ſtrong wiſh to oblige her, and felt the moſt lively ſatisfaction when ſhe obtained any mark of her approbation.

In the mean time Henrietta and Delphine ſaw with pleaſure the day approach when the operation was to be performed on the good old woman. The rich farmer, whoſe name was Simon, more than ever in love with Agatha, came to deſire Madame Steinhauſſen and Henrietta to intercede for him with her. Her refuſal, which had proved ſo well her affection for her grandmother, made her ſtill dearer to the heart of Simon. Madame Steinhauſſen accordingly ſpoke to her on the ſubject, and ſhe confeſſed *ſhe had a very great eſteem for Mr. Simon.*

Nevertheleſs

Nevertheleſs, I hope, ſaid Pulcheria, that ſhe did not conſent to have him, if her grandmamma did not recover her ſight.—You *hope* ſo, my dear, ſaid Madame de Clémire: and do you judge of her ſenſations by your own?—Oh no, mamma, ſaid Pulcheria; if I had, I ſhould have been *certain*.—The Baronneſs held out her hand to Pulcheria, and ſhe ran, leaped to her boſom, and kiſſed her, as ſhe afterwards did her mamma.

After a ſhort ſilence, Madame de Clémire continued her tale.

Agatha, ſaid ſhe, gave her promiſe to marry Simon, if the doctor reſtored her grandmother to ſight, on condition that he would let the good woman have an apartment in his houſe. Simon gladly conſented; and, full of affection for Agatha, floating between hope and fear for the ſucceſs of the operation, waited with anxiety for the day of trial.

The intereſting moment at length arrived, and Delphine obtained permiſſion to be preſent. Henrietta, about noon, conducted the patient into the doctor's apartment, who, penetrated with gratitude to her young protectreſs, thanked her in the moſt heart-felt and expreſſive terms, at the ſame time claſping her hand and ſaying that, if it *ſhould* pleaſe God to grant her the light of heaven once again, ſhe ſhould take almoſt as much delight, in looking

looking upon her, as in once more beholding her dear Agatha.

The doctor now commanded silence, and placed her in the arm chair; the poor old woman begged she might have Agatha on one side of her, and Henrietta on the other. Simon, the young farmer, stood opposite, pale and trembling, and Agatha, with her eyes hid in her apron, pressed her grandmother's hand to her lips, and bathed it with her tears. Madame Steinhaussen and Delphine sat at some little distance, contemplating this affecting picture with tenderness and anxiety.

The operation now began, and the good woman supported the pain with fortitude. The doctor, slow and careful in every touch, at last exclaimed, *it's over! it's done!*—And instantly the poor old creature cried out, Good God, is it possible! Am I no longer blind? Agatha, my child, my dear good girl, do I see thee once again!—And Miss Henrietta, who, where is she?

Agatha dissolved in tears, threw herself about her neck; Henrietta transported ran to embrace her, and the farmer, half wild, fell upon his knees before Agatha, crying out, she is mine, she is mine. Delphine could hardly support this scene; she rose, she ran to her Henrietta, and, by her tears, in part expressed the sensations of tenderness and affection with which her heart overflowed.

I am

I am almoſt ſure, ſaid Cæſar, weeping, that Delphine will henceforward be nearly as good as even Henrietta herſelf.

You are not deceived, my dear, ſaid his mamma; Delphine was at laſt convinced that birth, jewels, and toys, do not give content; and that, if ſhe would be happy, ſhe muſt be benevolent and good. A witneſs of the pure ſatisfaction which Henrietta enjoyed, of the lively gratitude of the good old woman, of the happineſs of Simon and Agatha, and reading in the eyes of the doctor and Madame Steinhauſſen the pleaſure they felt in poſſeſſing a child ſo worthy of their virtues, Delphine almoſt envied the lot of Henrietta, while ſhe felt her admiration of her, and her friendſhip and love for her intimately ſtrengthened and increaſed.

When theſe firſt effuſions of the heart were over, the doctor deſired the grandmother to fix a day for the marriage of Agatha and Simon; and it was agreed, it ſhould take place in ſomething leſs than three weeks. The doctor and Madame Steinhauſſen undertook to furniſh the bride clothes, and Henrietta begged permiſſion to offer her a fine piece of chintz pattern cotton, which her mamma had given her the night before.

All day long Delphine heard nothing but the praiſes of Henrietta; the good old woman called her "her heavenly protectreſs;" and, when ſhe thanked the doctor, ſhe never failed to add, "But

"it

" it is to Miſs Henrietta I owe all! it was ſhe " that found me out! that brought me hither! " that had me kept in the houſe! ſhe ſeeks out " the wretched and the ſick, ſhe finds comfort for " them, ſhe makes them happy!"

Agatha, in the mean while, was kiſſing Henrietta's hand; Simon durſt not ſpeak; but lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and his looks ſufficiently expreſſed the emotions of his heart; the ſervants all bleſſed and praiſed their young miſtreſs, and related a thouſand other traits of her benevolence; and the doctor and Madame Steinhauſſen mutually ſolicited each other, and gave God thanks for ſending them ſuch a child.

Henrietta received theſe praiſes with as much modeſty as feeling, and returned them all to her mamma: without you, ſaid ſhe, your maternal love, your tender watchfulneſs, your precious inſtructions, I ſhould never have enjoyed the happineſs I do! Oh, my mamma! continue to correct the defects which yet I feel I have, that I may be more worthy of you, and give you a ſtill greater degree of happineſs.

Delphine liſtened not in vain to ſuch converſations. At night, when alone with Madame Steinhauſſen, ſhe fell on her knees, and, with a look of expreſſive tenderneſs, ſaid,—How, dear Madam, have you been able hitherto to ſupport the company

pany of a child ſo different from your Henrietta? Have I not appeared odious? I am ſure I have!

To be ſenſible of our errors, replied Madame Steinhauſſen, is the beſt ſign of amendment; beſides you have, for ſome time paſt, conducted yourſelf infinitely better: every body remarks and applauds this excellent change in your behaviour. And yet, alas! ſaid Delphine, how infinitely diſtant am I from Henrietta! It was but yeſterday that I was ſo far overcome, by impatience and pettiſhneſs, as to make you two or three times lift up your eyes with pity and aſtoniſhment. Nay, this very day I was ſnappiſh with Marianne, and going to ſcold Catau. Neither have I yet had the juſtice to aſk pardon of Catau, for the degrading blow I had the misfortune to give her; and yet how good ſhe is to me! how patient! Poor Catau! Is it poſſible that I could ſtrike her! Let me beſeech you, Madam, to call her, that ſhe may know how ſincerely I repent my raſhneſs.

Madame Steinhauſſen called, and the obedient Catau inſtantly came. Delphine approached her in a ſupplicating poſture, begging, in the moſt tender and expreſſive terms, ſhe would forgive the injury ſhe had done her; and intreating, with a manner that gave a charm to her words, ſhe might be permitted to kiſs the cheek ſhe had ſo unjuſtly aſſaulted. Madame Steinhauſſen, at her deſire,

deſire, interpreted what ſhe ſaid to Catau, who, with a heart overflowing with affection and reſpect, durſt not advance; but Delphine beheld her watery eyes, and, in a ſympathetic tranſport, leaped upon her neck, and kiſſed her with inexpreſſible delight. She felt the ecſtacy of repairing an injury. Catau departed, with the tears trickling down her cheeks, and ſaid, in German, that Delphine was a charming little girl.

As ſoon as Catau was gone, Delphine went to her drawer, and took a pretty piece of muſlin, which ſhewing to Madame Steinhauſſen, ſhe ſaid, Look, madam, what I deſign as a preſent to Catau, ——And why, ſaid ſhe, did you not give it her now?——Oh! replied Delphine, I would not do ſo; ſhe might have thought I wanted to pay her for ſlapping her face, which would have been a freſh cauſe of offence inſtead of pleaſure; for you know, madam, money cannot give ſatisfaction for injurious treatment; and how could her heart have pardoned me if it had been purchaſed?—— You are very right, ſaid Madame Steinhauſſen; this is true delicacy; ſuch ſentiments ennoble generoſity, and will give a charm to all your actions.

In the midſt of this converſation, a courier arrived from Meliſſa, with a letter to her daughter, in which ſhe intreated Delphine to aſk freely whatever ſhe wiſhed; and deſired to know what kind of toys ſhe ſhould ſend to give her pleaſure.

Delphine

Delphine read the letter, and ſighed; and, after remaining a moment thoughtful, begged of Madame Steinhauſſen to write as follows, while ſhe dictated.

"I thank you kindly, my dear mamma, for "your goodneſs to me, but I do not love toys ſo "much as I uſed to do; and, ſince you com- "mand me, I will tell you what at preſent will "give me moſt pleaſure. We have a very good, "but poor, old woman here: it is true, her grand- "daughter is to be married to a rich farmer; but, "as the huſband has all the money, perhaps he "won't like to give her ſo much as her grand- "daughter wiſhes, at leaſt I fear ſo; and yet, "mamma, I ſhould wiſh the old woman might "want for nothing. I love her, mamma, not "only becauſe ſhe is good, but, becauſe ſhe is a "mother; and I think I ſhould always give more "freely to a woman who is a mother, than to one "who is not. Madam Steinhauſſen ſays, twenty- "five crowns a year would make her quite happy; "let me beg of you, my dear mamma, inſtead of "the toys you are ſo good to offer me, to grant "me a penſion of twenty-five crowns a year for "this good old woman. I ſhould be glad, too to "preſent her with a piece of cotton, to make her "a new gown for her child's wedding.——God "bleſs you, my dear mamma; I get better and "better every day. Madame Steinhauſſen is very

"good

" good to me, and I ſhould be entirely happy " if I was not deprived of the pleaſure of ſeeing " my dear mamma; her picture, however, is " never off my arm; I always kiſs it, and bid it " good night and good morning, though I am " often ſad, to think I am only five leagues from " my mamma, and can't ſee her: if it was not for " that I ſhould be quite enchanted here, for the " country is ſo pleaſant! and they ſay we ſhall " have fine cherries this year.——Pleaſe, mam- " ma, to tell my nurſe, that I am bringing up a " fine young ſtarling for her, for all ſhe told Ma- " dame Steinhauſſen, ſhe was ſure *I had pinched* " *Miſs Steinhauſſen, before this, above twenty times.* " She ſays ſo in her letter, and I am ſorry I have " deſerved ſuch a character; but one muſt be " wicked indeed, could one pinch Henrietta. " Oh, mamma, if you knew her! She is ſo " good! However, I hope I ſhall never pinch " any body again,——Good bye, my deareſt, beſt " mamma; my heart at this moment kiſſes you.

DELPHINE."

The next day Delphine received a kind anſwer, and, inſtead of five and twenty crowns a year, fifty, along with the ſtuff for a new gown for her good old penſioner; this, in a tranſport of joy, ſhe inſtantly carried to her, which benefaction completed her happineſs. Her and Agatha's thanks, the praiſes of Madame Steinhauſſen, and the

tender careſſes of Henrietta, gave a ſenſation to Delphine, which, till that moment, ſhe had never known.

In the evening, Delphine aſked Madame Steinhauſſen, how much ſhe thought it coſt her mamma to make her that preſent; who replied, that, as it was an annuity for ſo old a perſon, ſhe did not ſuppoſe it would come to five hundred crowns. ——Five hundred crowns, ſaid Delphine! And can one give food and raiment, during life, to old age, for five hundred crowns? For a ſum which my pompoon of diamonds came to!——It is even ſo, ſaid Madame Steinhauſſen. And does your pompoon of diamonds afford you much ſatisfaction? ——Oh no, ſaid Delphine; a roſe is a thouſand times to be preferred: and, when I think how one may reſcue from miſery a poor wretch that ſtarves for bread, I ſcarcely can conceive how any body can have the folly to purchaſe ſuch things. I hate this ugly pompoon, ſo dear, ſo heavy, and ſo inconvenient!

Two days after this, Simon and Agatha were married. The wedding was kept at Madame Steinhauſſen's; tables were ſpread in the orchard, under the huge ſhade of the walnut-trees diſperſed here and there over the greenſwerd, which was enamelled with daiſies and cowſlips, and banks of primroſes and violets. The neighbouring peaſants were invited,

vited, and Madame Steinhauſſen herſelf did the honour of the bride-table.

After dinner, they danced upon the lawn till night, and Delphine, who highly partook of the univerſal gaiety, ſaid to Madame Steinhauſſen—The balls of Paris never gave me much pleaſure, but, at preſent, I ſhould think them inſupportable. ——It is certain, anſwered ſhe, that true content is beſt known in the country, which, when we have once taſted, the pleaſures of the town become inſipid, tireſome, and tumultuous.

In the month of July, Delphine found the country ſtill more delightful: ſhe frequently took long walks in the fields, and, ſometimes, by moon-light with Madame Steinhauſſen and Henrietta; and as ſhe, by this, took pleaſure in being employed, ſhe was no longer ſenſible of the weariſome anxieties of indolence. She read, ſhe wrote, ſhe worked, and learnt of Henrietta to draw and preſerve herbs, who alſo taught her their names. The pocket-money, which her mamma ſent her every month, ſhe ſpent in relieving diſtreſs wherever ſhe met with it. Adored by every body, and ſatisfied with herſelf, each day added to her happineſs; no longer was her countenance clouded, and robbed of its natural beauty, by that air of unhappineſs it formerly wore; her eyes became bright and animated; her cheeks had a glow of freſhneſs; ſhe could walk, run, jump, and acquired more grace

and agility in four months, than all the dancing-maſters of Paris had to bequeath.

In the beginning of the month of Auguſt, the doctor thought proper to let her quit the cow-houſe, and ſhe was removed into a neat little chamber, which had been fitted up on purpoſe for her. This was a moſt agreeable change to her; the cleanneſs of every thing around her, the convenience of the furniture, and the beautiful proſpect of the valley, towards which her window opened, were enchanting.

Be pleaſed to tell me, ſaid Delphine to Madame Steinhauſſen, why this little chamber is ſo pleaſant; and why the one I had at Paris, though much larger and finer, had often the contrary effect?

There are many reaſons, replied Madame Steinhauſſen; your chamber at Paris looked into a little dull garden, ſurrounded with high walls; beſides, when you came hither, you were only acquainted with falſe pleaſures, ſuch only as vanity, folly, and faſhion ſeek; as theſe are but imaginary, they ſoon fatigue; you were therefore cloyed and diſguſted with them, and as you had no knowledge of true pleaſure, were devoured by ſpleen. Such was your unfortunate ſituation. You had lived in too great abundance, to make a proper eſtimate of the conveniences and allurements which ſimple independence can procure; and

and, having nothing to deſire, you had nothing to enjoy. Things the moſt pleaſant become taſteleſs, and even tireſome, if we uſe them not with moderation; or if we acquire them with too little trouble; as a very common inſtance may prove. Thus, you love flowers, and eſpecially the violet: yet why do you, and moſt young perſons, prefer that flower to others? I will tell you; becauſe it is leſs common than the primroſe or the cowſlip; becauſe its head is hid beneath its leaves, and you muſt ſearch for it ere you poſſeſs it. Were it profuſely ſcattered over the meadows, were it always ſpringing beneath your feet, you would regard it no more than the daiſy, or the very graſs. The productions of art are, beyond a doubt, inferior to thoſe of nature, conſequently we are ſooner tired of them; and yet they have their attraction, and can give pleaſure, though only to thoſe who uſe them with moderation. Were you to fill your apartments with china, only, you would preſently find china diſguſting; and were you to go every night to the theatre, the theatre would not long have any charms for you: if you eat too often, or pamper your appetite too much with niceties, eating, though ſo natural and neceſſary, will ſoon be no pleaſure. It is the ſame in every inſtance; the abuſe of pleaſure is its deſtruction, and thoſe who ſatiate deſire extinguiſh it. Remember, therefore, that ſuperfluity and exceſs, far

from contributing to, exterminate, happineſs: remember that luxury dazzles none but fools, and does not produce one real delight; for nothing is more troubleſome than magnificence. Diamond ear-rings tear the ears, embroidered robes fatigue the wearer; jewels, and all the paraphernalia of dreſs, ſubject us to a thouſand uneaſy ſenſations, and trifling decorums; it is matter of grief to tear your point lappets, or break a ſuperb ſnuff-box. Had you worn yeſterday a Mechlin apron, you would not have gathered ſo many wild roſes among the buſhes and thorns, where you left a part of your frock; neither would you, perhaps, have been ſo chearful, and ſo well contented with your walk. Magnificence in furniture is equally inconvenient; for my own part, I would rather everlaſtingly inhabit the very cow-houſe, than thoſe brilliant apartments where one is obliged to ſtep, and ſit down, with precaution, leſt one ſhould break an impannelled looking-glaſs, or overſet a table covered with porcelain. How do I pity the people, who are thus the ſlaves of their riches. The vanity which miſleads them, were it well directed, might eaſily procure them the reſpect they ſeek; inſtead of pomp, only let them employ their wealth to do good, and the effect will preſently be ſeen.

They would, without doubt, ſaid Delphine, be more generally eſteemed, but is it not in other

reſpects

reſpects their intereſt? Is there any pleaſure equal to that of doing good? And can there exiſt a heart inſenſible to the miſeries of others?

Such inhuman inſenſibility, anſwered Madame Steinhauſſen, is certainly not in nature; but by indulging our imaginary wants, and by habitually ſpending our money in ſuperfluous trifles, our minds are narrowed, our hearts become void of pity, and at length corrupt.

Never, ſaid Delphine, be my fortune one day what it will, never, I hope, ſhall wealth corrupt my heart. I hope I ſhall ſet bounds to my wiſhes, by the remembrance of the laſſitude I once felt in the midſt of abundance; that I ſhall call to mind how I was obliged to paſs four months in a cow-houſe, before I knew the value of a ſmall part of the good things which were heaped upon me; and above all, that I ſhall never, never forget there are many, many thouſand poor unfortunate creatures always in exiſtence, whom it is the higheſt of all delights to relieve.

This converſation finiſhed with the moſt grateful thanks of Delphine to Madame Steinhauſſen, who had, in fact, full right to her eternal gratitude, ſince it was ſhe who had learnt her to reaſon, to think, and to feel.

Delphine remained two months longer with the doctor; in which time her character became more perfect, and her health thoroughly fortified. At

laſt, towards the beginning of October, ſhe again enjoyed the happineſs of ſeeing her mamma. Meliſſa received her to her arms with tranſport, though ſhe could ſcarcely recollect her; ſhe was grown exceedingly, both in height and plumpneſs, and a lively and animated freſhneſs was ſpread over her cheeks. Her mamma, in the exceſs of her joy, gazed at her, preſſed her to her boſom, kiſſed her, and endeavoured to ſpeak, but could not give vent to her feelings, till they burſt forth in a flood of tears.

Madame Steinhauſſen, for a while, enjoyed in ſilence a ſight ſo pleaſing; at laſt, turning to Meliſſa, ſhe ſaid,—You gave her to me, madam, dying: I return her to you, in the full force of health; and what is ſtill far better, I return her good, gentle, and rational; with an equal temper, and a feeling heart, worthy of her fortune, and capable of making you, herſelf, and every body happy. She yet, however, is young, and ſo liable to relapſe, if not properly treated, that much muſt depend upon yourſelf, madam. If you would prevent ſuch fearful conſequences, you will do well to ſee that ſhe follows the inſtructions contained in this paper: they are not rigorous, but they are neceſſary.——She ſhall, ſhe will follow them, replied Meliſſa: be pleaſed to give them to me, madam.——At theſe words ſhe took

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the paper Madame Steinhauſſen preſented her, and read aloud what follows:

ORDERS of Dr. STEINHAUSSEN, to be obſerved by DELPHINE.

"She muſt live ſix months of the year in the "country. When at Paris, ſhe muſt go but "ſeldom to public places. She muſt walk often, "as well in winter as in ſummer. She muſt eat "nothing but bread for breakfaſt, and between "meals, except when fruits are in ſeaſon. Her "dreſs muſt be ſimple, light, and commodious.

"To preſerve her from idleneſs and its conſe- "quences, proper, amuſing, and inſtructive books "muſt be given her, nor muſt ſhe be at all in- "dulged in indolence; and ſhould ſhe, by chance, "find herſelf melancholy, or diſſatisfied, ſhe muſt "be put in remembrance of the hiſtory of Aga- "tha, and the benevolent action ſhe did in pla- "cing her good old grandmother above want. "If this regimen, and theſe rules, are duly ob- "ſerved, Miſs Delphine will undoubtedly preſerve "the health, chearfulneſs, and content ſhe at pre- "ſent enjoys."

Meliſſa highly approved the preſcription ſhe had read, promiſed to follow it exactly, and teſtified the moſt lively ſenſe of gratitude to Madame Steinhauſſen. The next ſpring ſhe purchaſed a ſeat in the valley of Montmorenci, and the neighbourhood of the doctor, and Delphine ever preſerved

the gratitude and reſpect due to Madame Steinhauſſen, as well as a moſt tender and inviolable friendſhip for Henrietta. Her perſon ſoon became charming, ſhe acquired knowledge and underſtanding; ſhe was rational, mild, benevolent, and admired and beloved by all who knew her. Meliſſa found her a huſband worthy of her, and they live in mutual happineſs, and connubial love.

And ſo the hiſtory is finiſhed! cried Pulcheria, as Madame de Clémire ceaſed to ſpeak——What a pity!

If Meliſſa, ſaid Caroline, had been as reaſonable as Madame Steinhauſſen, poor Delphine would never have been ſo idle, rude, and capricious. What a happineſs is it to have a good mamma! Caroline, as ſhe pronounced theſe words, tenderly kiſſed the hand of Madame de Clémire.

I would not interrupt you, ſaid Pulcheria, when you were at ſo intereſting a part of the ſtory; but pray, mamma, what is that diſeaſe of the eyes which is calleꝯ a cataract?——It is a diſorder, replied ſhe, which occaſions blindneſs when it attacks both eyes (6).

As ſhe ſaid this, Madame de Clémire roſe; it was later than ordinary, though the children had found the evening very ſhort; they went to bed with regret, and dreamt all night of nothing but Delphine.

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In the morning Morel told Cæſar he had made a calculation of the expence, which his glaſs-caſes, and other materials for the breeding of butterflies, would coſt, and found the whole would come to ſeven or eight guineas.—Ay! ſaid Cæſar, this is a very dear diverſion: I think I can amuſe myſelf at a much cheaper rate. I will go and try to wean my ſiſters from this whim.

Cæſar was not long in finding them. I am come, ſiſters, ſaid he, to give you an opportunity of proving to our mamma, that ſhe has not loſt her labour in relating the hiſtory of Delphine to us.——Are you, brother?——Yes; and that we have profited by the diſcourſes of Madame Steinhauſſen. You remember ſhe told Delphine, people ſhould not indulge their imaginary wants, or ſpend their money in ſuperfluous trifles.——Oh yes, yes; I remember it——And ſo do I:——Well, our glaſs-caſes, and nick-nacks for our butterflies, will coſt ſeven or eight guineas——Eight guineas!——Yes; with that ſum now we may do ſome charitable action.——Can we give any body a penſion with eight guineas?——No; not worth accepting; but the eight guineas may relieve ſome family in diſtreſs.——Then I'm ſure we'll give up the butterflies——But if I had known that, I would not have taken ſo much pains to learn to make nets——Oh never mind, we ſhall have amuſements enough——We will do as Henrietta

uſed to do; dry flowers and herbs, and learn botany, and ſtudy agriculture, and——Yes, and we'll aſk mamma for money to give the poor——Mamma though is not ſo rich as Meliſſa: ſhe is come here, you know, to ſave, but then ſhe is very charitable to the poor, notwithſtanding.——We muſt find out ſome poor old woman, very good, and if we could find a poor blind old woman how happy we ſhould be!——Yes! we would ſend for a ſurgeon from Autun, to perform the operation of the cataract——Oh that we would——But we muſt take care, though, that our play-things and diverſions do not coſt much money, you know; for mamma is not able to give us money for ſuch things, and for cataracts too——No; we cannot have every thing.

After holding this little council, the children ran to acquaint their mamma with the reſolutions they had come to, who kiſſed them with a maternal tenderneſs, and highly praiſed the goodneſs of their hearts. Always preſerve ſuch ſentiments, my dear children, ſaid ſhe, and you will make both me and yourſelves happy; and as a reward for your preſent virtue, I promiſe to ſeek for ſome proper occaſion of expending the eight guineas as you deſire.

Ah, but mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, will you tell us a ſtory too every night, inſtead of one now and then

then, as you promiſed us at firſt. I will, anſwered Madame de Clémire, on condition you do nothing to diſoblige me, or rather I will make this agreement with you all:——Whoever behaves improperly in the day, ſhall be excluded from our company at night. Ah now, mamma, but that will be ſo ſevere!——How ſo! you do not hear your brother or ſiſter complain of its ſeverity.——Ah mamma, but I have more reaſon to be afraid than they; I am not ſo old, you know, and ſo you know, mamma, you ſhould not expect me to be quite ſo good.——I have always made an allowance——Yes, mamma, I know you are never unjuſt, but I am afraid for all that, of being ſent to bed ſometimes without hearing the ſtory.

Cæſar went to take a walk, the ſame morning, with the Abbé into the country, and as they were paſſing by a cottage, they ſaw a little boy beating another, much older and ſtronger than himſelf, who was ſatisfied with only warding off the blows, without returning them. Cæſar went up to them, and aſked the lad, who ſuffered the other to beat him, if the little one was his brother? No, ſir, ſaid the young peaſant, he is one of our neighbours.——He is a ſpiteful little fellow, ſaid Cæſar. And why do you let him beat you, without returning his blows? Oh, ſir, ſaid the boy, I muſt

not

not beat him, becauſe I am the ſtrongeſt *(a)*. Here is a generous lad, ſaid Cæſar, in a whiſper, to the Abbé: I muſt enquire if his parents are poor. What age are you, ſaid the Abbé? Eight, ſir; ——And what's your name?——Auguſtin, ſir, at your ſervice.——Have you a father and mother? Oh yes, God be thanked, and a little brother Charley, who is only five years old: that is our houſe that you ſee there.

Dear ſir, ſaid Cæſar to the Abbé, let us go in. The Abbé was willing, and Auguſtin led them to the cottage. The Abbé ſoon fell into converſation with Madeleine, the mother of Auguſtin, who told him he was the beſt child in the world; ſo good-humoured, and ſo obedient, that he had never given her a moment's uneaſineſs; and, moreover, ſo apt at learning, that the curate of the pariſh had taken particular pleaſure in teaching him to read.

In fact, the boy ſpoke aſtoniſhingly well for the child of a peaſant; beſides which, he had a countenance that engaged and prepoſſeſſed every body in his favour. Madeleine recounted many wonderful things of him, and ſpoke of his love for his little brother Charles; though, added ſhe, Charles is often playing him tricks.

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(a) The author of this work had the pleaſure to hear a boy of eight years old give that anſwer.

This converſation ended, after Cæſar had made Auguſtin promiſe to come to the caſtle, and ſee him, and they continued their walk. As ſoon as they were alone, Mr. Frémont ſaid to Cæſar, Did you perfectly feel the force, the ſublimity of this lad's reply? "I muſt not beat him, "becauſe I am the ſtrongeſt!"——I think I did, ſir, replied Cæſar; he had compaſſion on the weakneſs of that angry little fellow.—Exactly ſo, ſaid the Abbé, and, in conſideration of his weakneſs, excuſed his paſſion and arrogance. Auguſtin, continued Cæſar, acts juſt like our great dog Turk, that let's mamma's little lap-dog bite him without minding him. This generoſity, anſwered the Abbé, is ſo natural, that it is found among the moſt uncivilized nations, and even in the loweſt claſſes. We read in the General Hiſtory of Voyages, by M. de la Harpe, that you are in greater ſecurity at Malabar, under the protection of a Nayre child *(a)*, than of the greateſt warriors; becauſe the robbers in that country never attack unarmed travellers, but, on the contrary, pay the greateſt reſpect to old age and infancy. Judge then from theſe examples, how deſpicable that man muſt be, who is without a virtue which is ſo natural to him, that it is poſſeſſed by an untaught child, by animals, and even by thieves.

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(a) Nayre is the tribe of nobles.

It is, therefore, reaſonable that he who abuſes his power by oppreſſing the feeble, ſhould be held a monſter and aſſaſſin. Pray, let me aſk you, if a man with a drawn ſword attacks another who has nothing but a cane for his defence, is he not an aſſaſſin?

Aſſuredly. We ſhould always fight with equal arms.——Well then, ſuppoſe you and I ſhould fight with our fiſts, ſhould we be equal?——Certainly not; your arm is much ſtronger than mine.——Ay; ſo much that I could kill you, without your being able to hurt me. Should I not therefore be an aſſaſſin, by uſing my power thus againſt a being ſo defenceleſs?——Oh yes; that needs little proof.——What think you, then, of a perſon who enjoys riches and rank, and ſhall employ theſe advantages to the oppreſſion or ruin of his inferiors?—I think ſuch a perſon is almoſt as cowardly as he who fights with another who has no means of defence.—If, then, when you become a man, you ſhall treat your wife, your children, or your ſervants with inhumanity, you will be cowardly and cruel.—Oh, ſir, I am very ſenſible, that if I act thus, when I acquire authority, I ſhall be both ungenerous and inhuman.—When, therefore, we give a command, we muſt be particularly careful that it is not unjuſt; we muſt make thoſe happy who are in ſubmiſſion to our power, or we

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are tyrants, and nothing can be more contemptible than a tyrant.

They continued their walk with ſuch like converſation, and got back to the caſtle juſt as the family were ſitting down to table. There the Abbé met a gentleman of the nighbourhood, with whom he was acquainted, and whom Madame de Clémire had detained to dinner. His name was M. de la Paliniere, his age about fifty-five; he was very ordinary, had a carbuncled noſe, large eye-brows, wore a dark bob-wig, that half covered his face, like a night-cap, ſtuttered very much, and was, beſides, exceedingly abſent This old gentleman's groteſque figure made ſuch an impreſſion upon Pulcheria, that ſhe could not keep her eyes off him, and he hardly ſpoke a word at which ſhe was not ready to burſt out a laughing. The fear, however, of diſpleaſing her mamma, checked her, and, during dinner, ſhe behaved tolerably well.

The Abbé diſcovered that M. de la Paliniere was a cheſs-player, and, as he roſe from table, propoſed a game. M. Frémont, who ſuppoſed himſelf a *ſecond* rate player, gave his antagoniſt to underſtand that he was a *firſt*, and, conſequently, M. de la Paliniere, very modeſtly, demanded the caſtle, which was given. The Baronneſs, and Madame de Clémire, were ſeated at the other end of the apartment, to work at their tapeſtry; and

and Pulcheria had placed herſelf by the ſide of M. Frémont, that ſhe might be oppoſite M. de la Paliniere, and conſider him at her eaſe.

The game began, the two players appeared equally attentive, both were profoundly ſilent, when, all of a ſudden, M. de la Paliniere, with the utmoſt tranquility, ſwept his hand acroſs the board, and overturned all the men. The Abbé began to laugh, ſuppoſing it was abſence of mind. Do you ſee what you have done, ſaid he? You are miſtaken, Sir, replied the other, you muſt not give *me* the caſtle, I muſt give it *you*. Come let us begin again. The Abbé appeared a good deal ſurprized, and Pulcheria laughed aloud.

Another game was begun, and the Abbé was obliged to take, and not give, the odds, yet notwithſtanding his antagoniſt gave him check-mate, in ten moves. The Abbé was confounded, and began to repeat again and again that his enemy was a firſt-rate player, while he, on the contrary, ſuſtained he was only a ſecond-rate.

During this debate, Pulcheria laughed maliciouſly, and cried out, "So then, Mr. Abbé does "not play ſo well as he always thought he did;" which ſhe accompanied with ſeveral impertinent mockeries.

Madame de Clémire continued her employment, and ſeemed to take no notice of what paſſed; but as ſoon as M. de la Paliniere was gone, Pulcheria

Pulcheria joined them, and preſently aſked the Baronneſs if ſhe would not tell them a ſtory after ſupper? Do not make yourſelf uneaſy about that, young lady, ſaid the Baronneſs, for if I do, you will not hear it.——No! Oh dear! why ſo, grandmamma?—Becauſe little miſſes who mock people, and are impertinent, are not worthy to keep us company.—Dear me!——Dear me! what have I done?——

Hark you, Pulcheria, ſaid Madame de Clémire —Tell me—Suppoſe I ſhould endeavour to vex and diſoblige a perſon who was my equal, ſhould I do right? Certainly I ſhould not; on the contrary, I ſhould be guilty of rudeneſs, and ill behaviour, and every one would be juſtified in ſuppoſing I had a bad heart and a weak underſtanding. But were I to act thus to my ſuperior, a perſon whoſe age and experience I ought to revere, I ſhould be ſtill more culpable, and abſolutely inexcuſable. Tell me, then, whether you have paid that reſpect which is due to the friend of your papa and mamma, and the man who has devoted himſelf to the education of your brother. Were you really good, you would not only reſpect but love M. Frémont.—Indeed I do love him very much, and reſpect him too, ſaid Pulcheria, weeping.—— And yet, replied Madame de Clémire, you have juſt been mocking, and doing every thing in your power to hurt his feelings. Though it were true

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that he pretended to play perfectly well at chefs, and this pretenfion were ill founded, does it become you to remark this failing? Is it poffible that a good heart can take pleafure in the defects of others? Or can good fenfe be malignant? More efpecially towards a perfon who merits our love?

I own, dear mamma, faid Pulcheria, fobbing, I did wrong, but I am fure, mamma, I did not laugh from malice.

Indeed, mamma, faid Caroline, with the tears in her eyes, I was by, and don't think my fifter meant to vex M. Frémont——

Is that true, interrupted Madame de Clémire, and looking ftedfaftly at Caroline——Is that true my child? Can you fay you think fo?

Caroline bluſhed, hung her head, and was filent.

And are you fure, Pulcheria, it was not from malice that you laughed? Were not you pleafed at the confufion in which you fuppofed M. Frémont? Did not you endeavour to increafe it? Examine yourfelf well, and anfwer me.

I am not capable of telling lies, mamma—— I did——I——I am unworthy——to——to—— keep your company——and liften to your ftories and——to——to——to

Pulcheria's heart was ready to burft.

But you always merit my tendernefs and forgivenefs, my child, faid Madame de Clémire, kiffing

kiſſing her, when you are ſincere, and tell the truth.——And muſt I be for ever baniſhed from your evening meetings, mamma?——No—not for ever; for eight days only.——Thank you, thank you, my dear dear mamma———But I hope my dear mamma has forgiven me——I have, becauſe I find your heart is good——Indeed, my dear mamma, it was want of thought——I believe it was, and your preſent repentance makes me hope you will never do the like again. And now come hither, ſaid Madame de Clémire to Caroline; I am ſorry, my child, I have to reproach you likewiſe, but you ſpoke, juſt now, againſt your conſcience——I own it, mamma, but——The motive, I acknowledge, deſerves ſome indulgence, but nothing can ſanctify a lye. Would you be juſtified, if, to oblige your ſiſter, you ſhould diſobey a poſitive command I had given you, and when I had told you, too, your diſobedience would be a mortal offence?——Certainly not mamma—And yet you have done much worſe——you have diſobeyed God!——Oh goodneſs!——It is very true. The commandments of God forbid lying—Beſides, be aſſured, that falſehood is never ſucceſsful; ſooner or later it is diſcovered, and brings diſhonour on its utterer; while truth, at the ſame time that it obtains eſteem, and begets confidence, ſerves us moſt at the very criſis when we are moſt afraid it ſhould injure us.

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That reflection is juſt, ſaid the Baronneſs, and recalls an anecdote of hiſtory to my mind, which proves the aſſertion.

Ah, my dear grandmamma, ſaid Pulcheria, if you relate it in the evening I ſhan't hear it. Well then, ſaid the Baronneſs, I will relate it now. Pulcheria jumped up to kiſs her; the Baronneſs took her upon her lap, and, Caroline and Cæſar being attentive, ſpoke thus;

The anecdote I am going to relate, is told, in the hiſtory of the Arabs, by the Abbé Marigny. Hegiage was a celebrated Arabian warrior, but ferocious and cruel. Among a number of priſoners whom he had condemed to death, there was one, who, having obtained a moment's audience, ſaid—"You ought, Sir, to pardon me, "becauſe one day when Abdarrahman was curſ-"ing you, I repreſented to him that he was wrong, "and ever ſince that time I loſt his friendſhip."—Hegiage aſked if he had any witneſs of his having done this; and the ſoldier mentioned another priſoner, who was likewiſe about to ſuffer death. The priſoner was called, and interrogated, and having confirmed the fact, Hegiage granted the firſt his pardon. He then aſked the witneſs if *he* had likewiſe taken his part againſt Abdarrahman? but he, ſtill reſpecting truth, anſwered no; he did not think it was his duty ſo to do. Hegiage, notwithſtanding his ferocity, was ſtruck with the priſoner's

priſoner's greatneſs of ſoul. Well, ſaid he, after a moment's pauſe, ſuppoſe I were to grant you life and liberty, ſhould you ſtill be my enemy? No; ſaid the priſoner. That is enough, ſaid Hegiage, your bare word is ſufficient, you have given undoubted proof of your love for truth. Go; preſerve the life which was leſs dear to you than honour and ſincerity: your liberty is the juſt reward of your virtue.

Here you ſee, my children, continued the Baronneſs, that truth, as your mamma has ſaid, ſerves us moſt at the very criſis when we are moſt afraid it ſhould injure us. Would not you have ſuppoſed that it would have redoubled the fury of a man ſo imperious and ſanguinary? Yet you find it ſo beautiful, ſo forcible, that, inſtead of irritating, it ſoftens and diſarms the very tyrant.

Beſides, ſaid Cæſar, when one is known to reſpect truth, one has no occaſion to ſwear to what one has once ſaid——Certainly not, continued his mamma; proteſtations to ſuch people are uſeleſs: a ſimple affirmation is more perſuaſive than a thouſand oaths, from one whoſe ſincerity is leſs eſtabliſhed; as the glorious proof of eſteem which Xenocrates received from the Athenians may prove. You know I read it to you. None but the truly virtuous poſſeſs this great quality; all really great men have been renowned for their love of truth, as was Ariſtides, and the hero

Epam-

Epaminondas, who made it a conſtant rule never to lie, not even in jeſt.

Their converſation was interrupted by the entrance of the Abbé, who came to aſk if Madame de Clémire choſe to ſee the little Auguſtin, who was below with his mother. She had heard the hiſtory of the morning from Cæſar, and replied yes, by all means; they preſently entered, Auguſtin was careſſed by every body, and Madeleine preſented a ſmall baſket of new laid eggs to Madame de Clémire. The later had already enquired into the ſituation of this poor family, and heard that the father was but juſt recovering from a bed of ſickneſs: ſhe, therefore, willingly granted, at the interceſſion of Cæſar, four guineas out of the ſum dedicated to charity, and deſired Auguſtin to come every day and play with Cæſar. Auguſtin begged leave to bring his little brother Charles, ſometimes, becauſe, ſaid he, poor Charley will be ſo dull if he is always left behind; and, after praiſing the boy's fraternal love, they readily complied with his deſire.

The evening now approached, and Cæſar and Caroline perceiving the unhappineſs of their younger ſiſter at being excluded from their after ſupper ſociety, both determined to beg of their grandmamma, not to relate any hiſtory during the eight days of Pulcheria's pennance; for they were better pleaſed to be debarred of that pleaſure, though

though they ardently desired it, than to enjoy it in the absence of their sister. The Baronness highly applauded their disinterestedness, and it was accordingly determined so to be.

In the mean time, as Madame de Clémire was one evening discoursing with her children, Caroline said to her, you have forbidden us all conversation with the servants, mamma, because they want education you know, and yet you permit us to talk with the peasants; nay, you yourself seem to take pleasure in talking to Gaffer Philip, and Goody Monica, and Madeleine.

That is very true, answered her mamma, and I will tell you why. Though the domestics of the rich are ignorant, yet, from frequently hearing their masters, they get a more refined, or rather a more affected manner of speaking than the peasants, yet full as defective. The chief vice in their dialect is a meanness of expression, and puerility of ideas, rather than words. I am not afraid that, by conversing with peasants, you should learn to say, *I connot*, *I munnot*, *I wunnot*; these expressions are so different from those you are accustomed to hear there is little fear of your adopting them; but, on the contrary, the language of servants is in words something so like your own, that there is great reason to apprehend you might adopt it imperceptibly. But there is another thing, which is yet far more to be feared; do-

meſtics have, in general, vices and defects, which are the conſequences of the ſervile ſtate they have choſen. If an ignorant man is not laborious, if he leads a life of idleneſs, and loiters away his time, it is hardly poſſible he ſhould be virtuous. A footman, inſtead of being employed, paſſes three-fourths of the day in indolence, and, having no reſource within himſelf, not being able to read or converſe, he drinks, games, corrupts his manners, and loſes his probity. Theſe are the conſtant effects of lazineſs, and not knowing how to employ one's time. A peaſant, on the contrary, being always buſy, always active, living far from cities, ſtill preſerves his ſimplicity, his purity of manners, and all the other virtues which are natural to the heart. I love, indeed, to converſe with peaſants, their artleſs ſincerity is inviting; and, though their expreſſions are homely, they are never mean. The ſingular originality of their ſayings pleaſes me: they recall to my mind the ſimple and poignant beauties of our old authors. The peaſants of Burgundy do ſo in particular, for they have preſerved in their dialect many of the old Gauliſh words. I love, too, to ſee, to look at them, becauſe they are laborious and virtuous; and I love to hear them becauſe they are ſincere, and never are guilty of the leaſt exaggeration. When Gaffer Philip the other day ſaw Caroline running, and cried out——*Lord love the heart on her,*

her, how liſſom her is! my maternal love was much more highly flattered than if I had heard the Pariſian phraſe of *oh, how charming!* which is uſed ſo prodigally with or without occaſion. However, my children, I would have you underſtand I ſpeak only in general, and that there are in each caſe many exceptions. There are vicious peaſants, and there are virtuous ſervants. You have a proof in Morel, and your grandmamma will, when our evening comes, relate you a very affecting ſtory, which will ſtill more fully prove there is no ſtate in which the moſt ſublime virtue may not be found.

Do you remember the ſtory grandmamma? ſaid Pulcheria. Yes, my dear, replied the Baronneſs; it was told me circumſtantially by one of our friends who knew the perſons.

Oh dear, how I long to hear it, ſaid one——and I——and I——ſaid they all. Well, well, four days hence you will have that ſatisfaction—Four days! Dear, that's a great while.

Theſe tireſome four days at laſt had glided away, and night and ſupper-time were thought on with rapture. At a quarter after eight every body roſe from the table, took their uſual places, and liſtened attentively while the Baronneſs began the following relation.

THE BRAZIER;

OR,

RECIPROCAL GRATITUDE.

THE unfortunate James II of England, was obliged to abandon his kingdom, and take refuge in France; where, at the palace of St. Germain, Louis XIV. afforded him an aſylum. A few loyal ſubjects followed him in his retreat, and ſettled at St. Germain: among whom was Madame de Varonne, deſcended from one of the beſt families in Ireland, and whoſe hiſtory I am going to recount.

During the life of her huſband this lady lived in eaſe and affluence; but, after his death, being left in a foreign country without protection, ſhe had not ſufficient intereſt at court to obtain any part of a penſion on which they had before ſubſiſted. She neglected not, however, to preſent petitions to the miniſters, who always anſwered they would lay them before the king; and ſhe continued in ſuſpence for more than two years; till, at laſt, on a renewal of her requeſt, ſhe received a denial,

a denial, in ſo formal and poſitive a ſtyle that ſhe could no longer be blind to the fate that attended her.

Her ſituation was dreadful; ever ſince the death of M. de Varonne ſhe had ſubſiſted by ſelling her plate, and part of her furniture, till ſhe had no longer any reſource. Her love of ſolitude, her piety, and ill health, had always prevented her mixing much with the world; and ſtill leſs than ever ſince the death of her huſband. She found herſelf then without ſupport, without friends, without hope; ſtript of every thing, plunged into a ſtate of frightful miſery; and, that the meaſure of her woes might be full, ſhe was fifty years of age, and her conſtitution was feeble and infirm.

In this her day of diſtreſs, ſhe had recourſe to him who beſt could grant her conſolation and relief; who ſooneſt could change the ſeverity of her deſtiny; who moſt certainly could give her fortitude to ſupport calamity: ſhe caſt herſelf at the feet of the Almighty, and roſe with confidence, fortified and exalted above herſelf, and with the full aſſurance of a calm reſignation reviving in her ſoul. She looked with a ſteady eye on the deplorable ſcene before her, and ſaid to herſelf, Since it is the inevitable lot of mortals to die, of what importance is it whether we die by famine or diſeaſe; whether we ſink to reſt under a golden canopy or

upon a bed of ſtraw? Will death be leſs welcome becauſe I have nothing to regret? Oh no! I ſhall need neither exhortations nor fortitude; I have no ſacrifices to make; abandoned *by* the world, I ſhall think only of him who rules the world; ſhall behold him ready to receive, to recompenſe me, and ſhall accept death as the moſt precious of all his gifts.

She had a deal of courage, interrupted Caroline. Is it poſſible to die without feeling ſome little regret for this life?

Remember, my dear, ſaid the Baronneſs, Madame de Varonne had no children.

And that ſhe had neither a huſband nor a mother, added Madame de Clémire.

Beſides, rejoined the Baronneſs, religion is capable of inſpiring this ſublime reſignation, and I have already told you ſhe was truly pious.—But let us continue our tale.

While ſhe was in the midſt of theſe reflections, Ambroſe, her footman, entered the chamber. It is neceſſary you ſhould know ſomething of this Ambroſe, I will therefore give you a few traits of his character.

Ambroſe was forty years of age, and had lived with Madame de Varonne twenty. He could neither read nor write, was naturally blunt, apt to find fault, ſpoke little, and always appeared to look with contempt on his equals, and with a degree

degree of haughtineſs on his maſters. His ſullen deportment and diſſatisfied air made his attendance not very agreeable; but his punctuality, good conduct, and perfect fidelity, had always made him eſteemed as a moſt excellent and valuable ſervant. His good qualities, however, were only known in part; for he poſſeſſed the moſt ſublime virtue: under a rough exterior was concealed an elevated and generous ſoul.

Madame de Varonne had diſcharged the ſervants of her huſband ſoon after his deceaſe, and had only kept one maid, a cook, and Ambroſe; but the time was now come in which ſhe muſt part with theſe likewiſe.

Ambroſe, as I have ſaid, entered her chamber with a log of wood, it being winter, which he was going to put on the fire, when Madame de Varonne ſaid to him, I want to ſpeak to you Ambroſe. The tone of voice in which ſhe pronounced theſe words ſtruck Ambroſe, who flinging down his log upon the hearth, exclaimed, Good God! Madam!—What is the matter? Do you know how much I owe the cook-maid, Ambroſe?——You neither owe her, nor me, nor Mary any thing; you paid us all yeſterday.——True; that was not what I meant to ſay—I—Ambroſe, you muſt tell the cook and Mary, I have no further occaſion for their ſervices——And you———my good Ambroſe———you muſt ſeek

another place——Another place! What do you mean? No: I will live and die in your ſervice: let what will happen, I will never quit you.——You do not know my ſituation, Ambroſe.——Madam——You do not know Ambroſe——If they have leſſened your penſion ſo that you cannot maintain your other ſervants, ſo be it; you muſt part with them; it cannot be helped: but I hope I have not deſerved to be turned away too. I am not mercenary, madam, and——But I am ruined, Ambroſe——totally ruined. I have ſold every thing I had to ſell, and they have taken away my penſion.——Taken away your penſion! That cannot be——it cannot be.——It is nevertheleſs very true.——Taken away your penſion! Oh God!——We muſt adore the decrees of Providence, Ambroſe, and ſubmit without repining: the greateſt conſolation I find, amidſt my misfortunes, is to be perfectly reſigned. Alas! How many other unhappy beings, on the wide ſurface of this earth, how many virtuous families are in my ſituation! I have no children; my ſufferings will be few, for I ſhall ſuffer alone.——No——no——no——replied Ambroſe, with a broken voice——No——You ſhall not ſuffer——I have an arm and I can work.——My good Ambroſe, anſwered Madame de Varonne, I never doubted of your attachment to me, but I will not abuſe your kindneſs: all that I deſire you to do for me

is to hire a ſmall chamber, a garret; I have ſtill money enough to ſupport me for two or three months; I can work, I can ſpin; find ſome employment for me, if you can, and that is all I wiſh; all I can admit——

While ſhe expreſſed herſelf in this manner, Ambroſe ſtood fixed in ſilence, contemplating his miſtreſs; and, when ſhe had finiſhed, caſting himſelf at her feet, exclaimed, oh, my dear, my honoured miſtreſs, hear the determination, the oath of your poor Ambroſe, who here vows to ſerve you to the end of his life; and more willingly, with more reſpect, more ready obedience than ever he did before. You have fed me, clothed me, and given me the means of living happy for more than twenty years; I have often abuſed your bounty, and treſpaſſed on your patience. Pardon, madam, the errors which a defective temper has occaſioned me to commit, and aſſure yourſelf I will make you reparation. It is for that purpoſe only I pray the Father of mercies to ſpare my life.——When he had ended, he roſe, bathed in tears, and ſuddenly ran out of the room, without waiting for a reply.

You will eaſily imagine the lively and deep gratitude with which the heart of Madame de Varonne was penetrated, by a diſcourſe like that ſhe had heard; ſhe found there were no evils ſo great but might be alleviated by the feelings of

benevolence. Ambroſe returned in a few minutes, bringing in a little bag, which he laid upon the table. Thanks to God, to you, madam, and to my late maſter, I have ſaved theſe thirty guineas; from you they came, and to you of right they return.——What, Ambroſe! rob you of the labour of twenty years! Oh heaven!——When you had money, madam, you gave it to me; now you have none, I give it back again; and this is all money is good for. I dare ſay, madam, you have not forgot that I am the ſon of a brazier; this was my firſt profeſſion, which I ſtill am maſter of; for, at thoſe moments when I had nothing to do in the family, I have gone and aſſiſted Nicault, one of my countrymen, rather than be idle. I will now return to my trade in earneſt, and with a hearty good will.—This is too much, cried Madame de Varonne, how greatly unworthy of your virtues is the lot in which fortune has caſt you, noble Ambroſe!——I ſhall be happy, ſaid Ambroſe, if you, madam, can but reconcile yourſelf to ſuch a change in your once happy condition.——Your attachment, Ambroſe, conſoles me for the loſs of all, but how can I endure you ſhould ſuffer thus for me?——Suffer, madam, in labouring, and when my labour is ſo uſeful, ſo neceſſary! No; it will be happineſs. Nicault is a good, a worthy man, and will not let me want; his

his reputation is eſtabliſhed in the town, and he is in need of juſt ſuch an aſſiſtant; I am ſtrong, I can do as much work as ſome two men; we ſhall do very well.——Madame de Varonne had not the power to reply, ſhe lifted up her eyes and hands to heaven, and anſwered with her tears.

The day following, however, the other two ſervants were diſcharged, and Ambroſe hired a ſmall, light, and neat room, up three pair of ſtairs, which he furniſhed with the remainder of his miſtreſs's furniture. Thither he conducted her. She had a good bed, an eaſy chair, a ſmall table, a writing deſk, with pen, ink, and paper, a few books, which were arranged on four or five ſhelves, and a large wardrobe, in which was contained her linen, her wearing apparel, a proviſion of thread for her work, a ſilver fork and ſpoon, for Ambroſe would not ſuffer her to eat with pewter, and the leathern purſe which contained the thirty guineas. There were beſides, in one corner of the room, behind the curtain, ſuch earthen veſſels as were neceſſary for her cookery.

This, madam, ſaid Ambroſe, is the beſt chamber I have been able to get, for the price you mentioned; there is but one room, but the girl will ſleep upon a mattreſs, which lies rolled up under your bed.——How! a girl Ambroſe——Certainly, madam; how could you do without? She will go of errands, help to dreſs and undreſs

you, and do other neceſſary offices,———Nay, but Ambroſe———She will coſt you little, ſhe is only thirteen, deſires no wages, and will live very well on what you leave. As for me, I have ſettled every thing with Nicault; I told him I was obliged to leave you, was out of employment, and ſhould be glad of work; he is well to do, is an honeſt man, and my countryman; it is only a ſtep from this, and he is to give me ten-pence a day, and my board and lodging. Living is cheap in this town, and you, madam, will, I hope, be able to live on the ten-pence a day, and the ready money you have to ſupply extraordinary occaſions. I did not chuſe to ſay all this before your new ſervant, Suſannah, but I will now go and bring her.

Ambroſe here ſtept out, and preſently returned, leading in a pretty innocent girl, whom he preſented to Madame de Varonne, informing her that was the young perſon concerning whom he had ſpoken to her. Her parents, ſaid he, are poor, but induſtrious; they have ſix children, and you, madam, will do a good action, by taking this their eldeſt into your ſervice. After this preface, Ambroſe exhorted Suſan, with a grave and commanding tone, to be good, and do her duty; then, taking his leave of Madame de Varonne, went to his new employment with his friend Nicault.

Who may pretend to deſcribe what paſſed in the ſoul of Madame de Varonne. Gratitude, admiration,

ration, aſtoniſhment overwhelmed her, not only at the generoſity, but the ſudden change of temper and behaviour in Ambroſe. No man could ſhew greater reſpect than he did, who lately was ſo blunt and peeviſh: ſince he had become her benefactor, he was no longer the ſame; he added humility to benevolence, and delicacy to heroiſm; his heart inſtantly inſpired him with every gentle precaution, leſt he ſhould wound the feelings of ſenſibility and misfortune; he underſtood the ſacred duty of impoſing obligations upon others, and felt that no perſon is truly generous who humbles, or even puts to the bluſh, thoſe whom they aſſiſt.

The next day Madame de Varonne ſaw nothing of Ambroſe till the evening, when he juſt called, and contriving to have Suſan ſent out for a moment, he drew from his pocket a bit of paper, in which his day's wages were wrapped, laid it on the table, and ſaid, *there madam is my ſmall mite*; then calling in Suſan, ſtaid not for an anſwer, but returned to his friend Nicault. How ſweet muſt have been his ſleep after ſuch labour! How pleaſing his dreams after a day ſo ſpent! How chearful was he when he awaked! If we are ſo happy after doing a good deed, how inexpreſſible muſt be the pleaſure of an heroic action.

Ambroſe, faithful to the ſublime duties he had impoſed upon himſelf, paid every day a viſit to Madame

Madame de Varonne, to leave with her the fruits of his induſtry; he only received as much at the end of each month as would pay his waſherwoman, and ſome bottles of beer drank on Sundays and holidays; nor would he retain that ſmall ſum, but aſked it as a gift of his miſtreſs. In vain did Madame de Varonne, ſenſibly afflicted at thus robbing the generous Ambroſe, perſuade him ſhe could live on leſs; he would not hear her; or, if he did, it was with ſuch evident diſtreſs of heart that ſhe was ſoon obliged to be ſilent.

Madame de Varonne, on her part, hoping to give ſome reſpite to the labours of Ambroſe, worked without ceaſing at netting. Suſan aſſiſted her, and went to ſell the product of her induſtry; but, when ſhe ſpoke to Ambroſe of this, and exaggerated the profits, he would only reply, So much the better, I am glad of it, and immediately change the ſubject. Time produced no alteration in his conduct; during four years he never in the leaſt varied from the virtuous ardour with which he began.

The moment at length approached in which Madame de Varonne was to experience remorſe the moſt bitter, and pangs the moſt afflicting.

One night, as ſhe ſat expecting Ambroſe, as uſual, ſhe ſaw the ſervant of Nicault enter her chamber, who came to tell her Ambroſe was ſo ill he was obliged to be put to bed. Madame

de

de Varonne inſtantly deſired the girl to conduct her to her maſter's houſe, and at the ſame time ordered Suſan to go for a phyſician. Nicault, who had never ſeen her before, was a good deal ſurprized; ſhe deſired him to ſhew her the apartment of Ambroſe.——The apartment, my lady! it's impoſſible——Impoſſible! How? Why?——One's obliged to go up a ladder to get into the loft where he lies, your ladyſhip——A ladder!—And a loft!—Poor Ambroſe——Go——ſhew me where it is——But your ladyſhip will break your ladyſhip's neck: beſides it's ſuch a hole——your ladyſhip can't ſtand upright.——Madame de Varonne could not reſtrain her tears, ſhe begged Nicault would inſtantly ſhew her the way, and he brought her to the foot of a little ladder, which ſhe had much difficulty to climb; this led her into a diſmal loft, in one corner of which Ambroſe was lying upon a bed of ſtraw——Ah! my dear Ambroſe, cried ſhe, in what a ſituation do I find you! And you told me you had a good lodging, that you were perfectly ſatisfied——

Ambroſe was not in a condition to reply, he had been light-headed ſome time, which ſhe preſently perceived, and was moſt ſenſibly and juſtly afflicted at the ſight.

Suſan at laſt arrived, followed by the phyſician, who was evidently ſurprized, at entering ſuch an apartment, to ſee a lady, whoſe mien and ſuperior deportment

deportment beſpoke her rank, weeping in deſpair over a poor journeyman brazier in a ſtraw-bed.—He approached the ſick perſon, examined him attentively, and ſaid they had called him too late.

Imagine the condition of Madame de Varonne when ſhe heard this ſentence pronounced.

Ah, poor Ambroſe, ſaid Nicault, but it's all his own fault——he has been ill for theſe eight days paſt, but he would keep on; there was no perſuading him, he would work. At laſt he could not hold his head up any longer, but for all that we had much ado to get him to bed ——He undertook more than he could go through, that he might board and lodge with us, and ſo now he has killed himſelf with downright labour.

Every word Nicault uttered was a mortal ſtab to the peace of Madame de Varonne; ſhe addreſſed herſelf to the phyſician, and with wringing hands and flowing tears conjured him not to abandon Ambroſe. He was a man of humanity; and, beſides, his curioſity was ſtrongly incited by every thing he had heard and ſeen, he therefore readily engaged to ſpend part of the night with his patient. Madame de Varonne then ſent for bedding, blankets, and ſheets, and, with the aſſiſtance of Suſan, made up a bed, on which Ambroſe was gently laid by Nicault and the phyſician; after which ſhe ſat herſelf down on a ſtool, and gave free vent to her tears.

About

About four in the morning the phyſician went, after he had bled the patient, and promiſed to return at noon. As for Madame de Varonne, you may eaſily imagine ſhe never quitted him a moment; ſhe remained eight and forty hours at his bed-ſide without the leaſt hope; at laſt, on the third day, the phyſician thought he perceived ſome favourable ſymptoms, and at night declared him out of danger.

The Baronneſs had proceeded thus far, when Madame de Clémire, fearing that ſo much ſpeaking would fatigue her, interrupted her, although it was not half after nine o'clock, and deſired her to finiſh her ſtory on the morrow evening.——What leave off already, cried Caroline? I'm ſure it is not late——Have you not obſerved, ſaid Madame de Clémire, that your grandmamma has coughed and become hoarſe within this quarter of an hour?——Mamma!——A truly ſenſible heart ought to be more attentive, it ought always to have a dread of abuſing complaiſance, or impoſing upon good-nature——Dear mamma, I feel I have been wrong——Then, my dear, I am ſure you will be careful how you commit the like error in future; you will not heſitate to ſacrifice your pleaſure to your gratitude, or even to the decorum of ſociety.

After this ſhort leſſon they retired to reſt, and

on

on the morrow the Baronneſs thus continued her recital.

I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the joy of Madame de Varonne when ſhe ſaw Ambroſe out of danger; ſhe would have watched the night following, but Ambroſe, who now was no longer light headed, would by no means conſent, and ſhe returned, home, overcome with fatigue. The phyſician came on the morrow to viſit her, and ſhe was ſo much obliged to him, ſo grateful for the vaſt attention he had paid to Ambroſe, that ſhe could not refuſe to anſwer his queſtions: ſhe related her hiſtory, and ſatisfied his curioſity. Three days after this, he was obliged to return ſuddenly to Paris, for he did not reſide at St. Germain, leaving Madame de Varonne in good health, and Ambroſe recovering.

The ſituation of Madame de Varonne, however, was at this inſtant as critical as it was diſtreſſing: in a week ſhe had expended on Ambroſe what little money ſhe poſſeſſed, except juſt enough to ſupply them for four or five days. But Ambroſe could not, without the moſt imminent danger, begin to work again ſo ſoon, and ſhe ſhuddered with fear leſt neceſſity ſhould urge him to labour once more at the hazard of his life. Then it was that ſhe felt all the horror of want, and reproached herſelf moſt bitterly for having accepted the money of the generous Ambroſe. Had it not been

been for me, ſaid ſhe, he would have been happy; his induſtry would have procured him a comfortable livelihood: his faithful attachment to me has robbed him of eaſe, health, and happineſs—nay, yet, perhaps, of life——And I muſt ſink to the grave without acquitting this vaſt obligation.—— Acquitting!——Alas were the univerſe at my command, it would be impoſſible!——God alone can diſcharge a debt ſo ſacred! God alone can worthily reward virtue ſo ſublime!

One evening as Madame de Varonne ſat profoundly abſorbed in ſuch like melancholy reflections, Suſan came running, out of breath, to tell her that a great lady wanted to ſpeak with her—— A lady! ſaid her miſtreſs, what lady? You are miſtaken——No, no, be quick, anſwered Suſan, I ſaw her myſelf, and ſhe ſaid, ſays ſhe, I want to ſpeak with Madame de Varonne, who lives up three pair of ſtairs at M. Daviet's; ſhe ſaid this out of her coach window: a fine coach, with ſix fine horſes; ſo as I happened to be ſtanding at the door and heard her, I anſwered and ſaid, ſays I, that's here, ſays I, an't pleaſe your ladyſhip; and ſo, ſays ſhe, go, my dear, and tell Madame de Varonne, that I beg ſhe will do me the honour to permit me to ſpeak a few words with her;—— whereupon I put my beſt leg foremoſt, and——

Suſan was interrupted by two or three gentle taps on the door, which Madame de Varonne, with

with great emotion, roſe to open. She drew back, and beheld a moſt beautiful lady enter and advance with a timid, reſpectful, and compaſſionate air. Madame de Varonne ordered Suſan to leave the room, and, as ſoon as they were alone, the unknown lady began the converſation by ſaying, I am happy, madam, in being the firſt to inform you that the king has at laſt come to the knowledge of your ſituation, and that his goodneſs means hereafter to recompence you for the former injuſtice of fortune towards you.——Oh, Ambroſe! exclaimed Madame de Varonne, and claſped her hands, and raiſed her eyes to heaven, with the moſt forcible and expreſſive picture of joy and gratitude in her countenance.

Her viſitant could not refrain from tears. She approached Madame de Varonne, and, taking her affectionately by the hand, ſaid, come, madam, come to the habitation that is prepared for you; come——Oh! Madam, interrupted Madame de Varonne, what can I ſay? how ſpeak?——Yet if I durſt——I beg your pardon——but, madam, I have a benefactor——ſuch a benefactor! Suffer me to tell you how——I will leave you at full liberty, ſaid the lady; and, leſt my company ſhould at preſent be the leaſt embarraſsment, I will not even go with you to your houſe: I ſhall return homewards, but firſt I muſt conduct you to your coach, which

which waits at the door——My coach!——Yes, dear madam, come, let us loſe no time.

In ſaying this, ſhe preſented her arm to Madame de Varonne, who ſcarce had power to deſcend the ſtairs. When they had reached the door, the lady deſired one of her footmen to call *Madame de Varonne's ſervants*.——She thought herſelf in a dream, and her aſtoniſhment increaſed when ſhe ſaw the footman beckon the carriage, which was ſimple and elegant, to the door, let down the ſtep, and heard him ſay, my lady's carriage is ready. The unknown lady then accompanied her to her coach, took her leave, and ſtept into her own carriage.

Madame de Varonne's footman waited to receive her orders, and ſhe, with a gentle and trembling voice, deſired to be drove to the houſe of Nicault the brazier. You will eaſily conceive, my children, the lively emotion, the agitation, which the ſight of that houſe occaſioned in her heart——She drew the cord, ſhe ſtopped, ſhe opened the door herſelf, and, leaning upon her footman's ſhoulder for ſupport, entered the ſhop of Nicault.

The firſt object ſhe beheld was Ambroſe——Ambroſe himſelf, in his working dreſs, ſcarce out of the bed of ſickneſs, and again, notwithſtanding his weakneſs, endeavouring to labour.——The tenderneſs, the ſatisfaction, the joy ſhe felt, are unutterable

utterable; he was labouring for her, and ſhe came to ſnatch him from thoſe painful labours, to releaſe him from fatigue and miſery. Then it was ſhe taſted, in all it's purity, that deep and well-founded gratitude which ſuperior minds alone can taſte.—Come, cried ſhe with tranſport,——Come, noble Ambroſe——follow me——quit your labours and your cares; they are ended; your fate is changed; delay not a moment, but come.——

In vain did the aſtoniſhed Ambroſe beg an explanation, in vain did he deſire time at leaſt to put on his Sunday cloaths; Madame de Varonne was incapable of hearing, or of anſwering; ſhe took hold of his arm, dragged him along, and obliged him to get into the carriage.—Would you pleaſe, madam, to be drove to your new houſe? ſaid the ſervant ——Her heart leaped within her——Yes, ſaid ſhe, fixing her eyes, that overflowed with tears, upon Ambroſe—Yes—Drive us to our new houſe.

Away they went, and Madame de Varonne recounted every thing as it had happened to Ambroſe, who liſtened with a joy mixed with fear and doubt: he ſcarcely durſt believe in happineſs ſo extraordinary, ſo unhoped. The carriage, at length, ſtopped at a neat little houſe, in the foreſt de St. Germain, and they alighted: as they entered the hall, they were met by the unknown lady, who had been waiting for their arrival, and who preſented a paper to Madame de Varonne.——The king,

king, ſaid ſhe, has deigned to charge me with this, madam, that I might remit it to you; it is a brevet for a penſion of ten thouſand livres (four hundred guineas) a year, with a liberty of leaving half that ſum to whoever you ſhall pleaſe to nominate at your deceaſe.

This is indeed a benefaction, cried Madame de Varonne——Behold that perſon, madam, behold that nobly virtuous man, who is truly worthy of your protection, and the favour of his ſovereign.

Ambroſe, who at firſt had placed himſelf behind his miſtreſs, felt his embaraſſment increaſe at theſe words, and taking off his cap, retreated with a baſhful air; for, notwithſtanding the exceſs of his joy, he felt a painful confuſion at hearing himſelf ſo much praiſed; beſides that he was a little vexed to be ſeen, for the firſt time, by ſo fine a lady, in his leathern apron, dirty jacket, and without his wig, and could not help regretting in ſome degree, the want of his Sunday cloaths.

The unknown lady following, cried, Stop, Ambroſe———ſtop——let me look at you, let me conſider you a moment.———Dear madam, ſaid Ambroſe, bowing, I have done nothing but what was very natural, nothing to aſtoniſh any one——

Here Madame de Varonne interrupted him, to relate, which ſhe did with rapidity and enthuſiaſm, how

how much ſhe owed her ſupport, her all, her life itſelf, to Ambroſe. When ſhe had ended, the unknown lady, deeply affected, ſighed, and raiſing her eyes to heaven, ſaid——And have I at laſt, after meeting ſo much ingratitude in the world, have I the exquiſite delight of finding two hearts truly ſenſible, truly noble!——Adieu, madam, continued ſhe——adieu——be happy;——this houſe, and all that it contains, are your's: you will receive directly the firſt quarter of your penſion—— As ſhe finiſhed ſhe approached the door, but Madame de Varonne ran, bathed in tears, and threw herſelf at her feet. The lady raiſed, tenderly embraced her, and departed. She had ſcarcely quitted the threſhold before the door again opened, and the phyſician, to whom Ambroſe owed his life, entered.

Oh! exclaimed Cæſar, I ſuſpect it was the good phyſician who related the ſtory to this unknown lady.——It was, anſwered the Baronneſs. Madame de Varonne, the moment ſhe beheld him, immediately comprehended the whole affair. After having teſtified the gratitude with which her heart overflowed, ſhe learnt from him that the unknown lady was Madame de P***, who reſided always at Verſailles, where ſhe had great influence. I have been her phyſician, ſaid he, for theſe ten years; I knew her benevolence, and was certain ſhe would intereſt herſelf exceedingly

ingly in your behalf, when ſhe had heard your hiſtory. No ſooner, indeed, had I related it, than ſhe began to verify my hopes; ſhe purchaſed this houſe, and obtained the penſion of which ſhe has given you the brevet.

As the phyſician was ending his recital, the ſervant entered, and informed Madame de Varonne ſupper was ſerved up; ſhe prevailed on the phyſician to ſtay, and, leaning upon the arm of Ambroſe, walked into the other apartment, where ſhe deſired Ambroſe to place himſelf by her ſide. Ambroſe excuſed himſelf, and ſaid, it was not proper he ſhould ſit at table with his honoured miſtreſs. How, replied ſhe, is not my benefactor and my friend my equal? The modeſt, the generous Ambroſe obeyed, and, with the phyſician on one ſide of her and Ambroſe on the other, Madame de Varonne enjoyed, that happy evening, all the pure and delicious pleaſures which gratitude and bliſs inexpreſſible could inſpire, and which a tender and a feeling heart could know.

You may well ſuppoſe that Ambroſe had, the next day, thanks to Madame de Varonne, a dreſs ſuitable to his new fortune; that his apartment was fitted up and furniſhed with every poſſible care; that Madame de Varonne, during her whole life, cauſed him to partake her felicity, and that ſhe never received money without recollecting, with the utmoſt ſuſceptibility, the time when the

faithful Ambroſe brought his day's wages, in a bit of paper, laid it upon the table, and ſaid——, *there, madam, is my ſmall mite.*

This ſtory, my children, continued the Baronneſs, proves, what your mamma has before ſaid, that there is no condition of life, no claſs of men in which the heroiſm of virtue is not to be found; and it further proves that did men only underſtand their own intereſt they would all be virtuous. Noble actions are ſeldom buried in oblivion; it is almoſt impoſſible to prevent a ſublime conduct from obtaining a ſignal reward.

Ambroſe, in ſupporting his lady, acted entirely from a generous heart; but let us, for a moment, ſuppoſe ambition had been his ſole motive, and we ſhall find he could not poſſibly have taken any way ſo effectually to accompliſh his deſires. In ſuch a caſe this would have been his manner of reaſoning:

"I wiſh to raiſe myſelf from the low ſituation "in which fortune has thrown me; what means "ſhall I purſue? I am poor and unknown: how "ſhall I attract the notice and benevolence of "thoſe who have the power to change my fate? "What is the moſt certain method of fixing the "attention of the world, and inſpiring it with an "effectual deſire to ſerve me?——Genius? That "I have not. And had I the greateſt I ſhould be "liable, like many others, to remain unnoticed:

"the

" the number is ſmall which genius can dazzle or
" delight; few underſtand its value, and the cold
" admiration it inſpires ſeldom comes from the
" heart. What then is the merit which is univer-
" ſally intereſting? Virtue alone has this irreſiſti-
" ble charm. But to diſtinguiſh myſelf I muſt
" poſſeſs ſomething more than mere probity: that
" procures eſteem, but not admiration.—Chance
" now affords me an opportunity to obtain the
" end I propoſe. Madame de Varonne is ready
" to ſink under her misfortunes; ſhe ſhall owe
" her exiſtence to me. Her gratitude, ſoon or
" late, will find the means of publiſhing this vir-
" tuous action to my renown. I, in the mean
" time, muſt be ſilent, for were it divulged, by
" me, it would loſe all its merit."———

Nothing, interrupted Cæſar, can be more true: the concluſions are wonderfully juſt. Self-intereſt might have counſelled Ambroſe to an act which virtue performed.

Without doubt, anſwered Madame de Clémire; and the reaſoning which you find ſo concluſive in this inſtance will be equally good in every other. Self-intereſt, well underſtood, would make us ſincere, upright, juſt, and generous. Hence a celebrated writer ſays, *(a)* " Folly alone can
" make us wicked, folly alone can make us
" knaves; and it is ſtill a more ſtupid degree of

(a) M. Gaillard, Hiſtoire de Charlemagne. Tome I. p. 279.

" folly to connect ideas of superiority and gran-
" deur to devastation and tyranny, or of wisdom
" and genius to fraud and artifice."

How! mamma, cried Caroline, are there people who suppose that tyranny is grandeur?

Unhappily, my dear, answered Madame de Clémire, history furnishes us with too many proofs. Almost all historians are lavish of the title of great, to men and monarchs who are renowned only for their injustice and usurpations; for such continually are great conquerors.

And so men may become celebrated without being virtuous?

Certainly; but they are always hated and unhappy. Celebrity may be acquired by extraordinary actions of any kind; but virtuous ones alone can bestow a just and desirable fame.

I understand you, mamma; for want of reflection we may sometimes admire a conqueror, because his courage hides his injustice; I conceive that to be very possible. But, pray, how can fraud and cunning ever be mistaken for wisdom.?

None but fools, my dear, ever do make this mistake. But the class of fools is very extensive, and therefore there are abundance of people who are thus deceived. Hear what the author I have just quoted says on that subject:

" Every deceitful man is, essentially, a foolish
" man, runs directly from the goal, and, by the
" nature

" nature of things, infallibly becomes, ſooner or " later, the dupe of his own artifices: for there is " no fraud ſo deep as to be entirely hidden from " the eye of ſuſpicion; no trick that all men do " not revolt againſt as ſoon as it is ſeen."

The fifth evening ended with this citation: Madame de Clémire roſe, and every body retired to reſt, delighted with the hiſtory of Madame de Varonne and the virtuous Ambroſe.

It was then the twenty-fifth of February, the cold was exceſſive, and Madame de Clémire had promiſed Cæſar to take him a long walk. He begged of her to go to the foreſt of Faulin: ſhe conſented, and as Caroline and Pulcheria both had colds they were not of the party. They ſat out at ten o'clock in the morning; the place they were going to was a league and a half diſtant; a carriage therefore followed, that they might walk one half of the way, and ride the other, and not make the dinner wait, which was always ſerved between twelve and one.

The cold had ſcarcely been ſo piercing all the winter as it was that morning; Cæſar, at firſt, complained a little, but, in leſs than half an hour, told his mamma he could bear it very well. And yet, ſaid Madame de Clémire, the degree of cold is all the ſame as when we firſt ſat out, but you are now more accuſtomed to it, and therefore feel it leſs. Thus it is with all phyſical evils: we inure

ourſelves to all thoſe that may be ſupported without death being the conſequence; habit makes the moſt frightful and dangerous objects familiar, and robs even affliction of its ſting. This is a truth which it is very neceſſary well to comprehend; becauſe it teaches us to face the pains and misfortunes attendant on human nature with fortitude.

Yes, mamma, ſaid Cæſar, but there are ſome people ſo naturally delicate that they cannot habituate themſelves to ſufferings. I remember you once ſaid that Madame de Beauvais, after the loſs of her law-ſuit, never could ſupport poverty, or live retired in the country.

True, my dear, ſaid ſhe, but this is ſo uncommon an inſtance that it only ought to be looked upon as an exception which never can happen but to feeble and degenerate minds: it is not in nature; it is the effect of luxury, and a bad education.

Then, mamma, many people that appear to us extremely miſerable are not ſo much ſo as we believe.

That is to ſay, my dear, they ſuffer leſs than we ſuppoſe they do, but, for that very reaſon, they are more worthy of our compaſſion and aſſiſtance. He who courageouſly ſubmits to his fate, and ſuffers without murmuring, is certainly a moſt reſpectable being; and it muſt be a mean and inſenſible mind that can refuſe its pity to a man who,

who, obliged to endure, hardens himſelf in ſorrow, and ſupports pain nobly. Such virtuous reſignation ſhould incite our admiration, and render ſympathy more tender and active. Beſides, it is very natural to ſhrink from beholding miſery, in others, which we ourſelves could ſupport without complaining. This is a ſublime ſenſation, and common to all ſuperior minds, of which we have daily a thouſand proofs. For example, I can ſee myſelf bled, and hold the baſon, and yet I am affected when I look at the lancet wounding the vein of another. I have ſeen your papa, when his arm was broken, ſupport its being ſet again with the utmoſt compoſure; and yet he was almoſt ill the day the ſame accident happened to Thibaut, your uncle's valet.

That is very true, ſaid Cæſar, I know it by myſelf, mamma; I fall down, hurt or cut myſelf, and ſcarcely take any notice of it, and yet I cannot look at another perſon's blood without feeling for them very much.

Hence you may learn, anſwered Madame de Clémire, that it is not always natural to prefer ourſelves to others; and that he who thinks only of and for himſelf, and who is not affected by the misfortunes of others, is a vicious and degraded being.

Converſing thus, they came to a large meadow covered over with ſnow, through which a brook

ran that was frozen, where Cæſar wiſhed to divert himſelf a little with ſliding. In order to have a good run, he went to the ſide of a copſe that bordered upon the meadow, and, ſomething catching his eye, he entered the wood, where Madame de Clémire loſt ſight of him for a moment; Cæſar returned, almoſt in an inſtant, crying out, as loud as he could, "run, run, mamma, run——perhaps "they are not dead!"——"Who are not dead, "child? What have you ſeen?" ſaid Madame de Clémire.——"Oh dear, mamma, two children, "that the froſt has ſeized, lying on the ground, "quite inſenſible!"——

Madame de Clémire ran, inſtantly, and Cæſar, full of tenderneſs and pity, conducted her towards a buſh, where two children were laid ſo that both their faces were hidden. As ſhe drew near ſhe ſaw the eldeſt of the two had ſtript himſelf to his ſhirt, and laid himſelf upon the other face to face. Good God, cried ſhe, they are certainly two brothers, and the eldeſt has had the generoſity to ſtrip himſelf that he might clothe the youngeſt——Oh, noble child!—I hope to God we are not too late to ſave them.

Madame de Clémire then called to her ſervants to take and put them in the carriage, inſtantly, and Cæſar ſnatched off his great coat, and threw it over the eldeſt. Morel then took the eldeſt in his arms, and, as he lifted him, ſaid, he is quite ſtiff,

I am

I am afraid he is paſt recovery. Cæſar, the moment he beheld the face of the child, burſt into tears, and cried out, oh, good God, mamma, it is poor Auguſtin and his brother Charles! Cæſar was right, and madam de Clémire, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, found her paſſions ſtill more ſtrongly intereſted, and mingled her tears with Cæſar's. Her heart was pierced when ſhe beheld death pictured on the face of the generous Auguſtin, eſpecially when ſhe repreſented to herſelf the diſtraction of the unhappy mother of ſuch a child.

Morel and another footman held the children in their arms, and aſſured her they were dead, but ſhe, nevertheleſs, inſiſted on their being immediately put into the carriage, and ordered Morel to get in with and convey them to the caſtle with all poſſible ſpeed, continuing to rub them all the way, which he inſtantly obeyed. The other ſervant ſtaid to conduct Madame de Clémire and Cæſar, who ſoon loſt ſight of the carriage.

Madame de Clémire and Cæſar exerted themſelves to make all poſſible haſte, and arrived at the caſtle, fatigued, but exceedingly anxious for the fate of the children. As they entered the avenue, they ſaw, and were ſeen by, Caroline, Pulcheria, and the Abbé, who all called out aloud that Auguſtin and Charles were both alive. The news made Cæſar weep with joy, and, tired as he was, he ſprang to kiſs his ſiſters with tranſport.

They all ran directly to the room, where the patients were ſtill undergoing the means of recovery; Madame de Clémire found them reviving, but not yet come to themſelves; ſhe ſent for their mother, who arrived juſt as Charles, who had ſuffered leſs than his brother, began to look about him, and pronounce a few words. About an hour after Auguſtin gave ſigns of recollection, and knew his mother. The firſt word he uttered was—— Charley!——brother!——

After ſome time, a phyſician who had been ſent for came, and ſaid that, though there was yet much to be apprehended, he believed them out of danger.

Madeleine, being now ſomething more compoſed, related to Madame de Clémire how they had gone from home, at eight o'clock in the morning, to gather fire wood, and, not finding them return ſo ſoon as uſual, her huſband, at half paſt nine, had gone in queſt of them; that he, being deceived by tracks in the ſnow made by other children, had gone to the contrary ſide of the wood to where they were unhappily frozen.

Cæſar and his ſiſters were employed all the evening by their attentions for Auguſtin; the whole houſe was intereſted in behalf of that amiable boy; no perſon would go to bed till the effects of the remedies that were given him were known, which was not till midnight; and ſeveral of

of the ſervants ſat up all night in his chamber. At break of day Cæſar again was at the door, and he heard, with the moſt heartfelt ſatisfaction, the two brothers were both almoſt well, that they talked as uſual, and were entirely come to the uſe of reaſon.

In the afternoon Auguſtin was permitted to get up, and Cæſar to viſit him; he beheld and kiſſed him with an inconceivable delight. The day following the boy was in a ſtate to tell the particulars of his own ſtory.

The family all gathered round Auguſtin, who was placed between his brother and mother, and was the hiſtorian of the evening. He related, with great ſimplicity and feeling, that Charley, inſtead of gathering ſticks, would ſit down, and that preſently the cold had ſuch power over him as to deprive him of the uſe of his ſenſes; that he (Auguſtin) in vain endeavoured to recover him, by breathing upon, and rubbing him with his hands; that ſeeing him continue to look blue in the face, he made the wood echo with his cries; that he called to his father ſeveral times for help, and that, when nobody heard nor anſwered, he began to weep; that his tears, dropping upon Charley's face, froze almoſt directly, and this made him cry ſtill more; that, however, he did not entirely loſe his courage, but endeavoured to raiſe him up and carry him on his back; but that, being him-

ſelf, by this time, half frozen, he wanted ſtrength, and fell down beſide his brother. At laſt he ſaw no other way to ſave his poor Charley but to take off his coat, and then his waiſtcoat, and then every thing elſe he had on, to cover him up and keep him warm; that then at that inſtant poor Charley opened his eyes, looked at him, and puſhed away the cloaths, as if he wanted him to put them on again; that then he began to be ſeized with a kind of numbneſs and drowzineſs, and to loſe his feeling, and ſo he went and lay upon his poor Charley—— And ſo, ſays Auguſtin, that—— that's all——for I don't remember any thing more.

Scarcely had Auguſtin ended before Cæſar roſe with impetuoſity, and flung himſelf upon his neck; at which Auguſtin was ſurprized, for every thing he had done ſeemed to him ſo natural he could not conceive why it ſhould occaſion ſo much admiration. His mother, preſently after, took him to bed; and, when they were gone, Madame de Clémire ſaid to Cæſar——Does not this ſtory, this heroic action, my ſon, prove the truth of what I was ſaying to you, during our walk, "that it is "not ſo natural, as is generally ſuppoſed, to pre-"fer one's ſelf to others?" Auguſtin ſtript off his cloaths, becauſe it was leſs painful to him to endure the cold than to ſee the ſufferings of his brother. Oh! my child, how ſublime is pity,

ſince

ſince it can inſpire virtue like this! Far from enfeebling, it ennobles the ſoul, makes it inſenſible of danger, ſuperior to pain, and fearleſs of death! Never ſtifle, never bluſh at ſuch ſenſations: cheriſh feelings ſo active and compaſſionate, ſo inherent in the heart of man, and which he never can loſe, without debaſing his nature.

Madame de Clémire now roſe to retire, but Cæſar detained her, while he told her how exceedingly ſorry he was to think that Auguſtin muſt go back again to his poor cottage in a day or two. Well, child, ſaid Madame de Clémire, you ſhall have your wiſh; I will aſk his parents to leave him here; I will take charge of him, and you ſhall be educated together. This promiſe made Cæſar leap for joy. I will teach him every thing I know, cried Cæſar.——Ay, but, ſaid Pulcheria, how can his father and mother conſent to part with ſuch a good child? Aſſuredly, my dear, anſwered her mamma, they will not heſitate to ſacrifice their own ſatisfaction to the intereſt of their child; the way to ſhew their affection is to promote his happineſs; if they did not they would be without affection.

Accordingly, the next day, Madame de Clémire made the propoſal to the parents of Auguſtin, who accepted her offer with gratitude and joy. Auguſtin wept a good deal, when he heard he was to leave his father and mother, and his brother Charley;

Charley; not but he was very ſenſible of Cæſar's friendſhip for him, and had a great deſire to be inſtructed, and learn, as he ſaid, all the fine things that maſter knew.

The children had been ſo buſy about Auguſtin that, for three or four evenings, they had neglected their nightly aſſemblies; at laſt, however, they reminded their mamma of their favourite amuſement, and, night being come, their deſires were readily granted.

You have admired, with great juſtice, ſaid Madame de Clémire, the delicacy and heroiſm of Ambroſe; and you imagine, without doubt, it is impoſſible to ſhew more generoſity, attachment, or greatneſs of ſoul. Well then, my children, I will relate a ſtory, in which you will find an example of a ſtill ſublimer conduct. I have ſaid ſeveral things to the diſadvantage of ſervant maids in general, becauſe they are commonly ignorant and ſelfiſh; I would have you believe, however, there are ſome entirely the reverſe, and that you may be convinced there are, liſten to a tale, the incidents of which paſſed almoſt under my own eyes, and that may be called

THE HEROISM OF ATTACHMENT.

IN one of the northern provinces of France, there is a ſmall corner of the earth where good faith and virtue ſuperſede laws, and give to the inhabitants of that peaceable country a felicity pure and unalterable.——

Oh! mamma, what a charming place! What is it called? Have you ever been there?

Yes; in my youth. It's name is S***; where I had the pleaſure of admiring a people ſo happy. The huſbandmen, ſimple and induſtrious, have neither in their language nor manners the rude clowniſhneſs of peaſants. The mothers are gentle, the children grateful and obedient, and the young women univerſally modeſt; covetouſneſs and envy are there unknown; and there are found all that equality, brotherly love, and purity of manners, which conſtituted the happineſs of mankind, in the early ages of the world.

The gentleman, who owned this ſpot, had a wife every way worthy to enjoy ſuch felicity. Madame de S*** poſſeſſed a ſuperior underſtanding, a benevolent heart, and an enlightened mind. She read, ſhe ſtudied, ſhe worked, and loved to work:

work: ſhe embroidered, made tapeſtry, cultivated a flower-garden, kept beehives (8), and bred ſilk-worms. The care of her houſe was her pleaſure; ſhe delighted in her domeſtic employments; ſhe neglected none of them, becauſe ſhe underſtood the duties of her ſtation; they are indeed intereſting in themſelves, and eſpecially to thoſe who live in the country. She took a pleaſure in looking after her poultry and dairy, and hence found amuſement, inſtruction, and the method of living in abundance upon a very moderate income.

Inſtruction! mamma, interrupted Caroline; what inſtruction could ſhe get there?

Much, anſwered Madame de Clémire, and very uſeful. You have heard that natural hiſtory is a very extenſive ſtudy, a ſcience, divided into a multitude of parts; many of theſe, and thoſe neither the leaſt uſeful nor leaſt curious, are learnt, of courſe, without ſtudy, by living in the country, and being employed in country affairs. The things themſelves inſtruct us much more effectually than books; the latter often leave nothing but words in the mind, but the former give birth to ideas never to be effaced. I have known a lady who had gone through a courſe of natural hiſtory, in Paris, and who, notwithſtanding, could not tell the bloſſoms of an apple-tree from thoſe of a cherry-tree. People who have never lived in the country,

are

are always ridiculouſly ignorant on ſome ſubjects. How can the miracles of nature be ſtudied at Paris, where fruits and vegetables are ſeen only in the market and upon the table, and flowers no where but in vaſes? You can there form no idea of the labours or the pleaſures of the field. Innocent pleaſures! That are never deſpiſed but by thoſe who have never taſted them: It is for this reaſon that the illuſtrious M. de Bouffon has ſaid, "Every thing we wiſh, beyond what "nature has given, is painful, and nothing is "pleaſant that ſhe does not preſent."

Well, but mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, ſome people are exceſſively fond of Paris, and the faſhionable world, for all that, and ſo, to be ſure, they find pleaſure there.

Thoſe people, replied Madame de Clémire, are in a continual hurry and confuſion, a kind of intoxication, which not only deprives them of the faculty of thinking but even of feeling; and in ſuch circumſtances we can by no means be ſaid to enjoy pleaſure, it being a ſtate of mind produced by a diſordered imagination, which ſubjects the heart to violent paſſions and impetuous deſires.

What is a paſſion, mamma?

A paſſion is an abſolute and exceſſive preference to one object, conſequently an unreaſonable deſire.

Well, but mamma, there are reaſonable and allowable paſſions.

Exceſs

Exceſs is not always criminal, but it is always abſurd. A woman, for example, who loves her huſband with paſſion is in this predicament.

How! Is ſuch a woman unreaſonable?

Certainly, and unhappy too; for there is no happineſs in the abſence of reaſon.——Surely, mamma, it is right to love one's huſband with all one's heart?——Certainly.——As you love my papa?——Without doubt.——Well, mamma, and you prefer my papa to all the world.——What do you mean, my dear, by preferring him to all the world? That I have *an excluſive preference*, as I ſaid juſt now?——Why, mamma, you know you would rather have a quarter of an hour's converſation with papa than play on the harpſichord, read, walk, or——Very true. I prefer his converſation, or even the pleaſure of looking at him, to all the amuſements in the world; and, what is more, his happineſs is much dearer to me than my own.——And is not that paſſion, mamma?——By no means.——Why, what can paſſion do more?——It can be guilty of extravagance and folly. But, to give you an idea, you know Madame d'Orgimont?——Yes, mamma.——The lady whoſe huſband took a journey of pleaſure, laſt year, into Ruſſia, and whom you went to viſit when ſhe kept her bed, ſick of chagrin?——True, mamma.——Well, that was paſſion. It was paſſion that had taken away her ſtrength

and

and courage, and deprived her of the power to reſiſt her uneaſineſs.——And yet, mamma, one cannot help having a fever.——No; but, if one is not overcome by paſſion, abſence will not give it; becauſe one ſhould make uſe of one's reaſon, and be reſigned to one's fate. Madame d'Orgimont had an abſolute *excluſive preference* for her huſband, for ſhe not only preferred his ſociety to all others, in which ſhe was right, but it was impoſſible for any ſociety to pleaſe her, if he was not of it; ſhe would not ſacrifice the pleaſure of ſeeing him to the education even of her children.

Ah, mamma, ſaid Caroline, but you would not do ſo; and yet, in fact, you love my papa as well as ſhe did M. d'Orgimont, ſince my papa's happineſs is dearer to you than your own. Madame d'Orgimont's affection is more exceſſive, but your's is beſt. I ſee too that paſſion, though ſeemingly allowable, may lead us into many errors, as well as make us ill.

To neglect her children, and fret herſelf ill, ſaid Cæſar, was not to be good or prudent.

Paſſion of every kind, continued Madame de Clémire, impairs our reaſon, and neceſſarily leads us more or leſs aſtray, in proportion to its power over us.——But is it poſſible, mamma, to live without paſſion?——Moſt certainly. Nay more, we are ourſelves the cauſe of our paſſions; they are our own work, and, as they come but by degrees,

grees, we may at all times eaſily ſtop their progreſs. When we find any of our inclinations becoming daily more powerful we ſhould immediately repreſs them, and—But how, mamma, can one diſcover theſe ſmall beginnings of paſſion?——When we are tempted to ſacrifice to ſome amuſement, ſome perſon, or ſome pleaſure, any of our duties.

Oh! dear me, mamma, cried Pulcheria, but then I am afraid I have a great many paſſions, for if I was my own miſtreſs, I ſhould often ſacrifice my ſtudies to a walk, or a game at ſhuffle-board, or my canary-bird, or my ſquirrel, or——

That only proves, anſwered Madame de Clémire, that you are ſometimes tired of ſtudy, which is often the caſe at your age; but, in finding other amuſements, you regret neither your canary-bird nor your ſquirrel: you have no real preference for them, and therefore no paſſion; you are only playful, wild, and indolent.——Oh, I underſtand, mamma; one muſt firſt have a preference, and then afterwards be tempted to neglect one's duty?——Yes.——Well, mamma, but if, by chance, when I grow up, I ſhould prefer ſtudy to every other amuſement, would that hurt me?——No; becauſe that would be a very juſt preference.——Look you then, now, mamma, that is a permitted paſſion.——Not at all; preference, ſimply, is not paſſion.——Oh, true, mamma, I had forgot temptation.——

tation——If the pleaſure of gaining inſtruction occaſioned you to neglect the duties of ſociety, you would do wrong. The pureſt, beſt, and moſt rational pleaſure ceaſes to be virtuous the moment it becomes a paſſion. Paſſion renders us blind, weak, unjuſt, and extravagant.——Then, my dear mamma, when you tell me you love your dear Pulcheria, paſſionately, it is only a way of ſpeaking, is it?——Why, when I ſay I love you to madneſs, would you have it to be true; that is literal?——Oh no, I am ſure I would not for all the world, have my dear mamma mad.——And, after what has been ſaid, cannot you conceive that paſſion and reaſon are incompatible, and that paſſion is always a certain degree of madneſs; that to love a perſon paſſionately is the ſame thing as to love them to madneſs, and that conſequently it would be cruel in you to wiſh me to love you paſſionately? I ſhould loſe my reaſon, and my virtue, and you would gain no deſirable proof of tenderneſs. Were it neceſſary, I ſhould die to ſave any one of you, my children, from deſtruction; I would not heſitate a moment, to ſacrifice my life, and make you happy. I would do every thing heroic which paſſion could inſpire, but I would not betray any one duty, even for you: that is to ſay, great as is my love, it ſhould not diſhonour or debaſe me. Could you wiſh me, Pulcheria, to poſſeſs contrary ſentiments?——

No,

No, no, dear mamma, cried the children, all together, and running into their mother's arms, who claſped them affectionately to her boſom, and could not retain her tears, when ſhe felt thoſe of Pulcheria drop upon her hand.

After a few moments of tender ſilence they continued their diſcourſe, and Cæſar begged of his mamma to anſwer him another queſtion concerning the paſſions. When, ſaid he, one has unhappily yielded to a paſſion till it has become rooted, may one ſtill conquer and expel it?——Moſt aſſuredly, replied his mamma; any victory may be obtained over ourſelves, when we ſincerely deſire to be victorious: but in ſuch a caſe the effort would be very painful. It is eaſy to preſerve ourſelves from, but moſt hard to eradicate, paſſion.——And which is the way, mamma, to preſerve ourſelves from it?——By an early habit of hearkening to reaſon, and overcoming whatever deſires are contrary to it; by remembering that we are ever preſent with the Supreme Being; a Being pure and omniſcient, and who is diſpleaſed at all exceſs: by the ſuccours which religion affords, the command of ourſelves, and the proper employment of our time: by ſuch means, we are beyond the power of violent paſſion.

But ſince, mamma, exceſs of every kind is bad, ought one to admire the conduct of M. de Legaraye, the extraordinary gentleman of whom M. Frémont

Frémont was telling ſuch ſtrange things the other day; as, how he forſook the world, turned his ſeat into a hoſpital for the ſick, and devoted his life to their care?——Beyond a doubt; his conduct is not only to be admired, but looked upon as the model of perfection——And yet M. de Lagaraye carried his charity even to paſſion?——People in general apply the word paſſion only to ſuch ſenſations as originate in ſelf, and have perſonal ſatisfaction for their baſis; ſuch as an inclination for a certain object, the delight taken in a particular pleaſure; like as an avaricious man delights in the accumulation of riches, or a gameſter in play: or, laſtly, to various other vices; anger, for example, to which they have improperly enough applied the word paſſion. But the love of humanity is the moſt diſintereſted of all ſenſations; and the leſs particular and more extenſive it is the more it is ſublime. To deprive oneſelf of all one's wealth in favour of a perſon that one loves, is a noble and praiſe-worthy action, and, at all times, the ſacrifice of magnanimity; but to give all one poſſeſſes to wretches, for whom we have no private friendſhip, no motive, but that of compaſſion, to conſecrate one's life to their ſervice, to abſtain from a thouſand gratifications, and treat them like our beloved children, for no other reaſon but becauſe they ſuffer the miſeries incident to men, and are wretched; this is virtue truly

truly heroic, truly divine. Benevolence, carried ſuch a height, may, perhaps, be called a paſſion; but it is a very different paſſion from all others, ſince it is abſolutely diſintereſted, and produces actions only of a ſpecies the moſt ſublime.

But ſuppoſe, mamma, M. de Lagaraye had had children of his own, would he have had a right to have given all his goods to the poor?

No, certainly, for we are under an obligation, firſt of all, to fulfil the duties impoſed upon us by nature. M. de Lagaraye could only have given the ſurplus to the wretched; and, as he would have been obliged to educate his children, it would have been impoſſible for him to have conſecrated his time to the ſervice of the poor.

Well, mamma, ſaid Caroline, now you have had the goodneſs to anſwer all our queſtions, I hope you will go on with the ſtory of Madame de S***? Willingly, anſwered Madame de Clémire, but I do not know whereabout I was.—Why, mamma, you told us Madame de S*** was happy, becauſe ſhe was benevolent; and how much ſhe loved the country, and cultivated a flower-garden, and read, and worked, and kept bee-hives, and bred ſilk-worms, and——and there I believe you left off.

I did ſo, anſwered her mamma. Well then ——Madame de S***, ſatisfied with her deſtiny, led a life equally pleaſant and innocent. Her huſband

huſband, far from rich, could not enable her to relieve miſery with money, and yet there was not a day paſſed in which ſhe did not do ſome good action. There was neither ſurgeon nor phyſician in the village; but ſhe knew ſomething of botany, had read *L'Hiſtoire des Plantes uſuelles*, by Chomel, a very good book, in which the properties of herbs and their uſe in pharmacy are taught; and ſhe knew Tiſſot's Advice to the People by rote, a book intereſting and eſtimable, both for its utility, and the ſpirit of humanity in which it is written. With all theſe helps, however, Madame de S*** did not pretend to practiſe phyſic, becauſe it is an art that, without being perfect in it, imprudence and madneſs only would pretend to practiſe; but ſhe viſited the ſick cottages, prevented them from uſing dangerous remedies, and, occaſionally, preſcribed things that might do good, could do no harm; ſhe carried them broth, wine, old linen, conſoled them by her preſence, her converſation, and her compaſſion, and thus proved it poſſible to be exceedingly benevolent with a very ſmall fortune. When we do all the good in our power, we enjoy all the happineſs the practice of virtue can beſtow.

Madame de S*** had a young woman, named Marianne, who had lived with her as her maid twelve years, and who was greatly diſtinguiſhed by her goodneſs, diſintereſtedneſs,

and attachment to her miſtreſs, whoſe virtues ſhe poſſeſſed, and whoſe example ſhe imitated. It is true ſhe had never been at Paris, and that ſhe had not even been in the way of temptations to corrupt or lead aſtray a character that was naturally virtuous. Madame de S*** tenderly loved her, and the care ſhe took to make her a truly good woman was one of the greateſt pleaſures of her life. Marianne was ſomething older than her miſtreſs, and flattered herſelf ſhe ſhould end her days in her ſervice, but Providence ordained otherwiſe. Madame de S*** was attacked by a diſeaſe which, though trifling in its origin, by ill treatment became mortal. She met death, not only without fear, but, with the gentle ſerenity of a ſoul truly penetrated by the great principles of religion; and while all around her abandoned themſelves to that deſpair which the loſs of a woman like her muſt ever inſpire, ſhe alone remained with an unſhaken tranquillity. An exact and proper regimen prolonged her life for ſome months; ſhe did not keep her bed, ſhe walked, read, made the young girls of the village come to her as uſual for inſtruction, converſed with her favourite and faithful Marianne, received the viſits of the vicar, and never ſuffered her gentleneſs or preſence of mind to forſake her for a moment.

One

One fine morning, in the month of May, ſhe roſe with Aurora, and, attended by Marianne, walked out into the fields, gained an eminence, from which there was a delightful proſpect, and ſat herſelf upon a bank, while Marianne placed herſelf at her feet. She remained a moment, and then roſe, ſupported by the arm of Marianne: how this view delights me, ſaid ſhe! What a fine country! Look at that charming meadow, Marianne, over which we have run ſo many hundred times; it was there we met the good old dame Veronique, bending beneath a baſket of apples on her head, and another in her hand; you would take the one from her head, and I, in ſpite of her reſiſtance, the other from her hand, and thus we brought her home to her cottage. Doſt thou remember how merry we were, the gratitude of the good old woman, and the breakfaſt ſhe gave us. Turn thy eyes to the right, and behold that row of willows, on the borders of the pool, in which, with hook and line, we have ſo often fiſhed. There it was that we, in company with young Martha and little Babet, have many a time made baſkets of the bulruſhes, and, afterwards, filled them with violets, lilies of the valley, and filberts. Seeſt thou yonder cabin, it belongs to our Frances; doſt thou remember how thou madeſt, in two days, the gown I gave her at her wedding?——A little farther to the left are the

ſkirts of the wood, where, on holidays, I kept my little ſchool, during the fine ſummer evenings. What happy moments have I ſpent ſurrounded by the laſſes of the village. Haſt thou forgotten the long and ſimple ſtories that Margaret uſed to tell us, or the old ballads that Honoria ſung with a voice ſo youthful, ſweet, and plaintive.——Every object I ſee around me recalls ſome pleaſing idea. Oh, how grateful are ſuch traces of memory at this moment!

As Madame de S*** pronounced theſe words, Marianne turned her head, to hide her tears, which ſhe could no longer reſtrain. After a ſhort ſilence, Madame de S*** claſping her hands, and raiſing them to heaven, exclaimed——Oh God! Thou whom I now behold beyond the clouds that brightly decorate the heavens! thou who heareſt, underſtandeſt me, and readeſt my very ſoul! I thank thee, my Creator! my Father! and Benefactor! I thank thee, for having placed me in a ſtate of life where I have lived free from the perſecutions of hatred, the malignity of envy, the contagion of evil examples, and the ſeduction of wicked advice. I have had nothing to lead my reaſon aſtray, or corrupt my heart; I have neither known the city nor the court: I have heard that there are flatterers, falſe philoſophers, ambitious men; men degraded by cupidity, and perverted by pride; I have heard, and have wept for

their

their errors, and this ſenſation has often troubled my repoſe: I have been ſorry for the wicked, but have always lived far from their abode: unknown to the violence of paſſion, the riots or deceits of pleaſure, my life has glided away in happy obſcurity; and my happineſs has been ſo much the more pure in that it has not been diſturbed by the ſlanders of malice: friendſhip, innocence, and peace, have embelliſhed every inſtant of my career; I have poſſeſſed the moſt ſubſtantial wealth; and, in this awful moment, when the memory of the paſt is the puniſhment of the wicked, a multitude of ſweet conſolatory recollections croud upon my mind, and I remember, with tranſport, that to virtue alone I owe the pure delight I now enjoy.——Oh God! how ſupreme is thy bounty! Thou commandeſt us to deteſt and fly from vice, and therein thou teacheſt us the only poſſible means of happineſs upon earth; nay, doſt moreover promiſe us eternal bliſs hereafter, if we do but obey thy beneficent commands.

As ſhe ſaid this, Madame de S*** fell gently into the arms of Marianne, for the fervency with which ſhe had ſpoken had exhauſted her little ſtrength. Marianne, looking at her, ſaw her cheeks pale, and her eyes cloſed and motionleſs, and gave a ſhriek of terror; Madame de S*** opened her eyes, and tenderly preſſed the hand of Marianne, which ſhe held between her own. Where-

fore this alarm, my dear Marianne? ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile of grateful benevolence upon her face: what thou! whoſe piety is ſo pure! art thou not reſigned? Is not thy ſacrifice already made? We ſhall meet again where we ſhall never part more ——I ſee how much my ſerenity, my tranquillity conſole thee!—I flatter myſelf thou wilt ever find an aſylum in the chateau de S***——Alas! I cannot place thee above want!——There is another thing which, I confeſs, I regret——deeply—(Marianne here fixed her eyes upon her miſtreſs, and the attention ſhe paid ſtopt her tears)—Thou knoweſt Marianne there is a ſchool-miſtreſs in the village to learn the children to read; many of the inhabitants are juſt able to pay her a ſmall trifle, but there are ſtill many who cannot give the very little ſhe requires. Had I lived a few years longer, I ſhould have ſaved the ſum neceſſary (that is to ſay, fifty crowns) to form an eſtabliſhment ſufficient to pay the ſchool miſtreſs, that ſhe might have inſtructed theſe poor children gratis; but, ſince God has not thought fit, I ſubmit, without murmuring, to his holy will.

Madame de S***, as ſhe ſpoke thus, fetched a gentle ſigh, and Marianne ſeizing one of her hands, with a look expreſſive of great emotion and ſome ſecret, but firm reſolution, exclaimed ——Oh! my dear miſtreſs!——Her full heart would not let her ſay more, and Madame de S*** riſing,

riſing, took hold of her arm, and began to move towards home again.

Madame de S*** did not long ſurvive: arrived at the laſt ſtage of debility, ſhe was ſoon obliged to keep her bed. Marianne, in deſpair, would not quit her a moment; the ſervants were ſeen in tears in every corner of the houſe; the doors were continually crowded with the inhabitants of the village, who came by turns to enquire after her; calling her their dear lady, their kind benefactreſs, and returned from her houſe to the church to offer up their ardent prayers for the preſervation of a life ſo precious. At laſt, Madame de S***, ever tranquil, ever reſigned, beheld the moment of death approach with that ſublimity which religion beſtows, and Marianne received her laſt ſigh.

Dear me, cried Pulcheria, what will become of poor Marianne?

Watching, fatigue, and ſorrow, cauſed a ſudden revolution in Marianne's blood; ſhe fell dangerouſly ill; ſhe recovered, however, and ſcarcely was ſhe recovered before ſhe took the reſolution to quit the houſe of S***. She packed up her clothes, went to the church where her miſtreſs lay buried, bathed her tomb with tears, and took the route to Charleville *(a)* the place of her birth,

(a) Charleville is a delightful town of Champagne, fifty-two leagues from Paris, in the Rethelois, ſituated upon the

greatly regretted by the vicar and the inhabitants of S***.

Two years paſſed away, and no one heard what was become of her; but, at the end of that time, the vicar received a box, containing fifty crowns, and a letter written as follows:

Charleville, the 24th of September, 1775.

"Reverend Sir,

"I have, at length, ſent you the fifty crowns "which, as you know, my honoured miſtreſs was "ſo deſirous of at her death. God be praiſed, her "deſires ſhall be executed, and the good work "ſhe wiſhed be done. Had I had enough money "I would myſelf have brought you the fifty "crowns, but I had only as much as would have "paid half the expences of my journey. My "heart will now be as eaſy as it can, after the loſs "I have had, and I ſhall be ſomething relieved of "a load of ſorrow which oppreſſed me day and "night. Let me conjure you, reverend ſir, im-"mediately to eſtabliſh the ſchool-miſtreſs; it will "be a great comfort to me to hear that ſhe is "enabled to teach the young girls gratis, and that "all the good mothers of the neighbourhood, "who have not the power to pay, may ſend their

Meuſe, ſubject to no taxes, and only ſeparated from the pleaſant town of Meziere by a bridge and cauſeway.

"children,

" children. I hope all theſe little ones, and their
" families to ſucceeding generations, will pray for
" my dear miſtreſs; and that you, reverend ſir,
" will teach them how much they owe her. In
" the mean while, I have only one prayer to hea-
" ven, which is, that I may ſome time have it in
" my power to return to S***, and behold, with
" my own eyes, the charity-ſchool founded by my
" honoured miſtreſs; I ſhall then have nothing
" more to wiſh in this world.

" I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

" Reverend Sir,

" Your moſt humble ſervant,

MARIANNE RAMBOUR."

The vicar was ſtruck with admiration, while he read this letter; his ſoul was formed to conceive the ſublimity of ſuch an action. The next Sunday, after ſermon, he read the letter to his pariſhioners, who wept aloud while they heard it; nay, the vicar himſelf was ſeveral times obliged to leave off, and begin again, ſo much was he affected.

That I can eaſily believe, interrupted Cæſar. Oh, how ſhould I have wept had I been preſent.—But did the eſtabliſhment take place, mamma?

To be ſure, my dear. The vicar put the

fifty crowns *(a)* out to intereſt; and this money, the fruit of two years ſevere labour, night and day, of Marianne, produces a ſum which enables the ſchool-miſtreſs to teach the poor children gratis.

And now tell me, my children, if this is not a ſtill more ſublime virtue than that of Ambroſe.

Oh, it certainly is, mamma; pity prompted Ambroſe naturally to exert himſelf; beſides that the gratitude of Madame de Varonne was, in ſome meaſure, a recompence.

Very right; but, inſtead of theſe, the reſpect that Marianne had for the memory of her miſtreſs made her ſubject herſelf to all the hardſhips which Ambroſe underwent to preſerve the life of Madame de Varonne. The conduct of the one is admirable, but the other is beyond all praiſe. We may judge of the merit of Marianne by conſidering, if ſhe did ſo much for the love ſhe bore her miſtreſs dead, what would ſhe not have done to have preſerved her life. But do you think, my children, continued Madame de Clémire, that the hiſtory of Marianne is ended? Mamma!—Do not you find there is ſomething wanting? Have not we agreed it was impoſſible that a virtuous action, ſoon or late, ſhould not meet its reward?——Ah! ſo much the better! Marianne ſhall be recompenſed, and the ſtory is not finiſhed! Oh how glad I am!

(a) About twelve guineas. T.

Well,

Well, and ſo mamma——Well—and ſo my dear. Marianne, after giving all ſhe had, went to her labour again, though not with the ſame ardour, for ſhe now only laboured for her ſubſiſtence. About this time, however, a relation of her's, touched by her virtue, happening to die, left her two hundred and ſixty livres *(a)* a year. With this ſmall inheritance, Marianne, who was never idle, was tolerably rich, in a country where the taxes were light, and which produced all the neceſſaries of life in abundance; ſhe ſpent, however, no more than was neceſſary for her exiſtence, and the remainder ſhe beſtowed upon the poor.

What, mamma, ſaid Caroline, with a diſſatisfied tone, is two hundred and ſixty livres a year all the recompence ſhe had?

You do not conſider, anſwered Madame de Clémire, that a perſon in Marianne's ſtation of life, with two hundred and ſixty livres a year, and a will to work, is richer, at Charleville, than the mother of a family, at court, would be with twenty-five thouſand livres a year. Beſides, generally ſpeaking, any addition of fortune that removes us out of the ſtation of life in which we have been bred renders us unhappy.——How ſo, mamma? ſaid Cæſar.——Suppoſe, anſwered ſhe, your

(a) Something more than ten guineas. T.

man, Morel, ſhould to-morrow gain the twenty thouſand-pound-prize in the lottery——Well, mamma, Morel would be perfectly happy; he has a good heart, and would do a thouſand benevolent actions——I wiſh he had it——Admitting, my dear, that ſuch an event would not make him forget himſelf, would not render him vain, proud, and inſolent, he yet would be to be pitied. Morel knows how to read and write, has good ſentiments, and is highly diſtinguiſhed in his preſent ſtate of life; but what kind of a figure would he cut in the faſhionable world? To how many ridiculous ſituations would he not be expoſed? How would he do the honours of his houſe and table; what would his carriage and converſation be? Would he know how to manage his eſtate; could he tell whether his ſteward was or was not honeſt? He would marry, and would certainly neither marry a farmer's nor a tradeſman's daughter, but would chuſe an amiable woman, well educated; ſuch a woman would marry him only for his fortune, conſequently could not be an eſtimable woman, but would render his life miſerable; and thus you ſee Morel, with a great fortune, would be as wretched as ridiculous. But if, inſtead of the twenty thouſand, he was to get a prize of one thouſand, he would buy a little houſe, and a few acres of land, would marry a pretty country girl, with a fortune

of

of four or five hundred more, who was uſed to work, would be loved and reſpected by his wife, would live in affluence, enjoy the good-will of his neighbours, for being good and charitable, and be looked upon as a wiſer man than perſons of that condition uſually are. Morel would then be the moſt fortunate of men.

That is very true, mamma; but if Morel, when he had got the twenty thouſand pounds prize, would continue in his proper ſphere of life, if he would live in the country, be contented with a ſmall farm, a pretty country girl, and employ the reſt of his fortune in good actions, he would neither be ridiculous nor unhappy.

Morel, my dear, is, I grant, a very good man; but you are ſuppoſing him a philoſopher and a hero, and I do not believe him either the one or the other. Beſides, according to your ſuppoſition, his pretty country girl muſt be a heroine, and their children all philoſophers, otherwiſe ſhe would be exceedingly chagrined to ſpend no more than one hundred a year; her children would be of her opinion, and the wretched Morel would hear nothing from his family but complaints and reproaches.—Well, mamma, but perhaps he would not marry.——But if he ſhould?——Nay, but let us ſuppoſe he would not.——And give him no children! What happineſs would you deprive him of!——Ah! dear mamma, then let him

him have children, and give them a good mother, and then!——My dear boy! Well, let it be ſo, we will ſuppoſe all you wiſh, that Morel is retired to the country, that he lives upon a ſmall part of his income, and gives the remainder to the poor, I ſtill ſee a number of vexations.——What, mamma?—Morel is ignorant of men and things and a knot of artful, humble knaves, cunning and enterprizing, would creep into his confidence, under pretence of enlightening and directing his benevolent views; deceived, duped, robbed, ruined by them, in endeavouring to do good, and, in fact, enriching raſcals only, he——Oh, but if he ſhould chuſe honeſt good men?—Unfortunately, the diſhoneſt, child, are far the moſt numerous. Beſides, pray recollect how many extraordinary, and even extravagant ſuppoſitions we are obliged to admit in order to make him happy, if fortune ſhould to-morrow ſend him twenty thouſand pounds.

Very right, mamma, I ſee now that it is not ſufficient merely to be good; in order to do good, we muſt know how to do it; and I ſee, too, that it is a great unhappineſs to be removed from that ſtation of life to which we are accuſtomed.

That is, my dear, for a perſon of the condition of Morel or Marianne, for a perſon who has received no education; for, with virtue, education, and a knowledge of the world, happineſs is

to

to be found in any ſtate, and ſuch a perſon is qualified for all—A good education is a charming thing!—Yes; it makes us capable of all good, and yields a thouſand reſources to adverſity; it preſerves us from the weak pride which the favours of fortune too often inſpire, or, at leaſt, it teaches us to conceal our vanity: it levels rank, gives thoſe qualities which are always amiable, and thoſe charms which ever allure; it makes ſolitude delightful; teaches us to make ourſelves reſpected by men; gives perfection to reaſon; forms the heart, and developes genius. Judge, then, my children, of the gratitude due from perſons well educated to thoſe who have contributed to their education.———And, eſpecially, mamma, to their parents.—Moſt certainly; and, if, like you, my dears, they have a proper ſenſe of their obligation, they will love and revere the maſters and inſtructors to whom parents conſign a part of their authority. Here Madame de Clémire roſe, kiſſed her children, and ſent them to reſt.

The next day, Cæſar and his ſiſters, as uſual, talked among themſelves of the over-night's hiſtory; they did not forget to praiſe the virtuous Marianne Rambour; but, notwithſtanding all their mamma had ſaid upon the ſubject, they could not help thinking her ill rewarded for her virtue, and not ſo happy as ſhe deſerved to be; for, ſaid Pulcheria, this good girl, with her two hundred

and

and ſixty livres a year, has only juſt enough to keep her; and ſo ſhe muſt work continually to give to the poor, and live, as mamma ſays, upon what is barely enough to ſuſtain nature; now I don't like that; I wiſh, at leaſt, ſhe had the means of beſtowing her charity, without diſtreſſing herſelf.

When the evening hour of meeting came, Madame de Clémire ſaid to Pulcheria, I heard your converſation to-day, my dear, about Marianne, and———Why do you bluſh, child?——Mamma!—If you are vexed that I ſhould overhear what you ſay to your brother and ſiſter, you muſt go farther from me another time, and not talk ſo loud.———Dear mamma, I don't wiſh to hide any thing from you.——Then why did you bluſh?—Anſwer, my dear—Becauſe, mamma, notwithſtanding the reaſon you gave us laſt night, I maintained that Marianne was not ſufficiently rewarded, and feel now I was wrong to hold an opinion contrary to yours, mamma.—Yes, my dear, you ought always to ſuppoſe when your opinion differs from mine it is falſe; and, when you are not convinced by my arguments and explanations, you ſhould tell me your doubts, becauſe I am always ready to hear and anſwer you. This is a juſtice that I deſire and expect from you; for, when you tell your thoughts of this kind to others, you forget both the affection and reſpect you owe to me. Beſides, if you have miſunderſtood

ſtood me, I cannot ſhew you your error, if I am not preſent when you criticize my inſtructions.—Criticize! mamma; dear what a word!——Perhaps a little too ſtrong, Pulcheria; and yet have not you ſaid you did not find Marianne ſufficiently recompenſed, and that you could not think like me in that reſpect? But will you liſten to my reaſons?—Yes, indeed, mamma, and will endeavour, with all my heart, to underſtand them, that I may be of your opinion.

Well then, the thing that diſpleaſes you is, I think, that Marianne is not perfectly happy, is it not?——Yes, mamma——And what, think you, can render a perſon perfectly happy, who is pious, ſimple, induſtrious, and who, in fact, carries virtue to the higheſt degree of ſublime heroiſm? Is it money? Surely you do not think it is!—Why, mamma, when one only wiſhes for money to give it to others, may it not add to our happineſs?—According to that mode of reaſoning, my dear, benevolence would become ambition, and that it is not. Pride and covetouſneſs only have a real deſire for riches. When we are free from that vanity which makes ſome people virtuous, we are fully ſatisfied with giving ſuch aſſiſtance to the unfortunate as is in our power. The rich benefactor gives with greater eclat, but the poor with greater pleaſure.—And why, mamma? You ſhall hear.

The

The greater the virtue, the greater the ſatisfaction——Oh, certainly, mamma——An action is more or leſs admirable, in proportion to the ſacrifices it coſts us. A man who, having ten thouſand pounds a year, ſhould live upon two, that he might give the ſurplus to the poor, would do a very great, and, unhappily for the world, a very uncommon action. And yet, what would he deprive himſelf of? A few trinkets, diamond rings, and race-horſes, perhaps. In keeping two thouſand a year, he would reſerve to himſelf every convenience of life; he might keep his coach, his country-houſe, his hunters, and indulge in every rational pleaſure fortune can procure; he would renounce ſuperfluities only; and this ſacrifice, as admirable as it is eaſy, would add to his conſequence, and procure him univerſal eſteem: he would certainly be happy, and would deſerve ſo to be. And yet the poor benefactor would enjoy happineſs a hundred fold more great. Imagine to yourſelf Marianne Rambour, with her two hundred and ſixty livres a year; imagine I ſay, this angelic woman, acting for the love of her God, and the ſatisfaction of her own heart; ſuppoſe her working all day, to carry, ſecretly, at night, the money to a poor perſon in a bed of ſickneſs, or the mother of a large family, which ſhall ſupply five or ſix children with bread and broth, and a morſel of meat; or a perſon that muſt otherwiſe

wife lie and periſh. Then follow her back again to her cottage, her eyes ſtill wet with the tears ſhe has been ſhedding; ſee her entering her chamber, where ſhe has nothing for her own ſupper, but a bit of dry bread and a little ſallad. Hear her ſay to herſelf, the meat which I have debarred myſelf of to-day will keep five or ſix ſouls from ſtarving! Does not this reflection fill her heart with inconceivable delight? She remembers the thanks of the poor mother! of the children! ſhe ſtill imagines ſhe hears them; ſhe beholds the little ones ſeize with avidity the delicious morſel they have two days been denied. How ſweet will the frugal repaſt of Marianne be made by thoughts like theſe! How exquiſite! In riſing from table, with what pleaſure, what confidence, will ſhe thank that beneficent Being who has ſaid, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before "men to be ſeen of them: otherwiſe ye have "no reward of your Father who is in heaven." Marianne has not the happineſs or the glory to ſnatch a multitude of wretches from miſery, to form uſeful and durable eſtabliſhments, or to found hoſpitals, but ſhe has given in ſecret, and her gift was the meat from her own mouth. She ſought not the praiſe or approbation of men, but was guided by religion and humanity; and ſhe finds in her reflections, her memory, her heart, and, eſpecially, in the greatneſs of the ſacrifices ſhe makes,

makes, an inexhauſtible ſource of felicity; ſhe anticipates the happineſs of angels, is ſatisfied with herſelf, and is convinced that God himſelf approves and protects her.

And now I hope you conceive that, if Marianne had a fortune large enough to ſuccour the diſtreſſed without ſelf-denial, ſhe would not receive the ſame degree of ſatisfaction from her alms, becauſe they could not be ſo meritorious.

You may judge, indeed, by yourſelf: the other day, you know, you had a baſket of apples ſent you, which you divided with your brother and ſiſter; and, the day before yeſterday, Madeleine brought you a little lamb of which your ſiſter was exceedingly fond, and which, therefore, you gave her. From which of theſe two actions did you receive the moſt pleaſure? — From having given my pretty little lamb to my ſiſter. — And yet you was very fond of your lamb? — Oh dear, yes, mamma, and that was the reaſon why I received ſo much ſatisfaction in giving it to my ſiſter. Dear me, ſaid I to myſelf, how happy would my ſiſter be if I was to give her this lamb, and then I thought how exceedingly ſhe would be ſurprized, and what joy ſhe would have; and ſo I found that would give me greater pleaſure than even keeping the lamb. And then I ran to my governeſs to beg a roſe coloured ribband, and I put a pretty collar round its neck, and made it ſo fine, and it looked

looked ſo innocent, and ſo milk-white, and then I ran to ſeek for my ſiſter; and my heart did ſo beat all the way I went, you can't think, mamma, what I felt!———

This all, my dear, tends to prove that the greater the ſacrifice the greater the ſatisfaction. If your pleaſure was ſo great in imagining the joy of your ſiſter at the reception of your little lamb, what would your feelings be, think you, had you given the means of life to an unforunate family ready to expire with hunger?——It muſt be very great, indeed, mamma! When ſhall we go and do ſuch charitable actions?—Next winter, again, when we are at Paris, if you all behave well till then——That will be the beſt recompenſe you can make us. But is it not ſtrange, mamma, that there ſhould be nobody here in ſuch extreme want, and ſo many in ſuch a fine city as Paris, where there are ſo many rich people—It ſeems ſtrange, indeed, my dear; but ſuch are the effects of luxury, or rather of that deſpicable vanity which makes men ſeek to ſhine by a falſe magnificence, inſtead of endeavouring to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their virtues; ſuch is that madneſs which makes the proud poſſeſſors of the city deſpicably ridiculous, while the ſimple inhabitants of the village live in innocence and peace——I am ſure, mamma, that alone is enough to make one hate the town, and love the country. But how can one find out the

miſerable

miſerable creatures of whom you ſpeak? for I have heard it is not thoſe who publicly beg——Alas, my dear, Paris is full of them, you may find them in every ſtreet——Oh, goodneſs! What! Do we continually paſs by their dwellings, their very doors? Are they our neighbours? Do you think there are any in our ſtreet, at Paris? If I thought ſo, I could not cloſe my eyes. How can one lie down peaceably to reſt, and know there is a poor wretch, not a hundred paces from one, ſtarving on a bed of ſtraw!——Cheriſh this humanity, my child, and, when you have money, and are tempted to buy ſome ſuperfluous toy, recollect the heart-breaking reflection you have juſt made: ſay to yourſelf what this gauze frippery would coſt, which will be ſpoiled in two days, might ſave a dying child, and a diſtracted mother——I never will buy any ſuch ſuperfluous nonſenſe I am determined.——Do not promiſe, my dear, what it is probable you cannot perform. To reſerve only what is neceſſary, and give the ſurplus to the poor, is neither the work of infancy nor youth. Be ſatisfied with knowing that benevolence is the beſt, the greateſt, the only true happineſs. Accuſtom yourſelf, henceforward, to reflect upon the frivolity of the playthings which you are too liable to be fond of; remember they can only give a trifling and tranſient pleaſure, momentary and vain, while the ſole recital of a good action, much

much more the performance, gives your mind the moſt exquiſite ſenſations. Remember, ſometimes, the multitude of unfortunate people who want the bread you waſte, who ſuffer in nakedneſs all the rigour of the winter, while you cut your clothes to dreſs your doll. Theſe reflections will make you compaſſionate, and accuſtom you to œconomy, without which it is impoſſible to be generous. Learn, betimes, therefore, the habit of being careful, and impoſe, occaſionally, voluntary ſacrifices on yourſelf; be maſters of your actions, and often recollect that virtue only can make you diſtinguiſhed or eſteemed, happy or beloved; think of our evening tales and converſations, and your reaſon will ſtrengthen by degrees, your minds become noble, your hearts benevolent, and you will be the delight and glory of your mother——I would begin now, dear mamma, and, if I thought I could but be ſo good as to do at preſent what—No, my dear, the mind is not capable, at your age, of that continued exertion neceſſary to attain the perfection I have deſcribed. You know not the world, every thing is new, every thing pleaſing; but, hereafter, wheny our occupations ſhall become more uſeful, the trifles which at preſent pleaſe will then be inſipid; you will be delighted with nothing that does not affect the heart, nothing will fully ſatisfy but continual goodneſs. Neither is one obliged to give every thing

thing that may be called ſuperfluous to the poor. The ſcripture orders us to be charitable, but not utterly to ſtrip ourſelves. "Give to him that "aſketh thee, and from him that would borrow "turn not thou away." I grant that thoſe who are totally guided by the evangelical ſpirit will give all they have to the poor; but religion does not require us to ſacrifice every convenience of life to our humanity, but that we ſhould ſet bounds to our whims and imaginary wants, and preſerve the means of expiating our follies by our benefactions.——And ſo, mamma, when one is only a little good, one gives a little, when one is very good, one gives more than one half, and, when one is perfect, one gives all.——Yes, my dear, that is exactly the goſpel definition.

But you told us, juſt now, mamma, there is no being good without œconomy.

Certainly. Whatever is waſted, whatever is loſt, is a real robbery of the poor, and is the more condemnable becauſe it procures no pleaſure. The account, Pulcheria, which your governeſs has given me of things loſt by you, within a year, will furniſh an example. One ſilk cloak, ſix pocket handkerchiefs, four pair of gloves, two thimbles, three needle caſes, and a pair of ſciſſars. Theſe altogether coſt near two guineas to replace: now, had you been more careful, I ſhould have had two guineas more to ſpend, either upon you, or in doing

ing ſome good action; and, if you do not correct this fault, it will coſt me ſtill more as you grow older, becauſe your neceſſaries will be more expenſive. To-morrow I will relate a little ſtory on that ſubject, which I hope will make ſome impreſſion upon you.——But why, mamma, will you not tell it us now? It is not late!——Becauſe I have not ended that of yeſterday——How! exclaimed the children altogether, not the ſtory of Marianne Rambour?——I never ſaid it was finiſhed; you have always interrupted me, and your queſtions did not give me time to purſue my tale. I have endeavoured to make you comprehend that (in general) perſons without education are to be pitied, when any accident alters their condition of life. I believe I have proved, to Pulcheria, that Marianne Rambour ought to have been happy with her two hundred and ſixty livres a year; but I did not ſay this ſmall inheritance was the only recompenſe heaven reſerved for her virtues; and I beg you to recollect the maxim that *an heroic action never goes unrewarded, even in this world.* You all of, your own accord, proteſted againſt the mediocrity of the reward, without waiting to hear the whole.——I ſee, ſaid Cæſar, one ſhould not decide haſtily, nor till every thing is thoroughly explained; we deſerve, for our puniſhment, to be deprived of the remainder of the ſtory, though I ſhould be heartily ſorry.—No, ſaid

Madame de Clémire; let me only deſire you to be more cautious in future, and judge leſs precipitately. But let us return to Marianne.

She learnt, in her retreat, that the Vicar of S*** had read her letter to his pariſhioners. Far from being flattered by it, ſhe was afflicted: ſhe wrote to him on the ſubject. "I am vexed," ſaid ſhe, "that you have publiſhed a tranſaction "which I deſired ſhould be only known to God "and you." But, notwithſtanding the ſincerity of her regret, her hiſtory was ſoon publicly ſpoken of at Charleville, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed people of the town wiſhed to ſee, to know, and to invite her to their houſes; ſeveral, too, uſed every imaginable means to engage her to receive ſuch aſſiſtance as was neceſſary to make her perfectly at eaſe. She, however, conſtantly refuſed, and always anſwered ſhe had enough and was perfectly contented with her ſtate. The Vicar of S***, at laſt, took a journey to Paris, where he often ſpoke of Marianne Rambour. Among others, to whom he related the behaviour of Marianne, was a lady to whom he likewiſe gave ſome of her letters, and a copy of the deed of foundation of the ſchool. Theſe the lady gave to one of her friends, a man of letters, to inſert in an intereſting work, then in the preſs *(a)*——What! Mamma, is the life

(a) Intitled *La Fête de la Roſe*, [The Feaſt of the Roſe] and which is printed at the end of a very delightful Ro-

of

of Marianne in print? I am quite happy at that. And ſo ſhe is celebrated already! Her modeſty could not keep her in obſcurity. I declare my heart beats—Let us hear the reſt—So, mamma——

There is a young prince, not quite your age, Cæſar, whoſe diſpoſition already gives a happy aſſurance he ſhall hereafter become diſtinguiſhed by his virtue, as much as by the auguſt rank in which fate has placed him. One of his greateſt pleaſures, like your's, my children, is to hear intereſting tales, to which he liſtens with avidity, and which make a deep impreſſion on his heart and mind. The perſon who is charged with the care of his education, one day, related to him the hiſtory of Marianne, which as ſoon as he had heard, he exclaimed, in tears, *How unhappy am I that I am but a child!*—Why ſo, Sir?—I would ſettle a penſion upon that virtuous woman.—— Well, but you have the moſt affectionate of fathers. ——But might I beg this favour of him, think you?——You would make him very happy by ſo doing.——At theſe words the young prince roſe, in rapture, ran out of the apartment, deſcended haſtily two pair of ſtairs, and entered the billiard-room, where there were eight or ten gentlemen. He, however, ſaw none but the prince his father,

mance, called *Les Amours de Pierre le Long*, [The Loves of Peter the Long.] The latter is imitated in Engliſh, by the Tranſlator of theſe Tales.

and, notwithſtanding his natural timidity, ran into his arms, and ſaid, in a broken voice——*Dear papa——I——I have a favour to beg of you.* He then drew him into the next room, where he explained, in the moſt moving manner, what he deſired. His firſt recompence was the tender careſſes of his father, who preſſed him to his boſom, and ſaid, I will go and order a brevet, immediately, in your name, of ſix hundred livres (twenty-five pounds) a year, for Marianne Rambour.——Now then, mamma, interrupted Pulcheria, I am ſatisfied. What a good little prince! and how happy muſt he be!——He would write himſelf to Marianne, to inform her of her good fortune.——Himſelf.——Yes. The following is what he wrote:

*S. L**, Auguſt 2, 1782.*

" I am exceedingly happy, Mademoiſelle, I had " the good fortune to hear of your attachment to " Madame de S***, and of what you did after- " wards, ſince I am allowed to tell you how much " I was affected. To prove the value and beauty " of virtue they told me your ſtory. I owe a " leſſon to you which I ſhall never forget, and " which will always give me the moſt tender ſen- " ſations. Accept, Mademoiſelle, the brevet of a " penſion, which I remit as a teſtimony of my ad- " miration,

" miration, and the lively intereſt I ſhall ever take " in your happineſs.

" I have encloſed a bill for the firſt quarter, " which began on the firſt day of July."

Imagine, my children, what muſt be the effect of ſuch a letter on the feeling heart of Marianne, which, as well as the brevet which accompanied it, was conceived in the moſt touching and reſpectful terms. Thus, at preſent, ſhe is very rich, for a perſon of her condition, and in that cheap country; and moreover enjoys the flattering remembrance of her riches being a tribute to her virtue.——This is a charming hiſtory mamma! How I love that young prince! How good he is already!—I hope, my dears, the ſtory of to-morrow will not be leſs intereſting; but it is now late, and time to leave off.——Only tell us, my dear mamma, what is the title of the hiſtory you will be ſo kind as to relate to-morrow evening—— Eglantine; or Indolence reformed.——Eglantine! That is a pretty name. And ſo ſhe was indolent. That does not ſeem to be a *very* great defect—— You will hear to-morrow what were its conſequences——In the mean time, let us now go to reſt.——Theſe few words excited their curioſity, and made them ardently deſire to hear the ſtory of the ninth evening, which, at the appointed time, Madame de Clémire thus began:

EGLANTINE:

OR,

INDOLENCE REFORMED.

DORALICE was the wife of a Financier, and in poſſeſſion of a fine fortune, though ſhe had a heart ſuperior to pomp, and an underſtanding too good to make herſelf remarkable by vain magnificence. She knew that luxury, ever blameable, is truly ridiculous in thoſe whoſe rank does not afford them an excuſe by making it in ſome ſort neceſſary. She lived in a houſe as ſimple as it was convenient; ſhe bought no diamonds, gave no routs, but ſhe did many benevolent actions; and her fortune, far from expoſing her to the envy of fools, or the contempt of the wiſe, drew down the bleſſings of the unfortunate, and the eſteem of the world. There was neither oſtentation in her dreſs, nor a ſilly deſire of praiſe in her manners.

But though ſhe knew how to employ her mind and her time when alone, ſhe yet was fond of ſociety; and, that ſhe might collect ſuch friends and acquaintances as were really agreeable, ſhe gave

gave no excluſive preference to one claſs more than another; ſhe neither ſaid, "I will ſee none "but people of ſuch a rank," nor "I will not "admit people of ſuch a rank;" but determined to receive all perſons effectually diſtinguiſhed by the qualities of the heart and mind, be their condition in life what it would.

Doralice had only one child, a daughter of ſix years old, who gave certain indications of a good heart; ſhe was gentle, obedient, and ſincere; ſhe neither wanted memory nor capacity, but was exceſſively indolent, conſequently, without activity and application; her motions were ſlow, her manner careleſs, and ſhe was equally idle and negligent.

How! mamma, interrupted Caroline, will indolence bring all theſe defects?

Reflect a moment, anſwered Madame de Clémire, and your ſurprize will vaniſh. What is indolence? Indolence is a kind of cowardly ſloth, which gives a diſguſt for every thing that can, in the leaſt degree, fatigue either mind or body. With ſuch a propenſity a child would neither run, leap, dance, play at ſhuttle-cock, nor any other game that required the ſmalleſt degree of activity; the ſame cauſe would render ſtudy irkſome, becauſe ſuch a child would not willingly be at the trouble of learning or reflecting, and might rather be ſaid to vegetate than live.

Such was the ſtate of Eglantine, daughter of Doralice. She took her leſſons with great gentleneſs, but ſhe paid no attention to one word that was ſaid to her, and therefore made no progreſs. Her Governante too was continually complaining of her want of care; the gloves, ſciſſars, handkerchiefs, dolls, and trinkets of Eglantine were found in every corner of the houſe: ſhe would rather loſe than put her things in order, or lock them up; her chamber was always littered, and, as far as it depended on her, always dirty and diſguſting. Half the day was waſted in ſeeking her books, her work, and her play-things; and ſhe fretted, and conſumed, in that diſagreeable occupation, the time which might have been uſefully employed or ſpent in pleaſure.

She was obliged to be ſcolded every morning to get her out of bed; then a new ſermon began upon the lethargic ſtupor and redoubled gapings ſhe regularly continued for more than an hour after ſhe was up, and another upon the exceſſive length of her breakfaſt; freſh complaints were heard concerning the morning's walk; ſhe would rather ſit upon the damp graſs than run about, and was continually either too hot or too cold. Her leſſons were taken much in the ſame way, ſhe always cried, or was ready to cry, and even her recreations were no amuſement to her; they had conſtantly

conſtantly to look for play-things loſt or miſlaid, and to ſcold upon that ſubject likewiſe.

Doralice had all the neceſſary qualifications to form an excellent tutoreſs, except experience; ſhe had never before preſided over the education of a child, and in all caſes we muſt pay our apprenticeſhip by errors; in this inſtance ſhe was guilty of a very capital one. She did not foreſee all the ill conſequences of her daughter's reigning defect, and which was in fact very difficult to overcome. She flattered herſelf that age and experience would inſenſibly communicate that activity to Eglantine of which ſhe was deprived, and therefore only chided when ſhe ought to have puniſhed; neither did ſhe perceive her error till it was too late to be remedied.

So you think, mamma, if Eglantine had been puniſhed ſhe would have been good?

It is ſeldom neceſſary to employ violent means to correct children that are affectionate and active, becauſe of their ſenſibility: a trifle affects them, and a word is ſufficient to puniſh. Cold and indolent characters muſt be differently treated, they are hard to move, and they muſt occaſionally receive ſhocks that may awaken them from their lethargy.

And what penance, mamma, would you have made Eglantine undergo?

The moſt rigorous that could have been, for her, and yet the moſt ſimple. If ſhe would not have run, or walked, a good pace, I would have kept her out an hour longer. When ſhe had read her leſſon negligently, I would have made her begin it again, and ſo of other things. Eglantine, therefore, to avoid double trouble, would have been careful at firſt, and apparently active, which, in the end, would have made her ſo in reality, and inſenſibly have changed her character.

Doralice, at length, bitterly repented that ſhe had not followed this method. Seeing, however, the negligence of Eglantine increaſe every day, ſhe bethought herſelf of keeping an exact and daily account of all the things deſtroyed by her daughter, with what they had coſt. In this journal ſhe inſerted a liſt of all books torn or ſpoilt, broken play-things, ſilk robes ſpotted, ſo as not to be worn any more, bits of bread flung in every corner of the garden, and crayons, paper, and pens, thrown about, and become uſeleſs. The ſum total of all the things thus waſted, at the month's end, came to ninety-nine livres, that is to ſay, to almoſt four guineas.

Oh dear, cried Pulcheria, that is ſcarcely to be conceived; for my part, I have only loſt, during the whole year, as much as came to a guinea and a half.

True,

True, ſaid Madame de Clémire, but that is only reckoning what you have loſt, and not what you have ſpoilt and fillily waſted. Beſides, I am not rich; you wear neither embroidered muſlins nor Dreſden lace; you can loſe nothing but what is tolerably cheap: your jewels are made of ſtraw, your boxes of pear-tree, and all your riches are not worth above five ſhillings.

So much the better, mamma, ſaid Pulcheria, I am like Henrietta, the daughter of Madame Steinhauſſen; I feel that fine things would only be troubleſome: a beautiful apron, edged with lace, would make me unhappy; for, like Delphine, I wiſh to gather the roſes, without fearing the thorns.

It is natural that you ſhould ſo wiſh, but, remember, Henrietta, with the ſame ſimplicity, was much more careful, ſhe loſt nothing; remember, too, that, according to the difference of our fortunes, you are as expenſive, to me, in loſing your ivory die and Engliſh ſciſſars, as Eglantine to her mamma, when ſhe loſt her golden bodkin or her inlaid needle-caſe.

But why, mamma, did not Doralice educate her daughter in greater ſimplicity? When ſhe gave her ſuch dear and frivolous toys, ſhe ſurely did not employ her riches properly.

Doralice enjoyed a large fortune, and, as ſhe had no imaginary and falſe wants of her own, ſhe

might be allowed to diſpoſe of her ſuperfluity in favour of her child.

But was not that to inſpire her child with a love of ſuch trifles?

No; it is by keeping them oneſelf, and not by giving them away, that a love for trifles is inſpired. Eglantine aſked her mamma why ſhe had only a plain gold watch, and a ſilken ſtring; and Doralice replied, becauſe a plain watch was infinitely more convenient, conſequently more agreeable, than a more expenſive one. But you have given me an enamelled watch ſet with diamonds, and a fine ornamental chain, ſaid Eglantine. Becauſe, anſwered her mamma, the mind at your age is light and frivolous; ſhew is ſeductive, the taſte is puerile, and pearls, dolls, diamonds, toys, and tinſel give delight; and, when I give you ſuch baubles, I treat you like a child.

Neither was Doralice, in anſwering thus, guilty of the leaſt exaggeration: ſhe ſpoke nothing but the truth. In fact, all perſons who are arrived at the age of reaſon and reflection, and yet take pleaſure in decorating themſelves with theſe vain and ſuperfluous gewgaws, have no more ſolidity or reaſon than a child of ſix years old. But let us continue our tale.

At the year's end Doralice ſhewed her daughter the account of the things ſhe had loſt, ſpoilt, and

and waſted, the groſs ſum of which amounted to more than fifty pounds. Eglantine, who then was only ſeven years old, was not much moved by this calculation; and her mother, who imagined ſhe would be ſtruck more forcibly, as ſhe better knew the uſe of money, ſtill continued her journal with the ſame exactitude. In this ſhe was aſſiſted by the Governante of Eglantine, who gave in, each day, an account, on a ſlip of paper, of ſuch profuſions as ſhe had obſerved. Theſe Doralice kept in a box diſtinct from her own journal, and the memorandums of the Governante preſently became ſo numerous that it would have required much time to have tranſcribed and caſt up the ſum of their contents; Doralice, therefore, preſerved them always with care, and determined not to trouble herſelf with the computation, till Eglantine was old enough to ſee her intention.

In the mean time, the more the days and months paſſed away, the greater were the proofs that Eglantine's indolence rather increaſed than diminiſhed. She uſed often to walk in the Bois de Boulogne (*a*), where, in leſs than four months, ſhe loſt as many jewels as had coſt between fifty and ſixty guineas. This time a ring, the next a golden thimble, and the following a medallion, without reckoning

(*a*) A wood, or rather a kind of park, near Paris.

handker-

handkerchiefs and gloves left upon the graſs. Beſides which, ſhe regularly tore a fan a day, and broke ſometimes the glaſs, and ſometimes the main ſpring of her watch; thus watch-makers bills were paid continually.

Winter increaſed theſe expences. Eglantine, like all indolent people, was exceedingly chilly, would ſit with her head over the fire, and let any thing fall into it ſhe happened to have in her hand. Her muffs, frocks, and petticoats were burnt, and her wardrobe was new once a month. When her maſters came, ſhe had almoſt always a head-ache that would not permit her to take leſſons, and the teacher received his ticket and went away.

Well, but mamma, ſaid Cæſar, did Eglantine then complain of having the head-ache falſely?

Yes; ſhe complained purpoſely and only to be excuſed her taſk.

But that was horrible! She told lies!

Hence then we may learn the effects of indolence, a fault which, at firſt, ſeems ſo light; and hence too you may infer there is no defect, however trifling in its origin, but, when we are thoroughly under its dominion, will occaſion the moſt dreadful conſequences. Eglantine was naturally ſincere, yet her idleneſs overcame her ſincerity; ſhe had recourſe to falſehood, when it could ſcreen her from the leaſt fatigue, though not without remorſe,

morſe, but indolence uſually vanquiſhed conſcience.

Eglantine now began to quit her ſtate of infancy, and approached her tenth year, and her mamma provided new maſters for her. Weary of the harpſichord, on which ſhe had made no progreſs, ſhe owned at laſt ſhe had an invincible diſlike to the inſtrument, and pretended ſhe had a deſire to learn the lute. Doralice permitted her to quit the harpſichord, though ſhe had begun to practiſe it at five years old, and indulged her with a maſter on the lute. The money, therefore, that had been paid the teacher, and for the harpſichord, the piano-forte, the muſic-books, and tuning the inſtruments, was all loſt when Eglantine gave over learning; and Doralice added this ſum, which was not leſs than three hundred guineas, to the account. She did not continue above a year at the lute; her maſter, tired with her want of induſtry, left her. The guittar was then begun with the like ſucceſs, which was again abandoned for the harp.

Eglantine had various other maſters, to teach her drawing, geography, Engliſh, Italian, writing, dancing, and ſinging, beſides a muſician to accompany her on the violin; and all theſe maſters coſt nineteen or twenty guineas a month, while the indolent Eglantine reaped little or no benefit, and the expences of her mamma, on her account,

were

were almoſt without bounds. Every two or three months her muſic, her books, her maps, were all torn, and new ones were bought. Her harp was left careleſsly in the damp and open air, and wanted new ſtringing continually; and more than four times as much as would have been neceſſary, to a careful girl, was ſpent in every little thing ſhe ſtood in need of.

As indolence rendered all kind of order inſupportable to her, ſhe was a ſhameful ſlattern. In two years time her apartment had been twice new furniſhed; her caps were thrown upon every chair in the room, which they filled with powder and pomatum; her pins were ſcattered about the floor, and her frocks and ſkirts were covered over with ſpots of crayons, ink, and wax.

All theſe circumſtances concurred to ſpoil one of the prettieſt figures in the world. Eglantine ſpent a vaſt deal of time at her toilette, on account of the extreme ſlowneſs of all her motions, and yet no perſon could be more aukwardly dreſſed; ſhe looked without obſerving, ſhe acted without thinking, and took no delight in any poſſible occupation. She was totally deficient in grace; ſhe never could ſubject herſelf to the trouble of wearing gloves, and her hands were red and rough: her feet ſpread, and ſhe walked with a ſhuffling gait, becauſe ſhe always went ſlipſhod.

Doralice

Doralice had taken pleaſure in forming a charming library for her, hoping it might inſpire her with a love of reading. 'Tis true that, in obedience to her mother, ſhe read at her toilette, and in the afternoon: that is to ſay, ſhe held a book in her hand; for ſhe looked with ſo little attention it was not poſſible to gain the leaſt inſtruction. And thus was ſhe, at ſixteen, the more inexcuſably ignorant, for that no money or pains had been ſpared in her education; ſhe neither knew hiſtory, geography, nor even how to ſpell; ſhe was incapable of writing a letter, or making an extract; and though ſhe had been taught arithmetic ten years, a child of eight years old would reckon, in general, better than ſhe could.

About this time a young gentleman, called the Viſcount d'Arzelle, procured an introduction to Doralice; he was three and twenty, and as ſingularly diſtinguiſhed for wit, virtues, and reputation, as for birth, fortune, and perſonal accompliſhments. He appeared to have a ſtrong deſire to pleaſe Doralice, and obtain her friendſhip; he felt the worth of her ſimplicity of manners, her gentleneſs and perfect equality of temper, and was delighted with her turn of converſation, equally natural, noble, ſolid, and agreeable. He had often met her at the houſe of a relation, and paid her ſeveral viſits before he ſaw Eglantine.

Doralice

Doralice, at laſt, invited the Viſcount to ſupper, and, at nine o'clock, Eglantine entered the apartment. Her mother had that day preſided at her toilette: ſhe had nothing ſtudied in her dreſs, but her hair did not hang about her ears, her neck was not covered with powder and pomatum, and her hands were waſhed.

The Viſcount examined her with great attention: the firſt moment he found her a perfect beauty, the next he ſaw ſhe did not poſſeſs a ſingle grace, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour he thought no more of her, but even forgot ſhe was in the room.

He nevertheleſs continued aſſiduouſly to viſit Doralice; and, one day, finding her alone, ſpoke with ſo much confidence, that Doralice was authorized to aſk if he intended to marry. Yes, madam, replied he; but, though my parents leave me an abſolute liberty of choice, I feel I cannot eaſily decide. It is not intereſt or ambition that can determine me; and a blind paſſion would only make me guilty of follies. I would marry, not to acquire more wealth, or greater importance, but, to be happy; it is therefore neceſſary I ſhould find a perſon perfectly well educated, and who has virtue, grace, and underſtanding; it is alſo neceſſary her parents ſhould be eſtimable, that I may cheriſh and reſpect them; and that her mother, for example, ſhould poſſeſs all thoſe qualities by which you

you are diſtinguiſhed, ſince ſhe will be the guide and Mentor of my wife.

The converſation was here interrupted by the entrance of a viſitor. Some days after, Doralice learnt the Viſcount had inſtructed one of his people to privately queſtion her ſervants concerning Eglantine; and that he had, moreover, addreſſed himſelf perſonally to ſeveral of her teachers, from whom he had learnt, with little difficulty, the exact truth; and ſo explicitly that he no longer had the leaſt room to doubt of Eglantine's having received little or no benefit from the expenſive and diſtinguiſhed education beſtowed upon her.

From this moment the Viſcount's viſits to Doralice became leſs frequent, and were ſoon entirely dropped. Certain he would have married Eglantine, had ſhe been more amiable. Doralice moſt ſincerely regretted the loſs of ſo advantageous and brilliant an eſtabliſhment, and which the merit alone of the Viſcount would have made her prefer to all others.

Indolent, however, and inſenſible as Eglantine had hitherto been, ſhe could not ſee and liſten to the Viſcount d'Arzelle entirely without emotion. There was ſcarcely a young man in France of ſo manly and beautiful a perſon, ſuch engaging manners, or ſo entertaining and intelligent in converſation. Eglantine felt ſomething more than a bare wiſh to pleaſe, to appear graceful when he

was

was preſent; but a conſciouſneſs of inability, and the inveterate power of habit were not eaſily overcome, and the ſtruggles of infant love were unequal to the mature and full grown force of idleneſs. The Viſcount came no more, and a languid regret, ſpent in feeble and ineffectual ſighs, remained.

The grief of Doralice was far more poignant: Eglantine was ſeventeen, and ſtill had all the teachers uſually diſcarded at fourteen. She deteſted employment of every kind; but, as her heart was good, and as ſhe really loved her mother, ſhe ſometimes would make an effort to pleaſe her. This motive, added to the ſenſations the Viſcount had inſpired, gave her a ſhort interval of induſtry, during which ſhe aſtoniſhed every body with the capacity and genius ſhe diſcovered; the maternal and kind heart of Doralice expanded with hope and joy; but, alas! this happineſs was of ſhort duration. Eglantine inſenſibly fell into her former apathy; ſhe felt her errors confuſedly, and this ſenſation rather inſpired deſpair than gave new vigour. Little accuſtomed to reflection, ſhe knew not with what ingratitude ſhe repaid the tender cares of her mother. It is true," ſhe would ſay, " I put my parents to much uſeleſs expence, but " this expence will not be felt by a man ſo rich " as my father. I am young, rich, and, as ſome " people ſay, handſome, ſurely I may be excuſed " the

" the acquirements they talk ſo much about."—She might as well have ſaid, " Surely I may be " excuſed gratitude to my parents, making my- " ſelf and others happy, and being lovely and " beloved." Thus fooliſhly will an incapacity for proper reflection make us reaſon.

Her want of a wiſh to pleaſe, and obtain the approbation of others, incurred a total want of reſpect towards her in the family; the ſervants and friends of Doralice always treated her as a child, and ſhe was ſo inattentive and ſo ſingularly inſipid, for want of obſerving, and ſaid things ſo ill timed and out of place, that ſhe was diſagreeable, tireſome, and troubleſome to ſociety.

All conſtraint was inſupportable to her, and every thing was to her conſtraint; the cuſtoms of the world ſeemed tyrannical; civility was irkſome, and ſhe was never at eaſe but in the company of inferior and ignorant people. Far from ſeeking the advice ſhe ſtood in need of, ſhe dreaded, becauſe ſhe found ſhe had not the power to follow it; and when Doralice repeated, at any time, the inconveniencies of ſuch a character, ſhe liſtened with more vexation than repentance. Such converſations always occaſioned an embarraſſment and moodineſs in her which ſhe could neither vanquiſh nor diſſemble. Accuſtomed cowardly to yield to theſe impreſſions, and having no command of her temper, ſhe rather choſe to aggravate

vate her faults than take the trouble to correct them.

While ſhe thus acquired new defects, ſhe did not loſe thoſe of her childhood; ſhe had received an allowance, for two years paſt, as conſiderable as if ſhe had been married, and yet ſhe was always ill provided and in debt.

At laſt ſhe attained her eighteenth year; a happy æra for her, becauſe then ſhe was to be entirely freed from all her teachers, and their diſagreeable importunities. Doralice entered her chamber in the morning, ſhe had a book in her hand, which ſhe laid upon the table, and ſat down by her daughter. This day, ſaid ſhe, you are eighteen years of age; the time at which education is commonly ended: I have brought you proofs that I have done every thing in my power for you. Here is the journal of which I have ſpoken ſo often; it contains an account of the things you have loſt and ſpoilt from your infancy to this hour, as well as of the uſeleſs expences you have put me to. I have added to theſe the bills I formerly received from your Governante, and latterly from your woman; and I find the ſum total of the account to be, a hundred and three thouſand livres (above four thouſand guineas.)

Is it poſſible? Mamma? cried Eglantine.

Beſides which, it muſt be underſtood, that I have not entered any thing in this book which

was

was neceſſary either for your maintenance or maſters, when they have ſucceeded in teaching you any thing. Thus, for example, you write a tolerable hand, and read muſic paſſably, therefore I have not mentioned thoſe maſters in my journal; although they were kept much longer than would have been neceſſary had you had more induſtry. I ought to add, alſo, to the number of unneceſſary expences, all that I have paid to teachers of inſtrumental muſic, drawing, geography, hiſtory, heraldry, arithmetic, and others; not forgetting the miſtreſs who came two years to teach you embroidery, and the enormous quantity of chenille, ſilk, ſpangles, ſatin, and velvet waſted, without ever producing a work that could be worn.

But a hundred thouſand livres! ſaid Eglantine ——It is ſcarcely conceivable, mamma!

Your ſurprize will ceaſe, anſwered Doralice, if you will recollect what I have repeated a thouſand times, that there is no expence, however trifling, but the repetition of it may become exorbitant, and of courſe ruinous; a ſingle example will ſhew you the truth of this. You have two watches; ever ſince you were eight years old to the preſent moment, you have ſcarcely miſſed a fortnight in which you have not ſent them to the watchmaker or jeweller's, either to have new glaſſes, new dial-plates, or inward repairs: now a diamond fell out, and another time the minute-

hand

hand was loſt, ſo that not a month has paſſed in which thoſe watches have not coſt three crowns to keep them in order; and there have been many in which they came to three or four guineas; inſomuch that, during the ſpace of ten years, the bills for that ſole article amount to one hundred and eight guineas. When we remember the various uſes to which money may be employed, we ought to think of ſuch waſtefulneſs with great regret. The hundred and three thouſand francs you have ſpent would have made twenty unfortunate families happy for life.

This laſt reflection cut Eglantine to the heart. The Viſcount d'Arzelle had left an uneaſy, an irkſome remembrance of her own want of worth upon her mind, which indolence itſelf could not eraſe, and made her more ſuſceptible, more liable to be rouzed from her apathy. How intolerably culpable am I, ſaid ſhe, taking the hand of her mamma, and bathing it with her tears. But, though I am without knowledge, without acquirements, mamma, ſtill the elements of what I have been taught remain.

Without doubt, anſwered Doralice, you cannot have received ſo much inſtruction but the ſeeds of knowledge muſt be ſcattered in the mind; and a ſerious and determined application may yet bring them to maturity, may yet retrieve a great part of the ſum I have here ſet down as loſt; but you muſt henceforth

henceforth, if you wiſh to ſucceed, be as active and perſevering as you have hitherto been idle and inconſtant.

Eglantine ſighed, and fell into a revery.

I know, continued Doralice, your fortune, and the praiſes beſtowed upon your perſon, perſuade you that you have leſs need of accompliſhments than others; but muſt we, becauſe we poſſeſs advantages the moſt fragile and mutable, and moreover the leaſt eſtimable, in reality, of all advantages, muſt we neglect and deſpiſe thoſe only capable of procuring us that praiſe which is truly flattering? Is it beauty that makes us lovely? Deprive beauty of grace, and what is it? It has not then even a right to pleaſe. Will riches make us happy? Are not you yourſelf continually a prey to chagrin, contented neither with yourſelf nor others? Beſides—Do you know any thing of your father's affairs? Or whether he may not be a ruined man?

The attention of Eglantine was recalled, ſhe liſtened to what was ſaid laſt, and ſtared at her mother, in a kind of fright; Doralice ceaſed ſpeaking, ſighed, raiſed her eyes to heaven, and, after ſome moments of a mournful ſilence, which Eglantine wanted courage to break, changed the converſation. In a few minutes afterwards ſhe roſe, and left her daughter overwhelmed with grief and diſquietude.

Eglantine's alarm was but too well founded. Mondor, her father, was as inſatiable as Doralice was moderate: not contented with two hundred thouſand livres (eight thouſand guineas) *(a)* a year, he had engaged in immenſe concerns, and was upon the verge of ruin. Doralice knew not the full extent of their danger, but ſhe ſuſpected ſomething of it, which was what ſhe meant to hint to her daughter. Mondor, better inſtructed, and hoping to preſerve his credit, endeavoured to conceal the bad ſtate of his affairs; but ſeveral of his aſſociates, becoming bankrupt, ſoon diſcovered the dreadful diſorder in which they were.

The ſoul of Mondor was not capable of ſupporting adverſity; he fell ill, and all the tender cares of Doralice and Eglantine could not recover him from the arms of death; he expired, deteſting ambition and covetouſneſs, the fatal cauſes of his ruin and deceaſe.

The firſt care of Doralice was to ſatisfy all the creditors, but Mondor's whole fortune was inſufficient. She poſſeſſed an eſtate of ſix hundred a

(a) For the convenience of thoſe who know not the value of French money, the ſum is generally reduced to Engliſh; but, as inſerting pounds, ſhillings, and pence, would be too minute in a work of imagination, a round ſum neareſt the value is given: thus the exact value of two hundred thouſand livres is 8333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d. eſtimating the livre Tournois at ten-pence Engliſh.* T.

year,

year, over which the creditors had no right; ſhe, however, gave up the rents, for ſix years, to pay her huſband's debts, and Eglantine ſacrificed the diamonds her mother had given her to the ſame purpoſe.

After theſe arrangements, there only remained, for their maintenance, during the ſix years, ſome plate, and the jewels of Doralice, which together were ſold for eight hundred pounds. Let us go, ſaid ſhe to her daughter, and live in a country where this ſum will ſuffice for the time; I think of living in Switzerland, till I once more recover my eſtate.

Oh, my dear mamma, cried Eglantine, and are eight hundred pounds all you have left! What a cutting thought for me, when I remember the ſums I have ſquandered.

Think of that no more, ſaid Doralice, kiſſing her; had I foreſeen the misfortunes that awaited us, you never ſhould have heard a detail the remembrance of which muſt add an additional pang to affliction: I would have burnt the journal, and effaced every article it contained from my memory.

Never, replied Eglantine, falling at the feet of her mother, never can I forget the faults you pardon with ſo much generoſity: my repentance is too ſincere. The deſire, the hope to amend

them, and to make you yet happy, alone can give me now a wiſh to live. Had you a daughter worthy of you, ſhe might conſole, might mitigate your griefs: and can I not correct my errors, can I not acquire the virtues neceſſary for ſuch an office? She would become your friend: and cannot I, to purchaſe a title ſo dear, obtain a victory over myſelf?

During this diſcourſe, Doralice beheld with rapture Eglantine bathed in tears; and, claſping her knees, ſhe raiſed, took her in her arms, and preſſed her to her boſom. All the tranſports which the heart of a fond mother can feel, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou give me at this happy moment: go, my child, weep not at my misfortunes.———

Doralice could not herſelf refrain from tears as ſhe ſpoke this, but they were the moſt delightful tears ſhe had ever ſhed.

Rouzed by ſo many motives, Eglantine could no longer reſiſt this impulſe to reform, occaſioned by the ſhame of remembering her defects, and the conſequences they had induced. She looked with pain on what ſhe was, and with a mournful retroſpect on what ſhe might have been. Awakened from her lethargy, ſhe thought of the Viſcount d'Arzelle, and ſaw no poſſiblity of a union; which the more her heart became alive to ſenſibility, the more ſhe wiſhed. Her ſuppoſed great fortune was gone, and every thing about her reminded her of her

her loſs. There was no longer a croud of ſervants ready to ſupply her leaſt want, and adminiſter to indolence: the carriages no longer rattled in the court-yard, the ſilks no longer ruſtled in the drawing-room. Moſt of thoſe who beheld her looked upon her fall with pity, and ſome, as ſhe imagined, with a malignant ſatisfaction. She happened, accidentally, to meet the Viſcount on a viſit; her heart fluttered, ſhe beheld his accompliſhments with the magnifying eye of love; but the pains which, ſhe too plainly ſaw, he took to avoid her cut her to the heart.

Every thing thus concurred to ſhew Eglantine her deficiencies, and their effects, and to inſpire her with the moſt ardent deſire to have them remedied. The affairs of Doralice detained her a few weeks at Paris; and Eglantine demonſtrated not only her anxiety to learn, but her great capability: her progreſs was aſtoniſhing, and her change of manner and deportment ſcarcely to be conceived.

Madame de Clémire had gone thus far in her recital, when the Baronneſs, looking at her watch, gave the ſignal of retreat: the children's proper hour of reſt was come, and they could not obtain a prolongation of the evening. On the morrow, at the uſual time, Madame de Clémire thus purſued her ſtory.

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the feelings of a mother like Doralice, at beholding this change in her child, and ſeeing thus the firſt wiſh of her heart likely to be accompliſhed. Every day produced an alteration, and diſcovered latent talents; but, alas, all human happineſs is mutable: two days before they were to depart to their country retirement, Eglantine complained, in the evening, of a violent head-ache, and on the morrow was in a high fever. Doralice ſent inſtantly for a phyſician, who, when he had queſtioned his patient, declared ſhe had all the ſymptoms which precede the ſmall-pox. He was not deceived, the diſeaſe ſoon manifeſted itſelf in a very alarming way; and he held it his duty to inform Doralice it was of a confluent and moſt malignant kind. This tender mother, overwhelmed with deſpair, never quitted her daughter's pillow, but paſſed four days in the utmoſt anxiety. Eglantine, in dreadful fits of delirium, received the aſſiſtance of her mother without knowing her, called for her while ſhe was in her arms, and continually cried, as it were in deſpair——*My mother abandons me!——I deſerve it!——I did not make her happy!——I ſhall die without her bleſſing!——Oh! God of mercies pardon me!*

Her wild diſcourſe, continually interrupted by broken ſobs and ſighs, pierced the ſoul of Doralice. In vain ſhe anſwered her; Eglantine heard not

not her prayers, was inſenſible of her tears, and every moment began anew her mournings.

The progreſs of the diſeaſe was rapid, and ſpread all over the face; the eyes were ſoon covered with a continued and thick cruſt, that totally deprived her of ſight. At firſt this accident was not alarming, it being common enough to that diſeaſe when violent; but, after a while, it increaſed ſo greatly that the phyſician durſt no longer conceal from Doralice his apprehenſion that Eglantine would loſe her ſight. Oh, heaven! cried the diſtracted mother, muſt my child be blind! The evil may not, perhaps, be paſt remedy, ſaid the phyſician; nothing, however, but the moſt watchful and ſtrict attention, together with ſuch aſſiſtance as medicine may afford, can prevent it. The humour muſt not only be drawn off by every poſſible means, but the patient muſt not be left a moment unguarded: a touch with the hand, or even a ſudden turn of the head, will make all the efforts of the phyſician ineffectual.

I will watch, I will guard, I will protect her, ſaid Doralice: my eye ſhall never quit her, my hand ſhall hover over her, eagerly, inſtantly, to repel the ſudden miſchief!

Conſider, madam, ſaid the phyſician, how long and intenſely you have already watched: nature cannot ſupport fatigue beyond a certain degree. A careful nurſe may——

A nurſe! Oh, no! my child is in danger, and nature has given mothers ſuperior powers to other mortals. A nurſe! Yes, my child, I will be thy nurſe! and heaven will aid, will look with mercy on my efforts; heaven, I hope, will preſerve thee from blindneſs.

So great was the anxiety of Doralice, that nature appeared, indeed, as ſhe ſaid, to render her ſuperior to ſleep or fatigue: her eyes ſeemed rivetted upon her daughter, and nothing could divert her attention, or diminiſh her care. When the violence of the fever abated, Eglantine's delirium ceaſed; and, though ſhe could not ſee, it was not poſſible for her to avoid remarking that her mother was continually and inſtantaneouſly preſent to ſupply her ſmalleſt want. Affected by ſuch proofs of maternal tenderneſs, and beginning to fear the conſequences of ſuch ſevere watchfulneſs, Eglantine became very uneaſy, and beſought her mother moſt earneſtly to truſt her to a nurſe's care, and give herſelf ſome repoſe. The phyſician, too, conjured Doralice not to ſit up any longer, it was too hazardous, it might be fatal; beſides, he added, he now had hopes the criſis of danger was paſt. Nothing, however, could prevail on this tender mother to deſiſt: her eyes were indeed incapable of ſleep, and her heart of reſt, till ſhe could be certain of her daughter's ſafety. But, though ſhe would not quit the bed-ſide, in order

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to quiet the apprehenſions of Eglantine on her account, ſhe bade the nurſe to anſwer continually, during the night, as if it were ſhe who adminiſtered to her wants, and not Doralice.

At laſt, by the great attention of Doralice, and care of the phyſician, the humours were drawn off and diſperſed; and, in the dead of night, when every thing ſeemed huſhed and a total ſilence prevailed, Eglantine opened one of her eyes. The firſt object ſhe beheld, by the light of the candle, was her mother, ſitting with a fixed and immoveable attention by her ſide. Good God! ſaid Eglantine, is it you, my dear mamma! Did not you bid me good night! Did not you leave me to the nurſe! I perceive!—I ſee your goodneſs!——So you have only pretended to leave me!——How great muſt have been your ſufferings? Oh! how unworthy have I been of ſuch a parent!

The joy of Doralice, at finding Eglantine had again come to her ſight, was ſo extreme that it eaſily overpowered a frame which had been ſo long and ſo much exhauſted: ſhe juſt had power to exclaim——Oh my child! and ſunk down by the bed-ſide: in that ſtate ſhe was carried to an adjoining room, and put to bed.

The extreme watching of Doralice now produced the effect the phyſician had foreſeen and forewarned her of; that very day ſhe was in a

high fever, which had nearly proved fatal to both her and Eglantine. The latter knew her mother's illneſs was the conſequence of an unbounded affection for her; it went to her heart to remember how ill ſhe had deſerved ſuch a mother; her complaints were bitter, her accuſations of herſelf inceſſant, and her mind was ſo much diſturbed that, had not the diſorder of Doralice ſoon taken a favourable turn, Eglantine would have been in greater danger than ever.

As ſoon as it was prudently practicable, the mother and daughter, at the earneſt deſire of both, had their beds removed ſide by ſide, where each had the pleaſure of indulging thoſe ſenſations which did ſo much honour to their hearts. For your ſake, madam, ſaid Eglantine, life will henceforth be dear to me; I ſhould be unhappy to loſe it, before I have proved how ſenſibly I am affected by your tenderneſs, and that at leaſt I have a grateful heart: yes, my dear, my honoured mother, I would live to make you happy.

Though the danger of death was paſt, it was eaſy to ſee the ſmall-pox would leave traces of its power on the face of Eglantine. She was not ſeamed, it is true, nor deeply pitted, and yet ſo altered as ſcarcely to be known. She loſt the fineſt hair that could adorn the head, her features were leſs delicate, and ſhe no longer poſſeſſed the pure red and white which had lately been ſo beautiful.

beautiful. Knowing how much ſhe was changed, ſhe had little inclination to look in a mirror; however ſhe could not well avoid ſeeing herſelf the firſt time ſhe got up; for, as ſhe was going towards a couch at the other ſide of the room, ſhe neceſſarily paſſed before the glaſs. She caſt a look, ſhuddered and ſtopped! Is this the face, ſaid ſhe, that three weeks ſince was praiſed ſo much for beauty?

What would have been your feelings, ſaid Doralice, had you been weak enough to ſet a great value upon that beauty which a moment has obliterated, and which muſt inevitably have paſſed away in the courſe of a very few years?

The health of Eglantine and Doralice was in due time re-eſtabliſhed, and the former did not loſe the determined reſolves ſhe had made to continue the reformation ſhe had begun, previous to her illneſs. She had additional reaſons; the happineſs of a mother, who would willingly have ſacrificed her life for her ſake, and the loſs of beauty, which ſhe had before indolently and vainly hoped would ſupply the want of grace and accompliſhments: inſtructed by gratitude and misfortune, ſhe learnt to vanquiſh her defects; and became as rational, active, and worthy to be beloved, as ſhe had been idle, giddy, and inconſtant.

Agreeable to the plan which Doralice had propoſed, they now departed for Switzerland, and

paſſing through Lyons, took the road to Geneva. They ſaw the fortreſs of Ecluſe, between Chatillon and Coulonges, ſo remarkable for the ſingularity of its ſituation; and ſtopt at Bellegarde, to behold what the people of that country call *the loſs of the Rhone*. This place is near the bridge of Luce *(a)*, where the Rhone is ſeen to loſe itſelf, deſcending beneath vaſt rocks into tremendous gulfs, and afterwards re-appearing, by precipitating itſelf in caſcades upon other rocks.

After paſſing ſome days at Geneva, Doralice viſited the delightful borders of the Lake, in order to find a houſe to her liking, where ſhe might remain; and ſhe came to a determination to fix her abode at Morges; a pleaſant town, and moſt charmingly ſituated upon the banks of the Lake, between Lauſanne and Geneva.

Doralice hired a ſmall houſe in that agreeable place, the windows of which opened on one ſide towards a ſmiling and fertile country, and on the other towards the Lake and thoſe ſtupendous mountains by which it is bounded, and whoſe ſummits are eternally covered with ice. It is impoſſible, without ſeeing them, to form an idea of theſe mountains: they preſent a thouſand varying aſpects in a day, occaſioned by the varying lights

(a) One half of that bridge belongs to France, the other half to Savoy.

which

which ſucceed each other. In the morning their rocks and heights are of a roſe colour, and the hills of ice with which they are cloathed ſeem like tranſparent clouds. As the ſun becomes more ardent, the mountains take a deeper tinge, and are, in ſucceſſion, grey, red, violet, and dark blue. At ſun-ſet they ſeem gilt with gold, and the ſpectator imagines he beholds enormous maſſes of the topaz, while his eyes are dazzled with the ſparkling brightneſs of their colours.

The Lake of Geneva preſents a variety equally inviting. In a ſtate of tranquillity, its pure and limpid waters reflect the colours of the ſky; but, when agitated, it roars like the ſea in dreadful majeſty. Tumultuous and peaceable by turns, it attracts, charms, and aſtoniſhes the eye, by appearances continually new.

Eglantine was never weary of theſe raviſhing proſpects. How inſipid, ſaid ſhe, does every thing I have hitherto beheld appear at preſent! With what indifference ſhould I now look on the environs of Paris, its vaunted gardens, and the ſameneſs of their alleys and arbors! Henceforth I ſhall deſpiſe *artificial* mountains, rocks, and rivers.

And had you travelled through Italy, added Doralice, you would have deſpiſed *artificial* ruins likewiſe.

It

It ſeems to me, ſaid Eglantine, that painters ought not to make landſcapes, nor poets paſtorals, till they have firſt ſeen Italy and Switzerland.

I am of your opinion, anſwered Doralice, Auteuil and Charenton may inſpire pretty thoughts, but not thoſe ſublime ideas which alone can inſure immortality. Louis Bakhuiſen, a famous Dutch painter *(a)*, expoſed his life a thouſand times in tempeſts upon the ſea, in order to obſerve the agitation of the waves, the ſhock and wrecks of veſſels upon rocks, and the efforts and terror of the diſtracted mariners. The celebrated Rugendas *(b)*, a painter of battles, was preſent at the ſiege, bombardment, capture, and pillage of Augſburgh, where he often braved death, that he might conſider at leiſure the effects of balls and bombs, and all the horrors of an aſſault. He has been ſeen deſigning in the midſt of carnage, and producing drawings executed with as much care as if he had been at eaſe in his ſtudy. Vander Meulen *(c)* followed Louis XIV. in all his wars, drew the plan of fortified towns and their environs

(a) He died in 1709.

(b) He died in 1742. Having for ſome time loſt the uſe of his right hand by a hurt, he practiſed with his left, and ſucceeded to perfection. See—*Extraits des différens ouvrages publiés ſur la vie des Peintres*, par M. P. D. L. F. This work is in two volumes, and much eſteemed.

(c) He died at Paris in 1690.

upon

upon the ſpot, with the various marches, encampments, halts, and ſkirmiſhes of the army, that he might paint with truth and nature his hiſtorical pictures of that prince.

Such is the activity and fortitude which a noble emulation can give; but, when the trifling praiſe of the moment is preferred to this true glory, there is little need of abilities or inſtruction; to viſit, intrigue, cabal, and form parties is far more neceſſary. There are many who paint and write coldly and unnaturally, conſequently ill, who yet obtain the praiſe of a day, though, indeed, ſuch people generally do juſtice to themſelves in not puſhing their ambition further.

Eglantine now began to liſten to her mother with unuſual delight: formerly, inſenſible to the charms of converſation, her indolence and abſence of mind prevented her from joining in it; but her misfortunes had produced an aſtoniſhing revolution, her character was abſolutely changed, ſhe reflected, felt, and enjoyed an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction at converſing with her mother. Eager to make ſome amends for the vexation ſhe had formerly given her, by being indolent, ſhe acquired an induſtry which ſoon became habitual. Reading, drawing, and muſic, employed all her time; and ſtudy and work, far from being irkſome, were her beſt amuſements; delighted and ſurprized at her

her own progreſs, her daily improvement became her daily pleaſure.

As two people may live in affluence upon five hundred crowns (125l.) a year, ſhe did not even perceive the loſs of fortune. Her houſe was commodious, her apartment charming: ſhe could ſit at her table and ſee the Lake and mountains, and ſhe found that proſpect could well ſupply the loſs of the inſignificant Seine, and the noiſy Boulevards. Her table fare was better than in her days of opulence; fruit, game, the delicious dairies of Switzerland, and the excellent fiſh of the Lake, left her nothing to wiſh. The neighbourhood of Morges and Lauſanne likewiſe afforded that kind of ſociety which is moſt deſirable. In this happy country, which luxury has not yet corrupted, the pureſt ſimplicity of manners reigns, and the women are equally amiable, well-informed, and virtuous.

Doralice and her daughter often went to Lauſanne, where they formed an acquaintance with a young widow, whoſe name was Iſabella, and who added to all the charms of a thouſand exterior attractions a delicate, cultivated, and acute underſtanding, a feeling heart, and all thoſe qualities which are moſt eſtimable, and moſt engaging. She became the friend of Doralice and Eglantine, viſited them often at Morges, and went with them in their little rambles round Geneva. Sometimes they

they would take long walks upon the banks of the Lake, at others they would aſſemble a choſen number of their friends, and form a concert, or a bal-champêtre, beneath foliage decorated with garlands of natural flowers.

Eglantine ſoon became, by her accompliſhments, her good-humour, and her talents, the chief ornament of theſe little feaſts. She was no longer a perfect beauty, but ſhe pleaſed a thouſand times more than when every body admired the exact ſymmetry of her features, and the fineneſs of her complexion; ſhe had ſtill a moſt beautiful ſhape, and had acquired an elegance and manner which beſt can embelliſh a fine form. Her dreſs always had taſte, though not magnificence; ſhe was ſeen on a firſt view without aſtoniſhment, but the more ſhe was looked at the more ſhe pleaſed. Her countenance was become expreſſive, and though ſhe had not thoſe charms which attract all eyes, ſhe had thoſe which fix them when attracted.

Doralice remained eighteen months at Morges before ſhe could determine to leave it, and make the tour of Switzerland, which had always been part of her plan; but, as ſhe was deſirous of ſhewing her daughter this intereſting country, ſhe reſolved, at laſt, to quit her little houſe, for ſome time, and her amiable friend Iſabella.

They

They departed, about the end of June, and went firſt to Berne, a town which is delightful for its regularity, and the beauty of its ſituation. The ſtreets are exceedingly wide, and have a brook of pure water running through the middle of each; they are arched on both ſides, are paved with flag-ſtone, have covered galleries, and handſome ſhops, which make them both pleaſant and convenient to foot paſſengers. The walks round Berne are charming, and, from the terrace, ſituated upon the banks of the Aar, beautiful landſcapes are ſeen, in all directions (*a*).

Doralice paſſed ſome days at Berne, and, after viſiting Indlebank, a place famous for its ſuperb tombs (9), ſhe left Berne, and took the route of the famous Glaciers of Grindelwald, twenty leagues from thence.

Of all the Glaciers of the Alps, that of Grindelwald is the moſt remarkable. On the ſummit of the mountain is an immenſe reſervoir of water, frozen. The rock, which ſerves as a baſon to this lake, is of black marble, ſtreaked with white, and

(*a*) There is an inſcription, in a corner of this terrace, which preſerves the memory of a ſingular accident. A ſcholar, on horſeback, fell from the top of the terrace, a hundred and twenty feet; the horſe was killed, and the man had only his legs both broken. He lived forty years afterwards, became a miniſter, and died in 1694.

the

the ſides and declivities are beautifully variegated. The ſuperfluous water, of the lakes and of the ice which lies upon its ſurface, as they flow down an inclined plane, form what is particularly called the Glaciers, or that vaſt aſſemblage of ice in pyramids with which the declivity of the mountain is hung. Nothing can equal the brilliancy of this amphitheatre, which is covered with obeliſks and towers, ſeemingly of the pureſt cryſtal, that riſe, majeſtic, in the air, to the height of thirty or forty feet. When the ſun darts its rays upon this pyramidical foreſt of iſicles, it begins to exhale, and caſts forth a light ſo dazzling as ſcarcely to be ſuſtained by the eyes. On each ſide of the valley is a mountain covered with verdure and fir-trees.

After ſeeing Grindelwald, Doralice and Eglantine continued their journey through the interior parts of Switzerland, and, being deſirous of knowing the author of the death of Abel, went to Zurich. Here they beheld the great poet, who was ſo much the more intereſting in that he owed much of his ſucceſs to the ſenſibility of his heart and the purity of his manners. Had he loved great cities, had he not lived in the moſt delicious country in the world, and had he not been a good father and a good huſband, he would never have written thoſe charming paſtorals, where virtue diſcovers itſelf by ſuch touching ſtrokes,

and

and in ſo inviting a form. Why have theſe ſimple works ſo many attractions, or wherefore have they been tranſlated into all languages? It is becauſe the author has felt every thing he has expreſſed, and ſeen every thing he has deſcribed.

Geſner accompanied Doralice in almoſt all her walks; and while they wandered along the enchanting banks of the lake of Zurich, and of the rivers Sil and Limmat, he ſhewed her the delightful landſcapes he had drawn *(a)*, or deſcribed in his poems. Doralice was particularly pleaſed with the grove of Pampres, where he had compoſed the ſweet idyllion of Myrtillo.

Doralice and Eglantine ſtayed a week with Geſner, contemplating him in the midſt of his family and occupations, and ſtill beheld in him a happy ſage, a true philoſopher, and a painter worthy of nature.

After an abſence of two months, they returned, with tranſport, to their little houſe at Morges. Iſabella enlivened their retreat by paſſing a part of the winter with them, and ſpring again brought back pleaſures, country paſtimes, and charming walks. It was now two years ſince they had quitted Paris; Eglantine had paſſed her twentieth year; was the delight of her mother's life, and knew not an approach to happineſs till ſhe knew Morges.

(*a*) Geſner deſigns as well as he writes.

One

One evening, as Eglantine and Doralice were walking late by the ſide of the lake, they met a young man in black, ſauntering ſlowly, and apparently plunged in a melancholy revery. As he paſſed Doralice he raiſed his eyes, gave a motion of ſudden ſurprize, and returned; and Doralice ſaw, with aſtoniſhment, the Viſcount d'Arzelle in the ſuppoſed ſtranger.

After they had paid their mutual reſpects, the Viſcount informed her he had juſt ſuſtained the greateſt of misfortunes, in the loſs of his dear father; on which account, Paris had become odious to him, and he had determined to travel; that he intended to ſtay two months in Switzerland; after which he ſhould go to Italy. When he had finiſhed his recital, he begged permiſſion to ſee Doralice home, and offered his arm.

Juſt at this inſtant he recollected the daughter of Doralice, and ſeeing Eglantine, rightly conjectured that was her. Darkneſs, and the emotions of Eglantine, which had cauſed her timidly to conceal herſelf, as much as poſſible, had prevented him from obſerving her before. He now addreſſed himſelf to her, and made an apology for his ſeeming neglect. The heart of Eglantine impeded language; ſhe had but juſt power ſufficient to return ſuch ſhort anſwers as good breeding made neceſſary.

Doralice

Doralice and her company were ſoon at home; ſhe rang, a maid ſervant came to the gate, and, as they entered the court, the Viſcount could not help exclaiming, with compaſſionate ſurprize—— *Good God! madam! is this your habitation!* In ſaying this, he remembered the immenſe fortune Doralice had formerly enjoyed; the worthy uſe ſhe had made of it, and her voluntary ſequeſtration of what remained, for the diſcharge of her huſband's debts.

They went up ſtairs, and Doralice conducted the Viſcount into an elegant little apartment, ornamented with excellent drawings, and furniſhed with taſte. This is a delightful room, ſaid the Viſcount. It contains nothing but what Eglantine has adorned it with, anſwered Doralice. She worked thoſe chintz-pattern window curtains; ſhe embroidered theſe chairs, and ſhe drew all theſe landſcapes.

The Viſcount liſtened with an aſtoniſhment that reſembled incredulity. He caſt his eyes on Eglantine, and, ſtruck with a change ſo remarkable in her face and figure, the one ſo much altered for the worſe, and the other ſo infinitely improved, he remained fixed, and ſcarcely could recollect or believe her to be the ſame. Eglantine trembled, bluſhed, and felt her former ſenſations all forcibly revived. Her bluſhes were ſo many embelliſhments that gave charms to her form and features.

What

What was at firſt curioſity, in the Viſcount, ſoon became ſomething more; he found himſelf intereſted by the kind of miracles he beheld; he admired the beauty of her ſhape, the dignity of her manner, and the expreſſion of her countenance; and his heart whiſpered, the graces ſhe had acquired were a thouſand times ſuperior to the fine complexion and cold regularity ſhe had loſt.

Her converſation gave him a new, and ſtill more aſtoniſhing, degree of ſurprize; with pain could he perſuade himſelf, while he heard her, ſhe was the perſon he had formerly thought ſo inſipid; with difficulty could he conceive that three years could produce a change ſo total and extraordinary. Not that ſhe ſpoke much; the agitation of her heart, as well as the gentleneſs of her nature, forbade that; but there was a meaning, an intelligence, a force, in the little ſhe did ſay, that ſufficiently diſcovered her knowledge, and the natural ſuperiority of her mind.

The Viſcount, when taking his leave, earneſtly begged permiſſion to renew his viſits, and the greateſt part of the day following was ſpent in their company. It happened to be their concert day, and he heard, with wonder, Eglantine ſing and play upon the harp; he thought he dreamt, whenever he recollected that this was the ſame Eglantine whom formerly he had found ſo ignorant and unaccompliſhed, and whom, with all her

her beauty and fortune, he had rejected as a wife.

The Viſcount reſided at Lauſanne, which was two leagues from Morges; and yet he heard of nothing but the ſame and eulogiums of Eglantine. Her underſtanding, her mildneſs, her equality of temper, and eſpecially her love for, and lively gratitude to, her mother, had gained the hearts of all who knew her. The Viſcount liſtened with delight to her praiſes. Iſabella ſpoke of her attractions and virtues with all the ardour of friendſhip, and he was continually with Iſabella when he was not with Eglantine.

Although he had now been above two months in Switzerland, he ſpoke no more of Italy: every moment, that good manners would permit, he ſpent at the houſe of Doralice. Timid and reſerved, in the preſence of Eglantine, he ſcarcely durſt ſpeak to her, while he teſtified all the reſpect and affection of the moſt amiable and tender ſort to Doralice.

Another month was paſſed at Lauſanne; at length, perfectly ſatisfied both by what he had heard and what he had ſeen of the worth of Eglantine, he no longer attempted to conceal or repreſs feelings which reaſon itſelf approved, and formally demanded the hand of Eglantine.

You deſerve her, replied Doralice; you refuſed her rich and beautiful, and chooſe her when ſhe is neither

neither: manners, talents, and virtues, only, have been able to inſpire you with a true and rational attachment; the duration of love, like this, may be depended upon. However, as it is poſſible one *may* deceive oneſelf, I muſt beg of you again to conſult your heart, and more minutely; take time to reflect upon an engagement on which the happineſs or miſery of two people depend. Purſue your intended travels for ſix months, and if at your return you ſtill preſerve the ſame ſentiments, the ſame affection, Eglantine ſhall be your's; for I have obſerved her, and have no reaſon to fear objections on her part.

The Viſcount threw himſelf at the feet of Doralice, as ſhe ended, and conjured her not to retard his happineſs; but ſhe, however, remained inflexible; ſhe was neither moved by his prayers nor proteſtations; and the Viſcount, in deſpair, prepared to ſet off immediately. Unable to quit the country Eglantine inhabited, he wandered diſconſolate up and down Switzerland, and the very day on which his term expired appeared once more at Morges.

When he arrived, Doralice was with her daughter in her own room. All at once the door opened, the Viſcount appeared, and ran with precipitation to throw himſelf on his knees before Eglantine and Doralice. It was the firſt time he had ventured to ſpeak of his paſſion in the preſence

of Eglantine. He begged her hand, with all the enthuſiaſm of pure love; he proteſted he never would ſeparate her from her mother; and Eglantine, on that condition, gave her conſent, as no conſideration whatever, ſhe ſaid, ſhould make her quit a mother to whom ſhe owed ſo much. The Viſcount aſſured her a ſentiment ſo natural, ſo affectionate, made her ſtill dearer to his heart. That very evening, Doralice, the happieſt of mothers, ſigned the marriage contract; and three days after the Viſcount attained the height of his hopes and wiſhes, by eſpouſing the virtuous and amiable Eglantine.

I declare this is a charming ſtory, mamma, ſaid Caroline; well, well, you ſhall ſee I won't loſe any more gloves and handkerchiefs, nor waſtefully throw bread and butter about in the garden. Oh, no! I'll be very careful, and very induſtrious, that I may not be ſo ignorant and aukward at ſeventeen, and give you ſo much uneaſineſs, mamma.

And if you *ſhould* happen to be handſome, ſaid Madame de Clémire, remember then the hiſtory of Eglantine. Remember that beauty obtains vain compliments only, while a cultivated mind, and a good diſpoſition, gain the praiſes of all tongues, and the love of all hearts.

Thus finiſhed the tenth evening, and Madame de Clémire told the children, at parting, ſhe would

would take them on the morrow to dine with M. de la Paliniére, where you will ſee, added ſhe, ſome fine medals; for, notwithſtanding his black round wig, and abſent air, he is a well-informed and intelligent gentleman.

Medals! Mamma! What are medals?

I will explain that to-morrow at breakfaſt.

The next morning the children did not forget to renew their queſtions about medals; for knowing they ſhould be admitted to ſee M. de la Paliniére's cabinet, they were deſirous of gaining at leaſt a ſuperficial knowledge of the ſubject. To ſatisfy them, therefore, their mamma read them an extract from a book entitled *Sciences des Medailles*. (10).

After hearing it, the children aſked if they made any uſe of ſymbols jointly with emblems.

Certainly they do, anſwered Madame de Clémire, for where there is an emblem the ſymbol is indiſpenſible. But do you underſtand what is an emblem or device?

Not perfectly, mamma.

It is a kind of allegory, and ought to expreſs the ſituation or character of the perſon who chooſes it. For example, Madame de M***, with whom you are acquainted, is a perſon of great modeſty and ſimplicity of manners, with little taſte for faſhionable life, and only deſirous of pleaſing her friends, and diſcovering the good qualities of her

heart and underſtanding to a ſmall choſen circle. Her device, therefore, is a violet half hidden beneath the graſs; and her motto—*Il faut me chercher*, I MUST BE SOUGHT.

That is very pretty and expreſſive, ſaid Cæſar.

Let me ſee if any of you comprehend the following, continued Madame de Clémire. A certain man of diſtinction has taken for device a noſegay of fleurs-de-lys and roſes; and his motto is—*Tout pour eux & pour elles*, ALL FOR THESE, AND FOR THOSE. What does that ſignify?

I underſtand the firſt part of it, ſaid Cæſar. The fleurs-de-lys are the emblems of our king and country; but as for the roſes,——

Oh, ſaid Pulcheria, the roſes mean the ladies, I dare ſay.

That is not ill-gueſſed, at your age, ſaid Madame de Clémire; if your memory has not aſſiſted you, that is; and if you have not heard me mention it before. However, ſince, between you, an explanation has been given, you ought to underſtand its force and elegance alſo.

Oh, yes mamma;——though it ſeems rather going too far, replied Cæſar, to ſay *all for the ladies*. All for one's mamma, one's ſiſter, or one's wife, would be very well; but all for women, univerſally, is, I think, a little exaggerated.

That kind of exaggeration is what is called gallantry, and is not underſtood in a literal ſenſe; therefore,

therefore, ſince authorized by cuſtom, is not ridiculous. But to return to the device, it adds to the merit of preciſion that of being equally ingenious and delicate.

But how ingenious, mamma?

Becauſe it is clear, eaſy to underſtand, and yet explains itſelf only in part.

How ſo?

It only ſays, *Tout pour eux & pour elles*; whereas, if its meaning were written at length, it would read thus——"There are no difficulties we ought "not to encounter, no perils we ought not to "brave, to ſerve our king and country, or to "obtain the ſmiles of virtue and beauty."

Oh! but that would be too long for a motto: I like *Tout pour eux & pour elles* better.

You have reaſon ſo to do; many words, on ſuch occaſions, are proofs of a bad taſte and a want of wit, and the very reverſe of ingenious.

But may not one, in endeavouring to be ingenious, become obſcure?

Very eaſily; but, as ſoon as you become obſcure, you ceaſe to be ingenious; you are then what is commonly called turgid and far-fetched, which is contrary to the rules that reaſon and good taſte preſcribe. When a thought is deficient, either in perſpicuity or preciſion, it has only the appearance of ingenuity, and will pleaſe none but ſuperficial people.

The ſervants now came to inform Madame de Clémire the horſes were put to: Cæſar took a ſhort farewel of the little Auguſtin, whoſe heart was full at parting, for he began already to be ſincerely attached to him; nor was the love of Cæſar to Auguſtin leſs, and he delighted to repeat to him the leſſons he had received from his preceptor.

When the family were all in the carriage, Cæſar ſpoke in praiſe of Auguſtin, and vaunted highly of his goodneſs, induſtry, and deſire of information. I hope, ſaid the Baronneſs, you will one day take great delight in making him the companion of your ſtudies, and that his good qualities will alſo inſpire you with a ſpirit of emulation; that you will become attentive, thoughtful, and active, like him; otherwiſe your ſtory will reſemble that of Cardinal d'Oſſat.

Oh dear grandmamma, do tell me how that was, will you?

Willingly.——Arnaud d'Oſſat was born at Caſſagnabére, a ſmall village, near Auch, of poor parents, and was left an orphan at nine years old. He was educated with the ſon of the lord of the village, and made ſo great a progreſs in his ſtudies that in time he became his tutor.

I hope Auguſtin will never be mine though. But did not you ſay this poor boy became a cardinal, grandmamma?

Yes;

Yes; having ſtudied under Cujas, a great lawyer, he applied to the bar at Paris, and became famous: the friends his merit had acquired procured him a magiſtrate's place; after which, Paul-de-Foix, Archbiſhop of Toulouſe, who was ſent by Henry III. of France ambaſſador to Rome, choſe d'Oſſat as ſecretary to the embaſſy. When the Archbiſhop died, d'Oſſat was charged, in chief, with the affairs of France; and Henry the Great was indebted to him for his abſolution and reconciliation to the court of Rome. Theſe important ſervices were rewarded with a cardinal's hat, and he died at Rome, in 1604, aged ſixty-ſeven. We have many of his letters, which are in great eſtimation.

You ſee, my children, what dignities merit and genius may procure, and what a luſtre they may add to life; but, you ſhould obſerve, virtue likewiſe muſt be added, or genius itſelf will be inſufficient.

Oh yes; I perceive that, if one would become famous and happy, one muſt reſolve to be learned and virtuous. And yet, mamma, ſome wicked men have been very fortunate.

But they could not be happy amidſt their good fortune; for fortune, ill-acquired, is ever ill-enjoyed; they fear juſtly they ſhall loſe it, and fear is ever an antidote to pleaſure. It is poſſible that

abilities, without virtue, may procure wealth, but that wealth is always liable to be loſt, or, if ill gotten, reclaimed, and never produces true glory.

The children thought theſe obſervations very juſt; and, converſing thus, they arrived at the chateau of M. de la Paliniére.

After dinner they were ſhewn a fine cabinet of medals, ſome beautiful paintings of the Italian maſters, and a charming collection of prints. The day paſſed like a dream. M. de la Paliniére had knowſedge, wit, and underſtanding; and though at firſt ſight the ſingularity of his figure caught the attention, he gained upon every body, the more he was known: he had ſomething original, yet natural about him, and his converſation was ſolid, yet intereſting.

He intreated the Baronneſs and Madame de Clémire to paſs a few days with him ſo earneſtly that they conſented, during which interval he related various paſſages of his paſt life, ſo full of intereſt and moral inſtruction that they regretted the children had not been preſent at the recital. This gave occaſion to M. de la Paliniére, who had heard of their evening ſtories, to offer again to relate his tale in a more connected manner, if they would conſent to ſtay two days longer than the time appointed for their departure, and the propoſition was accepted.

Pulcheria,

Pulcheria, in the mean time, aſked her mamma if his ſtory was ſorrowful or gay.

M. de la Paliniére, anſwered her mamma, has had ſtrong paſſions, and you know we have before ſpoken of paſſions and their effects.

Then he has been unhappy. But what were his paſſions?

Love and jealouſy: but as you cannot have any preciſe ideas of theſe paſſions, at preſent, my children, I think it proper to inform you that, when we ſay love, ſimply, and not maternal-love, conjugal-love, or filial-love, we mean the affection which ſubſiſts between man and woman, when that affection becomes unreaſonably violent. You muſt underſtand, however, that love, even when it becomes a paſſion, may be virtuous, when it has for its object a huſband, a wife, or a child: we only then become leſs happy, leſs reaſonable; and, when our affection is thus placed, its exceſs is not criminal till it occaſions us to neglect ſome one of our duties. I own it ſeldom happens that a paſſion does not influence our conduct, and therefore it is that our paſſions are ſo dangerous.

But pray, mamma, what is a jealous huſband?

A huſband who ſuſpects the virtue of his wife, who fears ſhe loves ſome other man as well or better than ſhe loves him.

And is it poſſible, mamma, for a virtuous wife to have a jealous huſband?

Certainly, becauſe we are all imperfect, and men may be unjuſt.

But if my huſband was jealous I ſhould be very angry.

Then you would be very wrong; for, though it is a great misfortune to ſee oneſelf deſpiſed by the object of one's affection, yet, there is this conſolation, which is, that every woman, even though her huſband might hate her, may be certain of regaining all his confidence and love by perfect prudence, mild indulgence, and a ſweet temper.

Various other queſtions and explanations were aſked and returned, and, in the evening, after ſupper, M. de la Paliniére, his viſitors being all aſſembled, began to relate the following ſtory.

THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALINIERE.

I WORE not always the black round wig in which you ſee me, nor was I always ſubject to that abſence of mind with which at preſent I am reproached; in my infancy I was very pretty, at leaſt according to my mother, who pretended I was *too pretty* for a boy; I own, nobody elſe ever reproached me with this fault. Be that as it will, I was an only child, and my mother, who had reflected but little on education, humoured and ſpoilt me, inſomuch that, at nine years old, I was one of the moſt froward, miſchievous little boys you have ever ſeen. I was idle, headſtrong, turbulent, and teazing; I aſked a thouſand queſtions, and never liſtened to an anſwer. I would neither learn any thing, nor do any thing, except keep tattooing my drum, and whiſtling my fife. No tutor would ſtay with me half a year; and, as I

had already driven away three Abbés, my mother at laſt conſented to ſend me to college.

I was then in my eleventh year, and wept much at leaving my home and my parents; for, notwithſtanding my follies and tricks, I had a good heart. When I came to ſchool, however, I was not very ſorry to ſee myſelf in a fine houſe, and ſurrounded by boys, who all ſeemed full of mirth and play; for, as it happened, I arrived juſt at the time when ſchool hours were over. I began to run and jump, and told thoſe who brought me I was ſure I ſhould like ſchool exceedingly well.

I immediately conceived a friendſhip for a young ſcholar, named Sinclair, about two years older than I, and who won my heart by his open and lively temper; though I muſt tell you he was as rational and well informed, for his age, as I was ignorant and unthinking. The next morning I found a ſtrange alteration in the houſe. I was to take my ſeat, and undergo an examination to know which claſs I belonged to, when it was diſcovered I could hardly ſpell: immediately, a general hue and cry was excited through the ſchool; and a little boy, not ten years old, who was next me, laughed ſo heartily, and appeared to me ſo impertinent, that I could not forbear giving him a hearty box on the ear, which knocked him off his ſeat.

In

In vain did I ſtruggle and ſcold; I was ſeized, taken ignominiouſly from my place, and dragged out of ſchool. As I paſſed by Sinclair, he caſt a look ſo expreſſive of tenderneſs and pity upon me that, in ſpite of my paſſion, I found myſelf affected.

They took me into a dark chamber, ſhut me up, and declared I ſhould ſtay there eight days, with nothing but ſoup, bread, and water to live upon; after which they left me to reflect, at leiſure, upon the crime of knocking my ſchool-fellows down.

By groping round the room I diſcovered it was matted all over, and tolerably large; I then began to walk about without much apprehenſion of hurting myſelf, and to turn in my mind all the circumſtances of my misfortune. I felt myſelf deeply degraded, and heartily repented I had not profitted better by the leſſons of the three Abbés I had driven from me. Oh, my mother, cried I, were you but here, you would not ſuffer me to be treated with all this rigour. And yet, had you but permitted my firſt maſter, or my ſecond, or even my third, to inflict ſome gentle puniſhment upon mé, as they deſired, I ſhould have known how to read; then, perhaps, I ſhould not have been ſo apt to ſtrike, nor have now been in a dark chamber.

In

In the midſt of theſe ſorrowful reflections I remembered the look of Sinclair; I thought I ſaw him ſtill, and the ſuppoſition touched me; and yet what moſt vexed me was that he had been a witneſs of my humiliation, my paſſion, and my puniſhment. I thought he would deſpiſe me, and that idea was inſupportable.

While I was thus mournfully muſing, I heard my door open ſuddenly, and ſaw Sinclair appear with a lanthorn in his hand; I threw myſelf upon his neck, and wept with joy at the ſight. Come, ſaid he, follow me, your pardon is granted.

My pardon! I am indebted to you for it! I'm ſure I am! It gives me pleaſure to think it was granted to your interceſſion.

You are only required to make an apology to him you have offended.

Make an apology! What to that little ſcoffer! no!——

He was wrong to ſcoff you, I own; he was guilty of ill manners: but you were deficient both in reaſon and humanity.

Oh! I have done him no great injury.

Becauſe you had not the power: and yet his arm is black with the fall.

His arm black! What! and has he ſhewed it then?

The maſter inſiſted upon ſeeing it.

He ſhould not have conſented! He ought not to

to have complained! He has proved himſelf of a mean cowardly temper, and I will never aſk pardon of a coward!

His character is not now the queſtion. You have committed a fault of a ſerious nature, and you ought to make what reparation you can.

I would rather remain where I am than diſgrace myſelf.

Pray tell me; what do you underſtand by diſgracing yourſelf?

This queſtion diſconcerted me; I knew not what to anſwer, and Sinclair went on.

To diſgrace yourſelf is to draw down ſome merited cenſure, or puniſhment; to act againſt your conſcience; that is, contrary to truth and juſtice. In aſking pardon of one you have wronged you will do an equitable act; and equity is not diſgrace.

But they may ſuppoſe I aſk pardon only for fear of remaining in confinement.

And if they ſhould, that will not diſgrace you; ſince cenſure, as I have ſaid, muſt be merited, before it can be diſgraceful. I propoſe a reparation ſtrictly conformable to juſtice and good breeding, and I ſhould be ſorry for him who ſhould fooliſhly ſuppoſe ſuch an act deſerving of cenſure: the ridicule he would caſt upon you would fall upon himſelf, in the eyes of all rational people; and it is the opinion only of ſuch that is worthy notice.

Well

Well, well——lead me where you pleaſe, I will do whatever you deſire.

Sinclair then embraced me, led me from the dark chamber, and, after a proper apology, I was pardoned; but it was not long before I incurred freſh penance. Idle, unthinking, noiſy, and apt to wrangle, I ſoon drew down the averſion of all the maſters, and many of my ſchool-fellows; and had it not been for the protection and firm friendſhip of Sinclair, who was the moſt diſtinguiſhed and beſt beloved of all the ſcholars, I ſhould certainly have been ſent home in diſgrace before the end of the year.

Two years paſſed away, much in the ſame manner; at the end of which time Sinclair left college, and went into the army. Soon after I had the misfortune to loſe my mother, and this completed my affliction; I wept, and remembered I had been a continual ſubject of vexation to her. Alas! ſaid I, did ſhe bleſs me with her parting breath! Could ſhe pray for an ungrateful child, who might have been her comfort, but who was her tormentor? What dreadful remorſe muſt I endure! To her I owe my life; ſhe bore, ſhe cheriſhed, ſhe loved me; and what I have done for her!—Oh! my dear mother, is it then denied me to repair my wrongs? My mother! I have no mother! She is ſnatched from me! The ſweet conſolation of making her happy is for ever loſt!

My

My grief became fixed, it preyed upon my mind, and I fell into a kind of conſumption, which put my life in danger. Dorival, my uncle and guardian, took me from college, and went with me to his country-houſe in Franche-comté. He travelled with me all through that fine province, the natural curioſities of which (11) you ſaw and admired ſo much in my cabinet, in order to divert my melancholy. After remaining here three years, being then ſeventeen, I went into the army.

I had continued my ſtudies under the direction of my uncle; but, not having a habit of induſtry, I made little progreſs; and to learn ſeemed to me the moſt tireſome thing in the world. My temper and underſtanding were equally uncultivated; and what were called pranks and pettiſhneſs, in childhood, became the torments of my life; I was haſty and paſſionate even to violence; and, in theſe ridiculous fits of anger, I was abſolutely half inſane; I ſtuttered, ſaid a thouſand extravagant and highly improper things, and was, in fact, capable of being hurried away into the moſt ſhameful exceſſes.

My uncle was the only perſon who could manage me; for I really loved and reſpected him, and ſeldom forgot myſelf in his preſence. His too great indulgence, however, ſuffered me to contract deſtructive habits, which, had he uſed his

authority

authority to correct, would never have become ſo rooted and ſo fatal. But, when any one complained of me, he would anſwer, "Theſe youthful "errors will wear away, for I am certain he "has an excellent heart."

I departed for my garriſon with a ſort of Governor, to whom my uncle confided me, and who was to have remained with me a year: but, in ſix weeks time, I quarrelled irreconcileably with my Mentor. I turned away the ſervant my uncle had ſent with me, hired a valet without a character, and thought myſelf the happieſt of mortals.

Roſſignol, my valet, was young, genteel, and inſinuating; he became my favourite, regulated my expences, and, in leſs than two months, brought me in bills for four thouſand francs; (166£.) that is to ſay, for the full ſum of my half year's allowance. I ſaw then plain enough that Roſſignol was a raſcal; but the bills muſt be paid. I borrowed, became a debtor of courſe, and turned Roſſignol away, who, at parting, robbed me of all the rings and jewels I poſſeſſed.

Some days after this adventure, I quarrelled with one of my comrades, fought and received two wounds, which occaſioned me to keep my bed two months. During my confinement I reflected often upon my thoughtleſs and impetuous behaviour; and began to find that, in order to be happy, it is neceſſary to hear reaſon, repel firſt emotions, vanquiſh

quiſh defects, and obtain a command over the paſſions.

I had lived a year in garriſon, when war was declared, and I departed for Germany, where I made ſeveral campaigns, and diſcovered much zeal and little capacity. I was very anxious to fight battles, but not to learn the art of winning battles; for which reaſon, my military career was not very brilliant, as will be ſeen.

My uncle, meanwhile, was active in ſeeking to eſtabliſh me well in life: I was one-and-twenty, and, deſirous of ſeeing me married, he choſe a young lady, who, had I not been as headſtrong as unjuſt, would have made me the happieſt of men.

Julia, for that was her name, then but ſeventeen, added to all the bloom of youthful beauty an ingenuous mind, and a countenance that was the picture of gentleneſs, innocence, and virtue: calm ſerenity dwelt in her eyes, and never did the marks of impatience, anger, or contempt, darken her brow. Once ſeen ſhe was always known; her ſoul was all outward, it dwelt in her face and form; and that ſoul, that face, that form, were all angelic. Her mind was juſt, ſolid, and penetrating; her reaſon much ſuperior to her age; her deſires moderate, and her character prudent and firm. She ſpoke with the tongue of benevolence, and ſo unaffectedly, yet expreſſively, tha‘

that ſweetneſs and modeſty ſeemed to live upon her lips; the ſound of her voice went to the heart.

Such was Julia; ſuch was the wife my uncle gave me. Her perfections might have ſupplied the want of fortune, but ſhe was rich. As ſoon as I was married, my uncle gave my eſtate into my own poſſeſſion; and thus, at one-and-twenty, was I in the full enjoyment of a good fortune, and the moſt lovely woman upon earth. It depended only upon myſelf to be happy.

The winter after my marriage was ſpent at Paris, where I again met Sinclair, my old college friend, and we became more intimate than ever. Sinclair poſſeſſed all the eminent qualities which his early years had announced. In war he had been highly diſtinguiſhed; and, at a time of life when ardour and promptitude only are generally diſcovered, he had given proofs of ſuperior talents, prudence, and fortitude. His modeſty and ſimplicity diſarmed malice, and whoever ſhould have forborne to praiſe his conduct, and worth, would have been thought the enemy of virtue.

Julia too had a ſtrict friendſhip for a young widow, her relation, whoſe name was Belinda; a perſon remarkable for her virtues and accompliſhments.

Behold me then married to a woman whom I preferred to all the women in the world, cheriſhed by

by an uncle whom I reſpected as a father, in friendſhip with a man of my own age, but who had the prudence and wiſdom of a Neſtor, enjoying not only the conveniencies of life but even all the imaginary bleſſings, or rather bawbles, on which vanity ſets ſo high a price; all the felicity which love, friendſhip, youth, health, and wealth, could procure. What was there wanting to compleat my happineſs?——One ſingle advantage, without which all the reſt are fruitleſs——*a good education.*

The two firſt months of my marriage were the moſt fortunate and peaceable moments of my life; but my happineſs quickly began to decreaſe. My paſſion for my wife, which grew daily ſtronger, made me guilty of the caprice and injuſtice which are ſo deſtructive of prudence and repoſe. I wiſhed to be loved as I loved; that is, to exceſs. Julia had a moſt true and tender affection for me, but ſhe was too wiſe, and had too much command of herſelf to indulge fancies which, by inflaming the mind, might deſtroy both her and my tranquillity.

I began by a kind of moderate complaining, but ſoon became ſullen, ſuſpicious, and diſcontented. My heart felt an averſion for every body that Julia had any regard for, and eſpecially for Belinda. I preſerved however reaſon ſufficient

cient to condemn my own caprices, and carefully concealed them.

One day, when I was more out of temper than uſual, I went to my wife's apartment and was informed ſhe was ſhut up with Belinda; I opened the door ſuddenly and entered; they were in earneſt converſation, but the moment they ſaw me they were ſilent. My wife, I obſerved, bluſhed, and Belinda appeared abſolutely diſconcerted. Theſe appearances were enough to throw me into the moſt violent agitation I had ever known. At firſt I tried to contain myſelf, and turn my own embarraſſment into a jeſt. I know not, indeed, what I ſaid, but I remember I ſtuttered prodigiouſly, and was all in a tremor; which circumſtances, added to the efforts I made to laugh off my ſuſpicions, made me completely ridiculous; and ſo much ſo that Julia, who beheld my ſtrange emotions with ſurprize, could not forbear ſmiling.

This ſmile drove me beſide myſelf; I thought it an unpardonable inſult; and loſing all reſpect for myſelf, my wife, or the preſence of Belinda, I uttered with volubility, and without ſcruple, all the extravagancies which paſſion could inſpire. Belinda, as ſoon as ſhe could find an opportunity, roſe, and retired.

No ſooner was I alone with Julia than I found my courage gone; I was ſilent, and, to conceal my

my anguiſh, walked haſtily backward and forward about the room.

I was informed of this before my marriage, ſaid Julia, but I could not conceive it poſſible. Poor unhappy man, added ſhe, with her eyes ſwimming in tears, my heart weeps to ſee you ſuffer thus. But, be comforted, the indulgence, the love, the tenderneſs, of your wife, will, in time, I hope, cure you of this unfortunate defect.

She pronounced theſe words with ſuch ſenſibility, and affection, that they pierced me to the heart; I deeply felt how culpable and mad I had been, and, bathed in tears, ran to the conſoling angel, who held her arms out to receive me, and ſobbed upon her boſom.

As ſoon as I was capable of liſtening to an explanation, Julia informed me that, juſt as I entered the chamber, Belinda had been telling her a ſecret, which, ſaid ſhe, I am ſure you will not aſk me to reveal, becauſe it is confided to me, without the liberty of mentioning it, though it will one day be revealed to you.

This information, far from being ſatisfactory, gave me a ſecret vexation, which I could with difficulty hide; but, as I was really humbled by the paſſion I had juſt been in, I diſſembled my chagrin, and affected to appear ſatisfied.

In this ſituation, wanting ſomebody to complain to, I went in ſearch of Sinclair, and told him all my griefs. He blamed me, and approved the conduct of Julia, beſtowing, at the ſame time, the higheſt eulogium on her prudence and fortitude.

But how, ſaid I, can I ſupport this reſerve, when I have no ſecrets for her.

I know it, anſwered Sinclair, ſmiling; to her you would betray the ſecret of your moſt intimate friend.

Yes, I own, Sinclair, I ſhould even betray you to her; and ſurely ſhe does not love her Belinda better than I love you.

No; but *ſhe* knows her duty, *you* do not; you have only a virtuous heart; ſhe has that and ſolid invariable principles likewiſe. You have for her an extravagant paſſion; her love is ennobled by a ſincere and virtuous friendſhip, which elevates the mind, and will never lead it into unreaſonable follies.

I underſtand you——She will never love me as I love her; I am a fooliſh madman in her eyes ——She has told you ſo.

I ſaid this with great emotion, and Sinclair returned no anſwer, except by ſhrugging his ſhoulders, turning his back, and quitting me. I remained petrified, curſing love and friendſhip, exclaiming againſt myſelf, and all that was dear to me

me, and imagining myſelf the moſt unhappy of men.

Not daring again to put myſelf in a paſſion, I became ſulky; but the gentle and mild manner of Julia vanquiſhed my ill humour, and we came to a new explanation concerning Belinda, in which ſhe offered never to ſee her more, ſince I ſeemed averſe to her. I ſhall ever love her, ſaid ſhe, nor ſhall any thing ever make me betray the ſecret ſhe has entruſted to me; but there is nothing I would not ſacrifice to your peace of mind.

I was affected by this proof of generous love, and all my diſlike to Belinda vaniſhed; I flew to her houſe, entreated her to forget my late behaviour, and brought her in triumph to my wife, who had not ſeen her ſince the ſilly ſcene in which I interrupted their converſation.

The ſhort remains of the winter glided away in tolerable tranquillity, and, in ſpring, I repaired to the army; when the campaign was ended, I returned to Paris with Sinclair, who joined me on the road. His chariot waited for him a league from Paris, and his ſervant gave him a note, which he read with great eagerneſs, and, quitting me, drove away in his own carriage.

However ſimple all this might be, in appearance, I found myſelf involuntarily uneaſy when I conſidered it, for which I could aſſign no cauſe; or, rather, the cauſe of which I was afraid to diſcover.

'Till then, I had always ſuppoſed Sinclair totally buſied about military promotion, and the advancement of his fortune; I was now convinced the note came from a woman; he was moved while he read it, and, what was more, I remarked he was embarraſſed by my preſence.

He was in love, then, that was certain; and why ſhould he make a myſtery of his love to me? If there was nothing criminal in his attachment, wherefore hide it from his moſt intimate friend? Then followed a thouſand ideas, which I vainly endeavoured to drive from my memory. I recollected the enthuſiaſm with which he had ſo often ſpoken of my wife and ſhuddered; my brain was diſturbed, and I no longer had the power to expel a doubt that racked my ſoul. I found a terrible kind of pleaſure, in yielding to the jealouſy which I had vainly imagined was for ever vanquiſhed.

With ſuch diſpoſitions I arrived at Paris. Julia could not come to meet me, a violent ſore throat confined her to her chamber. At the ſight of her all theſe fatal impreſſions vaniſhed; and, while I looked and liſtened, I felt a calm ſerenity take poſſeſſion of my heart. I reproached myſelf for my odious ſuſpicions, and ſcarcely could conceive how they had been formed.

I did not, however, meet Sinclair with the ſame pleaſure in the company of my wife as formerly;

merly; not but I ſuffered full as much from the fear of his perceiving my diſeaſe as from jealouſy itſelf: for, ſuch was my inconceivable caprice, though he inſpired me with ſuſpicions the moſt injurious to his honour and friendſhip, I yet had ſufficient value for him to dread he ſhould think me capable of ſuſpicion. I ſometimes looked upon him as a rival, but oftner as a cenſor, whoſe eſteem and approbation were abſolutely neceſſary to my happineſs.

Agitations like theſe act powerfully upon the temper when under the impulſe of paſſion; they influenced and infected all my thoughts, and I was in a delirium that deprived me of the uſe of reaſon. More incapable than ever of reflection, I had not only given over the idea of vanquiſhing my errors, but of hiding them alſo, and yielded to all my natural impetuoſity. Punctilious, and eaſily offended, like all people who want education, and goaded beſides by the ſecret thorns of jealouſy, the only vice I was afraid ſhould be ſeen, I was always piqued, or diſguſted, or angry, and nobody knew why.

In theſe humours, I thought the angelic mildneſs of Julia hypocriſy; her gentle manner of ſpeaking appeared affected, and drove me mad. The next moment I perhaps became ſenſible of my injuſtice, would ſilently own it was impoſſible for any perſon to love me, and fall into fits of

deſpair; during which I would bitterly reproach myſelf for making the woman I adored miſerable.

Then would I remember my Julia in all her charms, ſee her in all the ſplendour of her beauty, and all the mildneſs of her affection, and wonder at my own cruelty. I would recollect my paſſions and caprices, and the thought would ſting me to the heart. I called myſelf barbarian, madman, deteſted myſelf, ſhed the ſcalding tears of repentance over my errors, determined to ſubdue them, imagine myſelf cured, and, three days after, was guilty of the ſame exceſs.

Unhappy in my mind, and ſtill more ſo becauſe my unhappineſs was all my own ſeeking, I endeavoured by diſſipation to drown my ſorrows, I formed new acquaintance, went more into faſhionable life, ſeldom made ſmall parties, but invited twenty or thirty friends, once or twice a week, to my houſe; kept boxes at all the theatres, and never, during the winter, miſſed a maſquerade, or a firſt repreſentation. But, in this vain reſearch, I found not the happineſs that fled me, though I injured my health, and deranged my fortune.

Sinclair did not fail to remonſtrate concerning my new mode of life. You are become a Gameſter, too, ſaid he, and have given yourſelf up to the moſt fatal and moſt inexcuſable of all paſſions.

Have

Have you well conſidered what a perſon who plays deep muſt inevitably become, that he muſt continually endeavour to enrich himſelf at the expence of his friends?

I cannot ſay I have made any profound reflections on the ſubject; I only know men may play deep, and yet preſerve their honour.

Yes, by always loſing. I do not ſay merely by ruining themſelves, for that is the common deſtiny of the lucky and unlucky Gameſter; the only difference is, the fate of the one is a little longer in ſuſpenſe than that of the other. Neither is your bare ruin ſufficient; to preſerve your character unſuſpected, you muſt never win any conſiderable ſum.

Do you ſuppoſe then a lucky Gameſter cannot be thought an honourable one?

He will be diſputed the title, at leaſt. A croud of enemies will riſe againſt him; a mother, in deſpair, will accuſe him of having ruined the heir and hope of her family, and publickly call him raſcal, and no father will ever mention his name, in his children's preſence, but with contempt. He will be purſued by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, and condemned by reaſon and humanity; and who, amidſt this univerſal outcry, ſhall dare to take his part? His friends? Can a Gameſter have friends? He, who every day riſks the ruin of thoſe to whom he gives that ſacred title?

What, Sinclair, have you never met a Gameſter worthy of your eſteem?

I have, I own; and yet, had not experience convinced me of it, reaſon never could have conceived their exiſtence. Men who are occupied only by dreams of enriching themſelves think all delicacy the prejudice of education: it is very difficult for ſuch perſons to preſerve noble ſentiments; their probity is ſtrictly reduced to not ſteal, and ſuch kind of probity can never conſer a deſirable reputation. Such is the general opinion (admitting many exceptions) concerning a certain claſs, called monied men, who yet uſe none but legitimate means and calculations, which often imply great genius, to get rapidly rich; and, if ſuch a prejudice exiſts againſt theſe men, what muſt be thought of Gameſters? Men who conſtantly ſeek happineſs in the deſtruction of others? Thoſe who dedicate their lives to this moſt tireſome, as well as diſgraceful, traffic, prompted by cupidity alone, ſufficiently prove the deſire of winning will induce them to make any ſacrifice; and that ſuch, who will ſubmit to any meanneſs for ſordid intereſt, think little of fame and emulation.

Well, let me counſel you, in my turn, Sinclair, not to be ſo very intolerant to Gameſters; it may breed you many enemies in the preſent age.

That

That fear ſhall never hinder me from ſpeaking wholeſome truths, ſaid he; and ſo ended our dialogue.

Sinclair's reaſoning made ſome impreſſion on my mind, but, led away by faſhion and example, I forgot his advice, and weakneſs and idleneſs continued me a Gameſter. But, added M. de la Paliniére, it is paſt ten o'clock, and therefore high time that, for the preſent, I break off this hiſtory of the follies of my youth. To-morrow you ſhall have the continuation. And, accordingly, on the morrow, he began the eleventh evening, in the following manner.

My propenſity to play ſoon brought on many new connexions; I viſited all thoſe which are called open houſes, becauſe at ſuch I was ſure to find a large aſſembly of Gameſters.

One night, after ſupper, at the *** Ambaſſador's, I won three thouſand guineas, of a young man called the Marquis de Clainville. I was not acquainted with him, but his perſon and manners intereſted me in his behalf; I ſaw his deſpair at the loſs of ſo conſiderable a ſum, and, as I was not yet Gameſter enough to remain inſenſible to every thing but money, I had a great deſire he ſhould win his guineas again; he ſaw my deſign, and, through delicacy, would play no more; but whiſpered me, with great emotion, I ſhould be paid the next day. He quitted the company, and

left an impreſſion of anxiety on my mind, which was increaſed by the ill fortune that attended my play the reſt of the evening; during which I loſt two thouſand guineas, and went home, at ſix in the morning, fatigued, exhauſted, and out of humour with myſelf, and the way in which I had ſpent my night.

I received the three thouſand guineas I had won, on the morrow, and, four days after, my uncle entered my room, betimes in the morning, telling me he was coming to ſpeak to me concerning a very important affair. We retired to an inner apartment, and I aſked my uncle what were his commands.

You ſee me grieved to the ſoul, ſaid he, and you are the cauſe.

I!——Which way? How?

You know d'Elbène has been my moſt intimate friend for theſe thirty years; he has an only daughter, whom he adores, who was on the point of marriage. Authorized by the conſent of her father, ſhe loved the Marquis de Clainville, her deſtined huſband, and each party had given their promiſe——

Well!

The Marquis loſt three thouſand guineas at play, with you, and d'Elbène has withdrawn his conſent: he will not give his daughter to a Gameſter. But that is not all; the father of the unfortunate

young

young man, irritated at this adventure, has obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and poor Clainville is this day departed for Saumur, where, it is ſaid, he is to be confined for two years.

Oh heavens! Unhappy youth! To loſe at once his father's affection, his miſtreſs, and his liberty! And am I the cauſe, the innocent cauſe, of all his miſery! But how could I divine his ſituation? How might I prevent his folly?

When we have only a ſlight knowledge of who we play high with, and cannot tell whether they can pay their debts *of honour*, without their own deſtruction, ſuch horrid conſequences muſt often follow; and thus it is that Gameſters always unite inhumanity to extravagance. To play high againſt a perſon who cannot pay is madneſs, and it is ſavage barbarity when the payment muſt ruin the loſer and his family. Seldom does a Gameſter reflect, except in the moment of loſs; he has then ſome glimmerings of reaſon; he reproaches himſelf, foreſees his deſtruction, and the miſery of thoſe who depend on him, and the dreadful picture inſpires a ſhort remorſe. But, did not avarice exclude all generous ſentiments from his boſom, what a multitude of cutting reflections would riſe to his imagination when he wins. He would then ſay——— "What is the ſituation of the perſon "who pays me this money? Perhaps he has ſold "his eſtates, reduced his children to beggary,

" and ſacrificed all the feelings of nature to ho-
" nour! Perhaps this ſum, which is deſtined
" by me to my pleaſures, is his all! Perhaps, in-
" duced by deſpair, he is now meditating ſome
" terrible ſtroke againſt his own life! Per-
" haps"——

Hold! hold! my dear Uncle! you freeze my blood with horror! The three thouſand guineas lie on that table: I cannot bear to look on them! And yet, am I to blame, for being the indirect means of this young man's affliction? I did not preſs him to play, and how could I refuſe to take his money?

But do you not know that, by becoming a Gameſter, you muſt neceſſarily be the cauſe of a thouſand ſimilar events; and muſt not a thought like this render ſuch a character deteſtable to all thinking people? Can we be ſaid to be the *indirect means* of miſery, when that miſery is the inevitable conſequence of our conduct. Saint-Albin, always idle, yet always buſy, a uſeleſs citizen, an inſignificant courtier, driving from place to place, to fly from his own thoughts, and breaking his horſes wind to give them air; Saint-Albin, the other day, ran over a man, in his way to Verſailles, who died on the morrow. You know the noiſe this affair made, you know the public outcry it excited. And wherefore? Becauſe this tragic accident was occaſioned by his want of care; becauſe he drives full

full ſpeed, and becauſe ſuch careleſſneſs implies as little prudence as humanity.

I am convinced, my dear uncle; you have opened my eyes; I have been a Gameſter for a moment, becauſe I had not made theſe reflections; ſhould I continue one, I am now totally inexcuſable.

In fact, the misfortune of Clainville, and the expoſtulations of my uncle, made an impreſſion on my mind which was not to be effaced.

I inſtantly went to Clainville's father, and tendered the three thouſand guineas I had had the unhappineſs to win of his ſon; informing him he might take whatever method he pleaſed for the payment, and proteſting I was in no immediate want of the money. But my propoſition was refuſed with diſdain; I was even given to underſtand he was well perſuaded I affected a generoſity I did not feel, and that I ſhould never have made the offer, had I not been aſſured it would not be accepted.

Stung by an inſinuation ſo unjuſt, I roſe, with ſome warmth, and ſaid, Well, Sir, ſince nothing can prevail with you to revoke the cruel order that deprives your ſon of liberty, do not ſuppoſe I will put the money I deteſt to my own private uſe. I will carry it to the Conciergerie, get a liſt of the debtors, and, ſince it has thrown one man in priſon, it ſhall make many free.

So ſaying, I haſtily left the room, went to the Conciergerie, did as I had ſaid, and, with the three thouſand guineas, gave liberty to forty priſoners.

When I renounced play, I neceſſarily renounced moſt of the new connexions I had formed within the laſt three months. I had neglected my wife; I returned to her with tranſport, and ſhe received me with tenderneſs, and an indulgence that made her a thouſand times dearer to my heart than ever. During the firſt effuſions of my reconciliation, I acknowledged all my wrongs, all my caprices, nor did I hide the injuſtice I had been guilty of in ſuſpecting Sinclair.

Julia ſeemed both aſtoniſhed and afflicted at this ſtrange confeſſion; and, dreading leſt I ſhould again relapſe into the ſame weakneſs, begged of me not to bring Sinclair ſo often to the houſe as formerly; for, during the laſt three or four months, I had ſeldom ſeen him, and he had, of his own accord, been much leſs frequent in his viſits.

This was very prudent advice, but I did not follow it; I ſuppoſed myſelf cured, and would prove I was. I haunted Sinclair, and made him every kind of advance: he loved me, and was eaſily perſuaded I had at length become reaſonable; and, though he had too much penetration not to have perceived my jealouſy, yet, he had no certain proof of it, nor could ſuppoſe it more than a flight and momentary diſtemper.

In

In this renewal of our friendſhip, however, he thought it prudent to confide a ſecret to me which, unhappily, produced an effect entirely oppoſite to what he intended. He owned he had long been in love; the perſon I love, ſaid he, made me promiſe not to truſt the ſecret to any one; family reaſons, of the utmoſt importance, occaſion this myſtery. It is only within theſe three days, though I have a thouſand times, this year paſt, endeavoured the ſame thing, that I could obtain merely her permiſſion to inform you of the ſituation of my heart, and ſhe ſtill obſtinately inſiſts that her name ſhall be concealed.

Had Sinclair told me this with a natural and open air, he, perhaps, would for ever have reeſtabliſhed tranquillity in my ſoul: but, beſides his wiſh to give me a proof of his confidence, he likewiſe deſired to inſpire me with a perfect ſecurity reſpecting himſelf; and, as he was unwilling I ſhould diſcover he had ever divined my jealouſy, this diſſimulation gave him an air of conſtraint and embarraſſment which did not eſcape my obſervation; and which, by being attributed to a wrong motive, again produced all my former fears.

Had he openly told me the truth, had he acknowledged he had ſeen my injurious ſuſpicions, and added that, to prevent their return, he had informed me of this his ſecret tie, he would have ſpoken without embarraſſment, and I ſhould have thought

thought he ſpoke truth. But, from a friendly, though falſe, delicacy, he wiſhed to ſpare my ſhame; he feigned ignorance of my ever being capable of ſuſpecting him; his behaviour was conſtrained, and his words had neither the manner nor tone of truth; his eyes avoided mine; he ſeemed to fear I ſhould read his thoughts in his looks; he appeared confuſed, and I ſuppoſed myſelf deceived. Thus, by an aukward and ill-timed precaution, did he rekindle the jealouſy he wiſhed for ever to extinguiſh.

Criminal or not criminal, artifice is always dangerous, and frequently fatal; diſſimulation can hardly, in any caſe, be innocent, and plain ſincerity ever was and ever will be the beſt policy. It is the natural ſyſtem of capacious ſouls, and a certain indication of the ſuperiority of mind and genius in thoſe who adopt it.

I endeavoured, however, to hide what paſſed in my heart; but this heart was mortally wounded; and I determined ſtrictly to obſerve in future the motions and conduct of Sinclair. Vexation, and the neceſſity of deploring my misfortunes made me guilty of a thouſand follies; I diſcovered my jealouſy to more than one perſon, and the world is apt enough to believe that a huſband has always his reaſons for his ſuſpicions, and that he knows more than he reveals.

Thus

Thus did I injuriouſly wound my wife's reputation, and give ſcandal a plauſible pretext to take away her character. Silly, unreaſonable, and unjuſt, I heaped ridicule on my own head.

As I obſerved Sinclair with a jaundiced eye, I daily confirmed my own ſuſpicion. Unable to overcome the chagrin that devoured me, and knowing Sinclair's affairs would detain him ſome time at Paris, I took Julia to a country-houſe I had near Marli. My uncle went with us, and her friend Belinda followed.

So entirely was my mind occupied by paſſion, and ſo much was I altered, that I was become almoſt inſenſible to things the moſt intereſting. I had been ardently deſirous of children, yet, though my wife was five months advanced in her pregnancy, I ſcarcely felt any joy at the event: though Julia dwelt on it with rapture, and was conſtantly forming projects for the happineſs of her child, whom ſhe intended to ſuckle, and bring up herſelf.

When we had been in the country a fortnight, I went, one morning, into Julia's apartment, intending to come to an explanation with her. Unfortunately, ſhe was gone with her friend Belinda into the garden. Determined to wait for her, I went into her bed-chamber, ſat down on a couch, and fell into a melancholy revery. Tired of waiting, in about a quarter of an hour, I got

up

up, haſtily, and, as I roſe, overturned the pillow, under which lay a pocket-book. I had never ſeen this pocket-book in Julia's poſſeſſion, and yet it was not new. This was enough to incite my curioſity, and raiſe a thouſand confuſed ſuſpicions. I ſeized it, put it in my pocket, and inſtantly retired, or rather ſkulked, to my own room.

As ſoon as I was there, I locked and bolted myſelf in, and ſunk down in an an arm-chair to take breath; I was almoſt ſuffocated, a heavy oppreſſion lay upon my breaſt, and the power of reſpiration was nearly loſt. My hands trembled, and, unable to hold the pocket-book, I laid it upon the table, looked earneſtly at it, and the tears ſtarted in my eyes.

What am I doing! cried I——An act I could not excuſe in another!———Is not wafer upon a piece of paper an impenetrable wall to a man of honour or honeſty; and ſhall I break a lock?—— Oh heavens! Fraud and violence are not more horrible! What have my paſſions brought me to!——

The reflection made me ſhudder: I conſidered, a moment, whether I ſhould not carry it back to where I found it; but paſſion was too powerful, I gave way to deſpair, took up the pocket-book with a kind of frenzy, gave the lock a wrench, and it flew open.

Heavens!

Heavens! ſaid I, what is this? A picture! A portrait!

My blood ran cold, my heart ſunk within me, my head became giddy, and a univerſal trembling came over me. My eyes were fixed on the fatal picture! It was Sinclair himſelf!———Wretch! Woman! Perfidious woman! I cried, thou dieſt!

I am ſure ſhe was innocent, interrupted Pulcheria, ſobbing with great emotion——I am ſure ſhe was———And ſo, Sir,——if you were——were ſo wicked as to kill her, I beg you——— you——won't tell us any more of your ſtory——

M. de la Paliniére wiped a tear from his cheek, and replied——Do not be alarmed, my dear girl! Heaven protected the innocent, and puniſhed me, for I was guilty.

In the firſt tranſport of rage, I quite loſt all reaſon and recollection; I thought Julia a monſter that ſcarcely belonged to the ſame ſpecies. I burnt with a deſire to diſhonour, to defame her, and publiſh to the world her ſhame and my misfortunes. I began by writing a note to Sinclair: it contained the following words!

"At length I am convinced you are the falſeſt "and vileſt of men, neither ſuppoſe you ever "deceived me; 'tis above a year ſince I learnt "your perfidy. Meet me, this evening, behind "the Chartreux: charge your piſtols. I claim the

" the choice of weapons, you have that of ſe-
" conds."

I ſigned it, and flew from my chamber, at the door of which I met a ſervant; aſtoniſhed at my wild and diſtracted air, he ſtopped, I gave him the note I had juſt written, and ordered him to ſend a man and horſe away with it inſtantly to Paris; after which, added I, with the voice of fury, " Go " to your miſtreſs, tell her I am about to depart, " that I will never ſee her more, and that a con- " vent henceforth ſhall be her eternal reſidence."

I then ordered my horſes, and ran to my uncle's apartment; he was alone, and drew back with terror when he ſaw me. I related my ſtory in few words; and added that, before this diſcovery, I had long been well aſſured of Julia's falſehood.

My uncle was willing ſtill to doubt, begged of me to ſay nothing of the matter, nor take any ſtep till after mature reflection: he added, all reſolutions made in the moment of anger are imprudent, and ever incur repentance and regret; that, beſides, the ſtrongeſt appearances are often falſe; and that the longer we live, and the more experience we have, the leſs do we take things upon truſt. But my uncle talked to the deaf: poſſeſſed by deſpair, and ſolely occupied by projects of dreadful vengeance, I heard him not.

I was

I was loſt in a profound and dreadful revery, when, all at once, the door opened, and Julia entered! ——Audacious woman! cried I, be gone! or dread my fury!——My uncle, terrified, threw himſelf before me, ſeized me in his arms, and held me, with little trouble, for paſſion had deprived me of ſtrength.

Julia advanced, and addreſſing herſelf to my uncle——Let him go, ſaid ſhe——I have nothing to fear.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the impreſſion theſe few words made on my heart; the ſound of her heavenly voice pierced my very ſoul, and filled me with doubt and remorſe; my fury was gone; I looked at her and trembled; there was a majeſtic confidence, an undeſcribable dignity in her form and behaviour that gave additional power to her beauty, while the tranquillity of her countenance enforced the timidity I began to feel. Fixed in aſtoniſhment, and diſtruſt, I looked at her, but the power of ſpeech was fled.

This was a moment of fearful ſilence.——At laſt, Julia looked round, and ſaw the pocket-book open, and the lock forced, which I had thrown upon the floor. She ſtooped, and taking it deliberately up, ſaid——I now ſee the cauſe of your preſent ſituation, and the outrage you have committed.

Ah!

Ah! Julia! cried I——Is it poſſible you may be innocent! Yet, why do I doubt it, your very looks have juſtified you!

Why, then, cruel man, have you condemned me unheard?

And yet is not that the portrait of Sinclair?

Yes! But it is not mine.

May I believe it!

Sinclair has been married theſe ſix months; the pocket-book is his wife's, and that wife is Belinda.

* * * * * * * * * * *!

A juſtification ſo ſhort, ſo clear, ſo preciſe, left me without a doubt; it took from jealouſy all poſſibility of remaining or returning, but it covered me with confuſion ſo durable, and guilt ſo palpable, I was no longer capable of happineſs; I could not taſte the joy of finding a wife ſo lovely, and ſo virtuous, while I felt myſelf ſo very unworthy of her.

While my uncle wept over Julia, and claſped her in his arms, humbled and confounded, I remained immoveable. My repentance was without tenderneſs, for it was without hope of pardon. Julia returned the tenderneſs of my uncle, wiped the tears from her eyes, and coming to me, with

with a cold and ſerious aſpect, began to relate Belinda's ſtory.

She informed me that Belinda had loved Sinclair above two years; but having little fortune, and great expectations from her uncle, who had conceived a project of marrying her to a man of his own name, ſhe had determined to keep her inclinations for Sinclair ſecret; but, being her own miſtreſs, and ſtrongly importuned by Sinclair, ſhe had at laſt conſented to marry him, on condition the marriage ſhould remain private, till ſuch time as ſhe could bring her uncle to her opinion, which, with little patience, ſhe was certain of effecting.

In fact, continued Julia, ſtill addreſſing herſelf to me, her uncle has within theſe two months inſenſibly been inclining towards the wiſhes of Belinda; and ſhe was determined in about ſix weeks to inform him of every thing; that is, as ſoon as the man who governs her uncle, and who wiſhes to have Belinda himſelf, ſhould be gone out of town; but the public breach of to day has entirely broken her meaſures. She had left her pocket-book in my chamber, not finding it on her return, and hearing the meſſage you ſent by the ſervant, eaſily gueſſed the truth. I know my uncle, ſaid ſhe, and am certain that the diſcovery, juſt at this moment, will be fatal; but I will not heſitate an inſtant to ſacrifice fortune to the honour and

eaſe

eaſe of my friend. Go, juſtify yourſelf to your huſband; I will ſeek mine, and inform him of this event.

Julia's laſt ſentence inſtantly recalled to my mind the note I had written to Sinclair. It was above an hour ſince I had been ſo occupied by my paſſions, and Julia, that I had forgotten the whole univerſe; at length, recollecting the mortal offence I had given Sinclair, I cried out, in a ſudden burſt of exclamation, oh heaven! Sinclair has, by this time, received my note!

The thought drove me half diſtracted; all the injurious expreſſions of this note came to my mind, and the remembrance heightened my confuſion and remorſe. I wrote to him, however, inſtantly; implored his indulgence, his pity, and conjured him to forget the ſins which repentance and deſpair in vain endeavoured to expiate.

I received no anſwer that night, but the next morning a letter from Sinclair was brought to my bed; I trembled while I opened it, and read as follows:

"It is true I was your friend, but you never "were mine: you! who openly avow you have "long ſuſpected me of the baſeſt of all perfidy, "you! who have believed me *the vileſt of men*, "were you ever my friend? O no!—I own "I ſaw your jealouſy, but imagined your heart "diſavowed the mean ſuſpicion, and ultimately "truſted

" truſted me: I thought you ſuppoſed it an involuntary paſſion, and believed I deceived myſelf in my own feelings; therefore I concluded your jealouſy extravagant, only, and capricious, but that you could not, for a moment, doubt the probity of your friend. Such was the opinion I had of you; in deſtroying this belief, you have for ever deſtroyed the friendſhip of which it was the baſis. Appearances, you alledge, were ſo ſtrong in this laſt inſtance. But have not you accuſed me in your heart a thouſand times previous to this event? Beſides, when the honour of a wife, and a friend, is in queſtion, ought we to judge from appearances?

" Being determined never to ſee you again, it is my duty here to clear up whatever may appear myſterious in the conduct of your wife. Her prudence would never ſuffer her to hear a ſecret from a perſon of my age; her friend Belinda was ſufficiently acquainted with her to be certain of this; therefore, in confiding her own to Julia, ſhe was aſſured I ſhould remain a ſtranger to that confidence, ſo long as it was neceſſary you ſhould be ſo too. On the other hand, Belinda, doubtful of your diſcretion, and mortally fearing I ſhould open my heart to you, exacted a promiſe that I abſolutely would not; and, to engage me more readily and firmly, proteſted ſhe was irrevocably reſolved not to

" confide

" confide the ſecret to any one perſon, no, not " even to Julia; neither was it till yeſterday that " I diſcovered this artifice.

" After this explanation, when you ſhall under- " ſtand the exceſs of your injuſtice, it is to be hoped " you will feel, at the ſame time, how terrible it " is never to ſee our miſtakes till they are paſt " reparation. The reaſonings and counſels of " friendſhip have been all ineffectual; experience " I hope will bring conviction. Remember, that " to diſtruſt, without ceaſing, thoſe that are deareſt " to you, to cheriſh improbable and dreadful ſuſ- " picions againſt them, is an inſupportable ſelf- " puniſhment, and the torment of the wicked " and the weak.

" Farewel! You have loſt a faithful friend! I " an illuſion! But that illuſion was too dear to " me not to be for ever regretted! What ſocial " moments have you foregone; what ties have " you diſſolved! Unhappy man! I bewail your " fate. However, a new ſource of felicity pre- " ſents itſelf, you will ſoon be a father, may you " be a happy one?"

As I ended the letter, my uncle entered haſtily into my chamber——Riſe, inſtantly, ſaid he, Julia aſks for you; ſhe has paſſed a ſhocking night; yeſterday's dreadful buſineſs has had an effect which, in her ſituation, may be fatal.

An

An effect! What effect? Good God! cried I, ſend to Paris for help inſtantly.

I have done that already, ſaid my uncle; but, in addition to her trouble, ſhe has received news from Paris, which ſhe has ſcarcely ſtrength to ſupport. Belinda has written her a note, which contains nothing very intereſting; but Julia, hearing this note was brought by the Valet de chambre, inſiſted on ſpeaking to him, and learnt that Belinda has ſeen her uncle, declared her marriage, and he has determined never to pardon her. The relation has mortally afflicted Julia, and the more ſo for that you alone have been the cauſe.

During this explanation, I dreſſed myſelf with a bleeding heart, and flew to my wife. I found her in a fever, and ſuffering the pangs of labour. The Phyſician arrived, and foretold the conſequences, for the ſame evening ſhe miſcarried. Inconſolable for the loſs of her child, ſhe could not diſſemble her grief; ſee, ſaid ſhe, bitterly weeping, behold what I ſuffer for you.

This cutting reproach, the firſt ſhe ever made me, compleated my diſtreſs. I had myſelf in horror! ſuppoſed myſelf deteſted! and, far from endeavouring to redreſs the wrongs I had done, aggravated them by a gloomy deſpair.

As ſoon as my wife was able, we returned to Paris. In vain did ſhe endeavour to conceal her grief; ſhe moaned over her late loſs, and wept

for her friend; for Sinclair, inflexible and determined to ſee me no more, had taken his wife into the fartheſt part of Poitou; add to which, Julia had ſtill another ſubject of affliction, not leſs ſevere than the former.

All Paris was acquainted with my jealouſy; and the hiſtory of the pocket-book, and my behaviour, had been told a thouſand different ways. The avowal of Sinclair's marriage had not juſtified Julia in the eyes of the multitude, who had been deceived too by falſe recitals; they concluded, from my fury, and my rupture with Sinclair, it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be innocent. Julia immediately ſaw, by the manner in which ſhe was received in the world, ſhe had loſt that conſideration and reſpect which, till then, had ever been paid to her virtues.

With feelings too acute for conſolation, and too proud to complain, ſhe cheriſhed in her heart a ſecret and cruel chagrin. I ſaw the injuſtice ſhe ſuffered, imagined her grief, and felt ſtronger than ever how much reaſon ſhe had to hate me, for being the ſole author of all her troubles; concluding myſelf, therefore, the object of her reſentment and averſion, I endeavoured not to conſole her, and attributed the gentleneſs with which ſhe treated me to principle only, not love. Such reiterated fancies, by increaſing my deſpondency, ſoured my impetuous temper to that degree that I became

came each day more and more ſullen, ſavage, and inſupportable.

Several months paſſed thus, till, at laſt, perceiving Julia's health daily decline, and that ſhe was ready to ſink under her woes, I ſuddenly took a reſolution to part from her, and give her back her liberty. I informed her of my determination, aſſuring her, at the ſame time, it was irrevocable. I confeſs, however, notwithſtanding my certitude, at moments, of her hatred, I ſecretly flattered myſelf that this declaration would aſtoniſh and produce a moſt lively emotion in Julia; and it is certain, had I diſcovered the leaſt ſigns of regret, on her part, I ſhould have caſt myſelf at her feet, and abjured a reſolution which pierced my very ſoul.

I was deceived in ſuppoſing myſelf hated; I was equally wrong in imagining my conduct could inſpire even momentary love. Great minds are incapable of hatred; but a continued improper and bad conduct will produce indifference, as it did with Julia. I had loſt her heart paſt recall. She heard me with tranquillity, without ſurprize, and without emotion. My reputation, ſaid ſhe, is already injured, and this will confirm the unjuſt ſuſpicions of the public; but, if my preſence is an obſtacle to your happineſs, I am ready to depart; my innocence is ſtill my own, and I ſhall have ſufficient ſtrength to ſubmit to my fate.

Cruel woman, cried I, ſhedding a torrent of tears, with what eaſe do you ſpeak of parting.

Is it not your own propoſal?

And is it not I who adore you, and you who hate me?

Of what benefit is your love to me; or what injury is what you call my hatred to you?

I have made you unhappy; I am unjuſt, capricious, mad: and yet, if you *do* hate me, Julia, your revenge is too ſevere; there is no miſery can equal your hatred.

I do not hate you.

The manner in which ſhe pronounced this ſaid ſo poſitively *I do not love you*, that I was tranſported beyond all bounds of patience; I became furious, yet, the next inſtant, imagining I ſaw terror in the eyes of Julia, I fell at her feet. A tear, a ſigh, at that moment, had changed my future fate, but ſhe ſtill preſerved her cold tranquillity. I got haſtily up, went to the door, and ſtopped. *Farewel for ever!* ſaid I, half ſuffocated with paſſion. Julia turned pale, and roſe as if to come to me; I advanced towards her, and ſhe fell back in her chair, ready almoſt to faint. I interpreted this violent agitation into terror. What am I become a ſubject of horror! cried I; well, I will deliver you from this odious object. So ſaying, I darted from the chamber in an agony of deſpair.

My

My uncle was abſent, I no longer had a friend, no one to adviſe or counteract the raſhneſs of the moment. Diſtracted, totally beſide myſelf, I ran to the parents of Julia, declared my intention, and added, Julia herſelf was deſirous of a ſeparation, and that I would give back all her fortune.

They endeavoured to reaſon with me, but in vain; I informed them I ſhould go directly into the country, where I ſhould ſtay two days, and when I came back expected to find myſelf alone in my own houſe. I next wrote to Julia to inform her of my proceedings, and departed, as I had ſaid I would, the ſame evening for the country.

My paſſions were too much agitated to let me perceive the extent of miſery to which I condemned myſelf; and, what ſeems now inconceivable was that, though I loved my wife dearer than ever, and was inwardly perſuaded I yet might regain her affections, I found a kind of ſatisfaction in making our rupture thus ridiculouſly public: I never could have determined on a ſeparation from Julia with that coolneſs and propriety which ſuch things, when abſolutely neceſſary, demand. I wanted to aſtoniſh, to agitate, to rouze her from a ſtate of indifference, which, to me, was more dreadful even than her hatred. I flattered myſelf that, hearing me, ſhe had doubted my ſincerity, and ſuppoſed me incapable of finally parting from her.

I likewiſe imagined that event would rekindle in her heart all her former affection, and this hope alone was enough to confirm me in the execution of my project. I took pleaſure in ſuppoſing her incertitude, aſtoniſhment, and diſtreſs: my fancy repreſented her when reading my letter; beheld her, conducted by her relations, pale and trembling, deſcend the ſtairs; ſaw her ſtop, and ſigh as ſhe paſſed the door of my apartment, and weep as ſhe ſtepped into the carriage.

I had left a truſty perſon, at Paris, with orders to obſerve her as carefully as poſſible; to watch her, follow her, queſtion her woman, and inform me of all ſhe ſaid or did at this critical moment; but the relation was not long. Julia continued ſecluded in her chamber, received her friends without a witneſs, and departed by a private ſtair-caſe unſeen by any one.

M. de la Palaniére had proceeded thus far in his recital when the clock ſtruck ten, and the young auditors retired to reſt: the day following he thus continued his tale.

I left off at the dreadful period of my parting with Julia. The ſame afternoon that ſhe left my houſe ſhe wrote me a note, which contained nearly theſe words:

"I have followed your orders, and departed "from a place whither I ſhall always be ready to "return, whenever your heart ſhall recall me;

"As

" As to your propoſal of giving back a fortune " too conſiderable for my preſent ſituation, I dare " expect, as a proof of your eſteem, it will not be " inſiſted upon: ſo to inſiſt would be now the " only remaining thing that could add to my un- " eaſineſs. Condeſcend, therefore, to accept the " half of an income which can give me no plea- " ſure, if you do not partake it with me."

This billet, which I waſhed with my tears, gave birth to a croud of reflections. The contraſt of behaviour between me and Julia forcibly ſtruck me, and conſequences taught me how much affection, founded upon duty, is preferable to paſſion. I adore Julia, ſaid I, and yet am become her tormentor, have determined to proceed even to a ſeparation; ſhe loved me without paſſion, and was conſtantly endeavouring to make me happy; was ever ready to ſacrifice her opinions, wiſhes, and will, and continually pardoning real offences, while I have been imputing to her imaginary ones: and at laſt, when my exceſſive folly and injuſtice have loſt her heart, her forgiveneſs and generoſity have yet ſurvived her tenderneſs, and ſhe thinks and acts the moſt noble and affecting duties towards an object ſhe once loved. Oh yes! I now perceive true affection to be that which reaſon approves, and virtue ſtrengthens.

Overwhelmed by ſuch like reflections, the moſt bitter repentance widened every wound of my

bleeding heart. I ſhuddered, when I remembered the public manner in which I had put away my wife; and, in this fearful ſtate of mind, I had doubtleſs gone and caſt myſelf at Julia's feet, acknowledged all my wrongs, and declared I could not live without her, had I not been prevented by ſcruples, which, for once, were but too well founded.

I had been a Prodigal and a Gameſter, and, what was ſtill worſe, had a ſteward, who poſſeſſed in a ſuperior degree the art of confuſing his accounts, which indubitably proves ſuch a perſon to want either honeſty or capacity. Inſtead of at firſt diſcharging him, I only begged he would not trouble me with his bills and papers; which order, with him, needed no repetition, for it was not unintentionally that he had been ſo obſcure and diffuſe.

About ſix months, however, before the period I at preſent ſpeak of, he had ſeveral times demanded an audience, to ſhew me the declining ſtate of my affairs. At the moment, this made little impreſſion upon me; but, after reading Julia's note, it came into my mind, and, before I would think of obtaining my pardon, I reſolved to learn my real ſituation.

Unhappily for me, my conduct had been ſuch I had no right to depend on my wife's eſteem; and, if ruined, how could I aſk her to return and for-

get

get what was paſſed? Would not ſhe aſcribe that to intereſt which love alone had inſpired? The idea was inſupportable, and I would rather even never behold Julia more than be liable to be ſo ſuſpected.

With ſuch fears I returned haſtily to Paris. But what were my ſenſations at entering a houſe which Julia no longer inhabited, and whence I myſelf had had the madneſs and folly to baniſh her! Attacked by a thouſand afflicting thoughts, overwhelmed with grief and regret, I had one only hope, which was that, by œconomy and care, I might again re-eſtabliſh my affairs, and afterwards obtain forgiveneſs, and be reconciled to Julia.

I ſent for my ſteward, and began by declaring the firſt ſtep I ſhould take would be to return my wife's fortune. He ſeemed aſtoniſhed at this, and wanted to diſſuade me, by ſaying he did not think it poſſible I could make this reſtitution, without abſolute ruin being the conſequence. I ſaw, by this, my affairs were even much worſe than I had imagined.

This diſcovery threw me into the moſt dreadful deſpair; for to loſe my fortune was, according to my principles, to loſe Julia eternally!

Before I ſearched minutely into my affairs, I reſtored Julia's whole portion. I then paid my debts; and, this buſineſs finiſhed, I found myſelf ſo

completely ruined that I was obliged to purchaſe a trifling life-annuity, with what remained of a large fortune. My eſtates, horſes, houſes, all were ſold, and I hired a ſmall apartment near the Luxembourg, about three months after my ſeparation from my wife. My uncle was not rich, he had little to live on except a penſion from government, though he offered me aſſiſtance, which I refuſed.

Julia, in the mean time, had retired to a convent. On the very day I had quitted my houſe, I received a letter from her in the following terms:

"Since you have forced me to receive what you "call mine, ſince you treat me like a ſtranger, I "think myſelf juſtified in doing the ſame. When "I left your houſe, the fear of offending you, in "appearing to deſpiſe your gifts, occaſioned me "to take with me the diamonds and jewels which "you have preſented to me: it was your re-"queſt, your command, that I ſhould do ſo, and "I held obedience my duty. But, ſince you "ſhew me you will not act with the ſame deli-"cacy, I have determined to part with theſe uſe-"leſs ornaments, which never were valuable "but as coming from you. I have found a "favourable opportunity of ſelling them advan-"tageouſly for eighty thouſand livres (3334l.) "which I have ſent to your Attorney, as a ſum

"I was

" I was indebted to you, and which you cannot
" oblige me to take back, ſince it is not mine.

" I have been in the convent of *** for theſe
" two months paſt, where I intend to remain for
" ſome weeks, at leaſt, unleſs you take me hence.
" *We* have a fine eſtate in Flanders, they ſay it is
" a charming country. Speak but a word, and
" I am ready to go with you, to live with you, to
" die with you."

How ſhall I deſcribe my feelings at reading this letter! Oh Julia! cried I, lovely, adorable woman! Is it poſſible! Oh God! Can it be that I have accuſed you of perfidy! have done every thing in my power to diſhonour you! have abandoned you! What! a heart ſo delicate, ſo noble, did I once poſſeſs, and have I loſt it! Oh miſery! I might have been the happieſt of men, I am the moſt wretched. And can I, in my preſent circumſtances, accept the generous pardon thou offereſt! Oh no! Better die than ſo debaſe myſelf! No, Julia, though thou mayeſt truly accuſe me of extravagance and injuſtice, thou never ſhalt have reaſon to ſuſpect me of meanneſs.

Streams of tears ran down my cheeks, while I reaſoned thus. I wrote twenty anſwers, and tore them all; at laſt, I ſent the following:

" I admire the noble manner of your proceed-
" ing, the ſublimity of your mind; and yet this

" exceſs of generoſity is not incomprehenſible " *to me.* Yes, I conceive the heart-felt ſatisfac- " tion of ſaying, *All which the moſt tender love can* " *inſpire, virtue alone ſhall make me perform.*—— " But I will not take advantage of its empire over " you——Live free, be happy, forget me—— " Adieu, Julia——You have indiſputably all the " ſuperiority of reaſon over paſſion.——And yet I " have a heart, perhaps, not unworthy of your's."

With this letter I returned the eighty thouſand livres, ordering it to be told her that the diamonds, having been given at her marriage, were undoubtedly her's; and having once received, ſhe had no right to force them back upon me.

I had now made a ſacrifice the moſt painful; Julia had offered to conſecrate her life to me, and I had renounced a happineſs without which there was neither peace nor pleaſure on earth for me. My grief, however, was rather profound than violent; I had offered up felicity at the altar of honour, and that idea, in ſome meaſure, ſupported me. Beſides, I did not doubt but my letter would prove to Julia that, notwithſtanding all my errors, I yet was worthy her eſteem. The hope of exciting her pity, and, eſpecially, regret, at parting from me, again animated my heart: I ſuppoſed her relenting, and grieved, and the ſuppoſition gave me a little eaſe.

I had

I had lived about a fortnight retired in my lodging near the Luxembourg, when I received an order to depart immediately, and join my regiment. Peace had been declared near a year, and my regiment was in garriſon two hundred leagues from Paris. I was one of the moſt ignorant colonels in Europe; beſides that I ſtill ſecretly cheriſhed the fond hope Julia was not loſt to me for ever; though I perfectly felt I could not recede, nor could ſhe make any further advances; yet ſtill I flattered myſelf ſome unforeſeen event would again confer a bleſſing on me which I had never ſincerely renounced.

In fact, I could not reſolve to quit Paris, and put the intolerable ſpace of two hundred leagues between me and Julia; I wrote therefore to the miniſter, to obtain leave of abſence, which was refuſed me, and I inſtantly threw up my commiſſion.

Thus did I quit the ſervice at five-and-twenty, and thus did paſſion and folly direct my conduct in all the moſt important events of life.

This laſt act of extravagance was the cauſe of great vexation to me; it increaſed and completed the difference between my uncle and me, who was previouſly very angry with me for raſhly ſeparating from my wife: ſo that I now found myſelf abſolutely forſaken by every perſon in the world whom moſt I loved.

At

At firſt, indeed, I did not feel all the horror of my ſituation, being ſolely occupied by one idea which ſwallowed up all the reſt. I wiſhed to ſee Julia once more. I imagined, if I could but find any means of appearing ſuddenly and unexpectedly before her, I ſhould revive ſome part of the affection ſhe formerly had for me. But I could not aſk for her at the convent; for what had I to ſay? She never went out, and her apartment was in the interior part of the houſe, how then could I come to the ſight of her?

I had a valet who happened to be acquainted with a couſin of one of the Touriere's *(a)*, I ſpoke to this man, and got him to give me a letter for his couſin the Touriere, in which I was announced as one of his friends, and ſteward to a country lady, who wanted to ſend her daughter to a convent.

Accordingly, at twilight, I wrapt myſelf up in a great coat, put on an old ſlouched hat, and went to the convent. The Touriere was exactly ſuch a perſon as I wiſhed; that is, ſhe was exceedingly talkative and communicative. At firſt I put ſome vague queſtions to her, and afterwards ſaid, my miſtreſs was not abſolutely determined to ſend her daughter to a convent, whence I took occaſion to aſk if they had many boarders.

(a) A kind of Female Runner, or Turnkey to a convent. T.

Oh

Oh yes, replied ſhe, and married women too, I aſſure you. Here my heart beat violently, and ſhe, with a whiſper, a ſmile, and an air of ſecrecy, added——You muſt know, Sir, it is this very convent, that incloſes the beautiful Madame de la Paliniére of whom you have certainly heard ſo much.

Yes——Yes——I have——She is a charming woman.

Charming! Oh beautiful to a degree! It is a great pity!——But it is to be hoped God will grant her the gift of repentance.

Repent! of what?

Sir!——Yes, yes, Sir, it is plain enough you are juſt come from the country, or you could not aſk ſuch a queſtion. So you don't know!

I have heard ſhe had a capricious unjuſt huſband, but——

Oh yes! That to be ſure ſhe had: every body talks of his folly and brutality, but that will not excuſe her conduct. I hear every thing, and can aſſure you ſhe is here much againſt her inclination; nay, ſhe would not have come, had ſhe not dreaded an order for impriſonment.

Impriſonment! Oh heaven!

Not for her good behaviour, as you may ſuppoſe. Why ſhe is neither ſuffered to go out nor ſee any perſon whatever, except her neareſt relations. Oh! ſhe leads a very melancholy life!

You

You may well think our Nuns won't have any communication with a wife falſe to her huſband's bed. The very boarders will not look at her: every body avoids her as they would infection. God forgive her! ſhe muſt do penance yet; but inſtead of that, ſhe is playing upon the harpſichord all day long; is as freſh as a roſe, and looks better every day; ſhe muſt be ſtubborn in ſin.

And does not ſhe ſeem ſorrowful?

Not at all; her woman ſays, ſhe never ſaw her ſo contented; for my own part, I am charitable; and hope ſhe may yet be reclaimed, for ſhe has not a bad heart; ſhe is generous and benevolent, and yet ſhe has inſiſted upon having all her fortune reſtored, and has left her huſband in abſolute want. You will tell me he is mad and fooliſh, has ruined himſelf nobody knows how, and has juſt ſuffered the diſgrace of being degraded in the army. I own they have taken away his commiſſion; yes, he has loſt his regiment; but yet, I ſay, a huſband is a huſband. The poor man wrote to her, about a month ſince, to beg her aſſiſtance, but no! ſhe told him plainly, no! Its very hard though!——I have all theſe things from the beſt authority, I don't talk by hearſay; I have been fifteen years in this houſe, and, I thank my God, nobody could ever ſay I was a tattler, or a vender of ſcandal.

The Touriere continued at her own eaſe praiſing herſelf; I had not the power of interruption left. She was loudly called for, kept talking all the way ſhe went, and, in a few minutes, returned.

It was the relation of a young novice, who takes the veil to-morrow, that wanted me, ſaid ſhe. Ah! now: there! there is a true convert! A call of grace! Gives fifty thouſand francs (2083l.) to the convent? You ought to ſee the ceremony: our boarders will all be there, and you can take a peep through the church window.

At what o'clock will it begin?

Three in the afternoon. The novice is as beautiful as an angel, and is only twenty. Had ſhe not loſt her lover and her father in the ſame year, ſhe would never have attended to the bleſſed inſpirations of the Spirit. How good Providence is to us! Her father died firſt, and her lover, who was impriſoned at Saumur, about five months after, of a broken heart, as it is thought.

What was his name? cried I, in an agony not to be deſcribed!

The Marquis of Clainville, replied the Touriere, and our novice is called Mademoiſelle d'Elbéne.

This laſt ſentence went with inexpreſſible torture to my heart. I roſe ſuddenly, and ran out, with

with an exclamation that threw the Touriere into aſtoniſhment and terror.

Arrived at my lodgings, I threw myſelf upon the ſopha, penetrated, torn, and confounded at all I had heard. The veil was rent away, the illuſion paſt, I knew at length the extent of my miſery; ſaw to what a point my extravagant conduct had ſtained my wife's reputation; felt how impoſſible it was for this innocent victim of my diſtraction truly to pardon the injury I had done her, by deſtroying the moſt precious thing a woman poſſeſſes; and owned the unjuſt contempt with which the world treated her ought inceſſantly to re-animate her reſentment againſt me its author. To her virtue alone could I now attribute her generous manner of acting.

In fact, from the account given by the Touriere, it was evident that Julia, conſoled by the teſtimony of a good conſcience, was reſigned to her fate, and lived at peace; which ſhe could not continue to do, but by burying my memory in eternal oblivion.

God of mercies! cried I, into what frightful abyſs have my paſſions plunged me! Had I ſubdued jealouſy, had I overcome my natural impetuoſity, my idleneſs, and inclination for play, I ſhould have enjoyed a conſiderable fortune; ſhould not have borne the inward and dreadful reproach of effecting the death of a worthy young man,

nor

nor of being the primary cauſe of the ſacrifice which his unhappy miſtreſs will make to-morrow? I ſhould have been the delight of a benefactor, an uncle, who at preſent juſtly thinks me ungrateful and incorrigible; and ſhould not, cowardly, at five-and-twenty, have renounced the duty of ſerving my king and country. Far from being an object of contempt, and public cenſure, I ſhould have been univerſally beloved, and in poſſeſſion of the gentleſt, moſt charming, and moſt virtuous of women; ſhould have had the moſt faithful and amiable of friends, and, moreover, ſhould have been a father! Wretch, of what ineſtimable treaſures haſt thou deprived thyſelf! Now thou mayeſt wander, for ever lonely and deſolate over the peopled earth! So ſaying, I caſt my deſpairing eyes around, terrified as it were at my own comfortleſs and ſolitary ſituation.

Buried in theſe reflections, my attention was rouzed by the ſound of haſty footſteps upon the ſtairs. My door ſuddenly opened, a man appeared, and ran towards me; I roſe inſtinctively, advanced, and, in an inſtant, found myſelf in the arms of Sinclair!

While he preſſed me to his boſom, I could not reſtrain my tears; his flowed plentifully. A thouſand contending emotions were ſtruggling in my heart; but exceſſive confuſion and ſhame were moſt prevalent, and kept me ſilent.

I was

I was at the farther part of Poitou, my friend, ſaid Sinclair, and knew not till lately how neceſſary the conſolations of friendſhip were become; beſides, I wanted to aſſure myſelf of ſix months liberty, that I might afterwards devote myſelf to you. I am juſt come from Fontainbleau, have obtained leave of abſence, and you may now diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Oh Sinclair! cried I, unworthy of the title of your friend, I no longer deſerve, no more can enjoy, the precious conſolations which friendſhip, ſo pure, thus generouſly offers; I am paſt help, paſt hope.

Not ſo, ſaid he, again embracing me; I know thy heart, thy native ſenſibility, and noble mind; had I nothing but compaſſion to offer, certain I could not comfort, I ſhould have wept for, and aſſiſted thee, in ſecret: but thou wouldſt not have ſeen me here. No; friendſhip inſpires and brings me hither, with a happy aſſurance I ſhall ſoften thy anguiſh.

Sinclair's diſcourſe not only awakened the moſt lively gratitude, but raiſed me in my own eſteem. In giving me back his friendſhip, he gave me hopes for myſelf. I immediately opened my whole heart to him, and found a ſatisfaction of which I had long been deprived, that of ſpeaking without diſguiſe of all my faults, and all my ſorrows. The melancholy

melancholy tale was often interrupted by my tears, and Sinclair, after hearing me with as much attention as tenderneſs, raiſed his eyes to heaven, and gave a deep ſigh.

Of what uſe, ſaid he, are wit, ſenſibility of ſoul, or virtuous diſpoſitions, without thoſe ſolid, thoſe invariable principles which education or experience alone can give. He, who has never profited by the leſſons of others, can never grow wiſe but at his own expence, and is only to be taught by his errors and misfortunes.

Sinclair then conjured me to leave Paris, for a time, and travel; adding that he would go with me, and preſſed me to depart, without delay, for Italy. I give myſelf up entirely to your guidance, ſaid I.; diſpoſe of a wretch, who, without your aid, muſt ſink beneath his load of miſery. Profiting accordingly by the temper in which he found me, he made me give my word to ſet off in two days.

The evening before my departure, I wiſhed once more to reviſit the place where I had firſt beheld my Julia. It was in the gardens of the Palais-Royal; but, aſhamed of appearing in public, I waited till it was dark. There was muſic there that evening, and a great concourſe of people; ſo, hiding myſelf in the moſt obſcure part of the great alley, I ſat down behind a large tree.

I had

I had not ſat long before two men came and placed themſelves on the other ſide of the tree; I inſtantly knew one of them, by the ſound of his voice, to be Dainval, a young coxcomb, without wit, breeding, or principles, joining to a ridiculous affectation of perpetual irony a pretenſion to think philoſophically; laughing at every thing; deciding with ſelf-ſufficiency; at once pedantic and ſuperficial; ſpeaking with contempt of the beſt men, and the moſt virtuous actions, and believing himſelf profound by calumniating goodneſs.

Such was Dainval, a man whom I had believed my friend, till the moment of my ruin, and whoſe pernicious example and advice I had too often followed. I was going to riſe, and remove, when the ſound of my own name awakened my curioſity, and I heard the following dialogue begun by Dainval:

"O yes, it is very certain, he ſets off to-mor-
"row morning with Sinclair for Italy.

"How! Is he reconciled to Sinclair?

"The beſt friends on earth! Generoſity on
"one ſide, repentance on the other! Mutual
"tenderneſs, tears, and tortures; prayers, par-
"dons, and pacifications. The ſcene was truly
"pathetic.

"So there is not a word of truth in all the late town talk!

"What

" What their being rivals? Why ſhould you
" think ſo?

" Why how is it poſſible that Sinclair ſhould
" be ſo intereſted about a man he had betrayed?

" Ha! ha!——I do not pique myſelf much
" on finding reaſons for other men's actions, tho'
" I do a little for the faculty of ſeeing things as
" they are. Sinclair, ſtill fond of Julia, would
" reconcile her to her huſband, in order to get
" her out of a convent again. The thing is evi-
" dent enough.

" But wherefore then go to Italy?

" To give the town time to forget the hiſtory
" of the picture and the pocket-book.

" And yet there are many people who pretend
" the pocket-book was Belinda's?

" A fable invented at leiſure! The fact is,
" poor La Paliniére knew well enough, previous
" to that diſcovery, how matters went, and had
" told what he knew, above a year before, to
" whomſoever would liſten.

" Is he amiable pray? What ſort of a man is he?

" Who! La Paliniére!——A poor creature!
" Talents exceſſively confined; half ſtupid; no
" imagination; no reſource; no character. At
" his firſt coming into life he threw himſelf in
" my way, and I took him under my tuition;
" but I ſoon ſaw it was labour in vain: could

" never

" never make any figure; a head ill turned;
" gothic notions; trifling views; ſcarce com-
" mon ſenſe; a prodigal, that gaped with con-
" fuſion at the ſight of a creditor; a gameſter,
" that prided himſelf on generoſity, and greatneſs
" of ſoul, with a dice-box in his hand; any
" man's dupe; ruining himſelf without enjoy-
" ment, and without eclat.

" Have you ſeen him ſince his craſh?

" No; but I have burnt all our accounts, he'll
" never hear of them more.

" Did he owe you many play-debts?

" Numberleſs. I have deſtroyed his notes:
" not that I brag of ſuch things, nor ſhould I
" mention this to any body elſe. 'Tis a thing of
" courſe you know with a man of ſpirit; though
" I would not have you ſpeak of it."

I could contain myſelf no longer, at this laſt falſehood. Liar, cried I, behold me ready to pay all I owe you; retire from this place, and I hope to acquit myſelf.

Faith, ſaid Dainval, with a forced ſmile, I did not expect you, juſt now, I muſt confeſs. As to your cut-throat propoſal, it is natural enough from you; you have nothing to loſe, but I muſt take another year to compleat my ruin: therefore, when you return from Italy, or thereabouts, we ſhall fight on equal terms.

So

So ſaying, he ran off, without waiting for a reply, and left me with too much contempt for his cowardice to think of purſuit.

This then is the man, ſaid I to myſelf, whom I once thought amiable, by whoſe councils I have been often guided! What a depth of depravity! What a vile and corrupted heart! Oh how hideous is vice when ſeen without a veil! It never ſeduces but when concealed, and, having ever a greater proportion of imprudence than of artifice, it ſoon or late will break the brittle maſk with which its true face is covered.

This laſt adventure furniſhed me with more than one ſubject for reflection; it taught me how carefully thoſe who prize their reputation ought to avoid making themſelves the topic of public converſation, in which the ſarcaſms of ſcandal are always moſt prevalent. The malicious add and invent, and the fooliſh and the idle hear and repeat; truth is obſcured, and the deceived public condemn without appeal.

In the midſt of theſe thoughts there was one more afflicting than all the reſt; I was arrived at that height of miſery, that my greateſt misfortune was not that of being for ever ſeparated from Julia; no, I had another ſtill more inſupportable. The moſt virtuous and innocent of women, the ornament and glory of her ſex, groaned beneath the opprobrious burthen of the world's contempt,

and I alone was the cauſe of this cruel injuſtice. The remembrance of this diſtracted me, and made me almoſt inſenſible to the conſolations of friendſhip. Yes, ſaid I, to Sinclair, I could ſuffer ſingly for my errors, and ſupport my puniſhment perhaps with fortitude. Time, I know, deſtroys paſſion and regret, but it never can enfeeble the remorſe of a feeling heart born to the practice of virtue. The day may come when Julia will no longer live in my imagination with all thoſe ſeductive charms I now continually behold; but ſhe will ever remain there the innocent ſacrifice of folly and diſtraction, and the remembrance of that will be the torment of my life.

In effect, neither the tender cares of Sinclair, nor the diſſipation of a long voyage, could weaken my chagrin. When we returned to Paris, Sinclair was obliged to leave me and rejoin his regiment, and I departed, almoſt immediately, for Holland; where, ſix months after, Sinclair came to me. He ſuggeſted an idea of my undertaking ſome kind of commerce, and lent me money neceſſary to make a beginning.

Fortune ſeconded this new project, and I foreſaw the poſſibility of regaining the happineſs I had loſt: the deſire of laying the fruits of my labours at the feet of my Julia gave me as much induſtry as perſeverance; I vanquiſhed my natural indolence, and the tireſome diſguſt with which this

new

new ſpecies of employment at firſt inſpired me, and read and reflected, during the time that buſineſs did not call my attention.

Study ſoon ceaſed to appear painful; I acquired a paſſionate love for reading; my mind was inſenſibly enlightened, my ideas enlarged, and my heart became calm. Induſtry, reading, and thinking, recovered me, by degrees, from the ſoporiferous draught of indolence; religion likewiſe gave fortitude to reaſon, elevated my ſoul, and releaſed me from the tyrannical empire of paſſion.

This revolution in my temper and ſentiments did not at all change my projects. 'Tis true, I had no longer that exceſſive and ſilly paſſion for Julia which had made us both ſo unhappy. I loved with leſs violence, with leſs ſelf-intereſt, but with more certainty. Paſſion is always blind, ſelfiſh, and ſeeking its own ſatisfaction: friendſhip is founded upon eſteem, owes all its power to virtue, is more affectionate, and the more affectionate it is, the more it is equitable and generous.

I paſſed five years in Holland, during which time I was conſtantly fortunate in the buſineſs in which I was engaged; and, at length, by extreme œconomy and unwearied aſſiduity entirely reeſtabliſhed my fortune. I then thought of nothing but of once more viſiting my own country. I imagined, with the moſt tender delight, the

happineſs I was going to regain, when falling at the feet of Julia, I might ſay to her, "I return "worthy of you, I return to conſecrate my life "to your happineſs."

Thus occupied by the moſt delightful of ideas, I departed from Holland, far, alas! from ſuſpecting the blow I was about to receive.

I had written to Sinclair, deſiring him to inform Julia of my journey, and received an anſwer, at Bruſſels; by which I learnt Julia had had a fever, but, at the ſame time, the letter aſſured me ſhe had not been dangerouſly ill, and was almoſt recovered. The explanations which accompanied that letter prevented all uneaſineſs, and I continued my route with no other fear than that of ſeeing Julia more ſurprized than affected at my reſolutions and return.

I drew nearer and nearer to Paris, and, at laſt, when within twenty leagues, I met Sinclair, who ſtopt my carriage, and deſcended from his own. I opened the door, and flew to embrace him; but, as ſoon as my eyes met his, I ſhuddered: aſtoniſhment and terror rendered me ſpeechleſs! Sinclair opened his arms to me, but his face was bathed in tears! I durſt not aſk the reaſon, and he had not the power to tell me. I expected the worſt, and, from that moment, faithleſs fleeting joys for ever forſook my heart!

Sinclair

Sinclair dragged me towards my carriage, without ſpeaking a ſingle word, and the poſtillions inſtantly quitted the road to Paris. "Whither are "you taking me?" cried I, diſtractedly, "tell me, "I will know."

Ah, unhappy man!

Go on! continue! ſtrike me to the heart!

Sinclair anſwered not, but wept, and embraced me. Tell me, continued I, what is my fate. Is it her hatred, or her loſs, thou wouldſt announce?

Sinclair's lips opened to anſwer, and my heart ſunk within me; I wanted the courage to hear him pronounce my ſentence; "Oh, my friend!" added I, "my life this moment is in thy "hands."

The ſupplicating tone with which I ſpoke theſe words ſufficiently expreſſed my feelings. Sinclair looked at me with compaſſion in his eyes. "I can be ſilent," ſaid he, "but dare not de-"ceive:" he ſtopt; I aſked no more; and the reſt of the route we both kept a profound ſilence, which was only interrupted by my ſobs and ſighs.

Sinclair conducted me to a country houſe, where I, at length, received a confirmation of my miſery; alas! all was loſt; Julia exiſted no more; her death not only deprived me of all felicity, but took from me the means of repairing my faults;

of expiating my paſt errors, except by regret, repentance, and grief.

The remainder of my hiſtory has nothing intereſting; conſoled by time and religion, I conſecrated the reſt of my career to friendſhip, ſtudy, and the offices of humanity; I obtained my uncle's pardon, and the care of making him happy became my greateſt delight; and I fulfilled, without effort, and in their whole extent, thoſe ſacred duties which nature and gratitude required. Though my uncle was far advanced in life, heaven ſtill permitted him to remain with me ten years, after which I had the misfortune to loſe him; I purchaſed this eſtate, and retired hither to end my days. Sinclair promiſed to come and ſee me once a year, and though fifteen are now paſt ſince that event, we have never been eighteen months without ſeeing each other.

Sinclair, at preſent in his fifty-eighth year, has run a career the moſt brilliant and the moſt fortunate; a happy huſband, a happy father, a ſucceſsful warrior, covered with glory, loaded with fortune's favours, he enjoys a felicity and fate the more tranſcendant in that they only could be procured by virtue united to genius.

As for me, I, in my obſcure mediocrity, might yet find happineſs, were it not for the mournful, the bitter remembrance of the evils which others have ſuffered, through the errors of my youth.

So

So ſaying, M. de la Paliniére fetched a deep ſigh, and ceaſed to ſpeak: a ſhort ſilence followed; after which the Baronneſs and her daughter returned him thanks for his compliance, roſe, and with their children retired to reſt.

As ſoon as Madame de Clémire found herſelf alone with her children, ſhe demanded what inſtruction they had reaped from the Hiſtory of M. de la Paliniére? Has it not proved to you, ſaid ſhe, how dangerous a thing paſſion is?

Oh, yes, ſaid Cæſar; and, as you have often told us, we muſt never be paſſionately fond of any thing but fame.

True; that is to ſay, whatever is virtuous, whatever is great, whatever is heroic.

But what is an heroic action, mamma?

Something uſeful, ſomething generous, which yet duty does not exact: but, as the duties of a good man are exceedingly extenſive, there are few actions which a noble mind can truly conſider as heroic: when an action demands ſome great ſacrifice, when we cannot perform it without making ourſelves contemptible, then, for example, it becomes heroic. A wealthy perſon who gives alms, only, does a good, and not an heroic action: he would indeed do ill, were he to ſpend his money in ſuperfluities. A man, who in battle, diſcovers nothing more than coolneſs and courage, is not a

hero; he diſhonours himſelf if he be not cool and courageous. To judge, therefore, properly, of an action, conſider, firſt, if it wound neither humanity nor juſtice, for true grandeur is inſeparable from equity; think, next, how far it may affect the mind and fortune, and, laſtly, the reputation.

Oh, I underſtand, mamma. If an action be equitable, if it demand ſome great ſacrifice, and cannot be performed without rendering him who performs it contemptible, it is then certainly heroic.

The definition is exceedingly juſt; do not forget it; eſpecially when you read hiſtory, where you will find a multitude of errors on that ſubject; many hiſtorians, for want of reflecting, miſplace both their cenſure and their praiſe; a judicious reader will never judge blindly after them, but will coolly examine the things they approve, and the things they condemn.

Do you often find heroic actions recorded in hiſtory, mamma.

Yes; but they are ſeldom thoſe which hiſtorians praiſe the moſt.

Pray, mamma, recount to us an heroic anecdote.

Willingly; and I will take it from the Turkiſh Hiſtory.

The

The Emperor Achmet I. ſucceeded Mahomet III. and mounted the throne in the year 1602 *(a)*. He was only fifteen years old, and was the firſt Prince ſo youthful who had ever reigned in Turkey. He had not enjoyed his dignity many months, before the Grand Vizir died. Achmet choſe not a ſucceſſor to this important place among thoſe by whom he was environed; Murad, Baſhaw of Cairo, was an old, a wiſe, and an experienced man; in the midſt of the troubles of the laſt reign, he had kept all the African States in the moſt profound peace, and exactly collected all the public taxes, without diſtreſſing the people or enriching himſelf. Having never ſeen his new maſter, he was far from expecting this preferment, and did not imagine that, with ſo young a Monarch, the abilities of a faithful ſubject would vanquiſh the intrigues of a court.

He received, however, in diſtant Egypt, the ſeals, and a command to come to Conſtantinople; and the choice of Achmet announced to the empire a Prince deſirous of the public good, and a lover of his people.

Some years after, war was declared againſt Perſia, contrary to the advice of Murad, who had the command of the army, and who choſe Naſuf for his Lieutenant; an active enterprizing man,

(*a*) 1010 of the Hegira.

in the prime of life, who had acquired great riches in the different Governments he had enjoyed. The Grand Vizir departed, at the head of his troops, but, inſtead of haſtening their march, his operations were all ſlow and dilatory.

This want of activity ſuggeſted to the perfidious Naſuf the idea of ſupplanting his benefactor and friend; he ſecretly wrote to the Porte, and offered the Emperor ſixty thouſand ſequins, to defray, in part, the expences of war, if his Highneſs would make him Grand Vizir inſtead of Murad.

The Sultan, full of eſteem and gratitude for his Miniſter, and enraged at Naſuf's ingratitude, returned the letter to Murad; giving him, at the ſame time, an abſolute power over his Lieutenant; and leaving it in his option either to preſerve, degrade, or ſtrangle the offender.

Murad immediately ordered Naſuf before him, and ſhewed him the Emperor's mandate, in which he imagined he read an irrevocable ſentence of death: willing, however, to undertake his own juſtification, or rather deſcending to interceſſion, Murad interrupted him thus: "You have been "perfidious, but you have great talents; in fact, "I think you capable of commanding the army; "I therefore commit it to your charge, and, with "it, the Seals of the Empire, now become too

"weighty

" weighty for my age: be faithful to the Em-
" peror, and may your arms be victorious."

Murad then aſſembled the troops, and proclaimed him his ſucceſſor; after which he retired to a private ſtation, and ended his days in tranquillity. But Providence did not long permit Naſuf to enjoy the fruits of his treachery; become Grand Vizir, he married a daughter of the Emperor, but having unworthily miſuſed her favour, he was ſtrangled by the order of Achmet.

How I love this Murad, ſays Cæſar, mamma; that was ſurely an heroic action.

Examine it according to the rules I have given you.

Firſt, It wounded neither humanity nor juſtice.

No; Naſuf deſerved to be puniſhed; but he had offended Murad only, who therefore had a power to pardon.

It next muſt have coſt Murad much to have overcome reſentment ſo well founded; he could neither, without rendering himſelf contemptible, give up his place, nor deprive Naſuf of his employ; knowing, therefore, that Naſuf, from years and abilities, was better adapted to the command of armies, he ſacrificed, without heſitation, his own wrongs to the public good, and ſtript himſelf to reward ingratitude. Thus, you ſee, this action was truly heroic.

I am quite delighted, mamma, that you have given me ſuch certain rules to judge of actions; one is flattered to think that, after a moment's reflection, one can determine, oneſelf, whether an act be heroic or not.

Pray, mamma, ſaid Caroline, permit me to aſk you one queſtion, relative to the hiſtory of M. de la Paliniére, in which there is a thing that gives me great pain. I allow that M. de la Paliniére, whoſe temper was ſo violent and extravagant, ought to be puniſhed; but, ſurely, that charming Julia, who was ſo gentle and ſo prudent, ought to have been happy.

You think then that virtue and perfect prudence, when united, ought to preſerve us from all the diſtreſs which ſhe experienced.

Oh yes, mamma, that would only be juſt.

And ſo, in fact, it does.

Yet, mamma, Julia is a proof to the contrary.

Not at all; firſt, you may well ſuppoſe ſhe never ſuffered ſo much as her huſband.

O! certainly: ſhe had no remorſe.

Innocence eaſily inſpires reſignation, and Julia found, in the purity of her own heart, the conſolation ſhe ſtood ſo much in need of. This is the tribute of virtue, and this tribute is great riches. She, however, underwent many troubles, of which her want of experience was the ſole cauſe.

And

And yet, mamma, her conduct was irreproachable.

Not entirely; ſhe had her defects, her imprudencies.

Julia! Imprudent!

You remember ſhe had received a perfect education under a tender mother, whom ſhe did not loſe till ſhe was ſixteen; at ſeventeen ſhe was married, and the principles ſhe had received were too deeply written in her heart ever to be eraſed; ſhe had, beſides, the beſt of tempers, and as far as ſhe knew her duty ſhe always followed it, was always virtuous, but, I repeat it, ſhe wanted experience; ſhe had loſt her guide, was guilty of error, and her misfortunes were almoſt inevitable.

Dear! mamma! you aſtoniſh me! Of what errors was Julia guilty?

In the firſt place, being young, and having a violent and jealous huſband, ſhe ſhould not have heard any thing which muſt be kept a ſecret from ſuch a man; but that was not her greateſt fault, ſhe had two others, ſtill more conſiderable: as ſoon as ſhe was convinced that M. de la Paliniére had conceived an averſion for Belinda, ſhe ſhould have ceaſed all intercourſe with her till her marriage was publicly declared; this was not ſacrificing her friend, but merely depriving herſelf of the pleaſure of ſeeing her for a few months: and ſuch a procedure, by penetrating M. de la Paliniére with

with the moſt lively gratitude, would have for ever deſtroyed his doubts of not being beloved.

'Tis true, mamma, had Julia done ſo, the incident of the pocket-book and the picture would never have happened, and Julia would have preſerved her reputation and her happineſs; but you know, ſhe offered, if M. de la Paliniére pleaſed, never to ſee Belinda again.

Yes, ſhe offered, but that was not enough, it was only an offering of politeneſs which ſhe knew would not be accepted; ſhe ſhould have come to a firm and poſitive reſolution, which ſhe ſhould have kept; and the more ſo, becauſe, ſuch a ſacrifice was not a very painful one, it was nothing more than a ſhort abſence, and not a rupture.

Very true, mamma, I ſee that was a fault, and I wonder how Julia could commit it: but what was the other?

Of the ſame kind, but ſtill more inexcuſable; that of not poſitively breaking off all intercourſe with Sinclair, after M. de la Paliniére had openly avowed his jealouſy. It is true, he pretended he was cured; but did not Julia know his character; his inconſiſtency, caprice, and ſuſpicion? Beſides, how could ſhe ſuppoſe a cure ſo ſudden? How could ſhe be ignorant of the wound a wife gives to decency and duty in admitting an intimacy with a man of whom her huſband has been jealous, more eſpecially when that jealouſy is recent?

Julia,

Julia, without doubt, was induced to receive Sinclair's viſits by the certitude ſhe had that all her huſband's ſuſpicions would vaniſh the moment he ſhould be informed of the marriage of his friend. But why did ſhe not wait till then? Had ſhe refuſed to ſee Sinclair till his marriage was openly avowed, ſhe had redoubled the eſteem and tenderneſs of her huſband; while, by a contrary conduct, every thing was at riſk; her huſband's repoſe annihilated; herſelf expoſed to ridiculous and vexatious ſcenes, and at laſt every thing was loſt.

Yes, its very true, I ſee ſhe was guilty of great imprudence.

And obſerve, I beg, what dreadful conſequences may follow from imprudence.

I tremble to think of it.

Eſpecially, when you remember, it is almoſt impoſſible to find a young perſon of Julia's age more rational.

But then, mamma, it is impoſſible that young people ſhould not be guilty of imprudence.

Yes, if they have not an enlightened guide, a friend, whoſe experience may afford ſalutary advice, and preſerve them from the accidents which are almoſt always the reſult of a ſingle falſe ſtep, and a want of knowledge of the world.

Ah, cried Pulcheria, had poor Julia had her mamma, ſhe would never have been imprudent; that

that loſs was her real misfortune, and brought on all the reſt.

You are very right, anſwered Madame de Clémire; Julia, whoſe mind was ſo rational, ſo ſuperior, would always have aſked, and always have followed, her mother's advice; and what advice can be more ſage, or have the intereſt of the object more at heart than that of a good mother.

Oh, mamma, we ſhall never be imprudent, we ſhall be always happy! So ſaying, the three children ran to their mamma, clung about her, and affectionately kiſſed her; and thus it was that their converſations generally terminated.

Madame de Clémire remained two days longer on her viſit to M. de la Paliniére, and then returned to Champcery; the Abbé not having been ſatisfied with Cæſar, in the morning, would not permit him to be preſent at the evening's amuſement. Cæſar, being greatly vexed at this puniſhment, became a little ſullen, and went to bed without making an apology to the Abbé; he wiſhed him only a good night!

He had been in bed about half an hour, when Madame de Clémire entered his chamber. Are you aſleep, my ſon, ſaid ſhe, in a low voice?

Not yet, mamma, anſwered Cæſar, in a ſorrowful tone.

I ſhould

I ſhould be ſurprized if you were, replied Madame de Clémire; for if it be true that you have a good heart, of which I cannot doubt, it is impoſſible you ſhould paſs a peaceful night. What, my ſon! have you laid your head upon your pillow with ſullenneſs, and rancour in your boſom, againſt a man you ought to love? Have you permitted him to leave your chamber, without an endeavour to be reconciled to him, and left him thus for twelve hours? Oh Cæſar!—Liſten, my child, to an anecdote I read this morning.

The Duke of Burgundy, father to the late king, was one day angry with one of his valets de chambre; but, as ſoon as he was in bed, he ſaid to the ſame man, who lay in his room, *Pray forgive what I ſaid to you this evening, that I may go to ſleep (a).* Judge, my ſon, if he could have been capable of going to bed without being reconciled to his Governor: and yet this young prince was then but ſeven years old; you are almoſt ten.

I aſſure you, mamma, I could not go to ſleep thus; permit me to riſe and aſk M. Frémont's pardon.

Inſtantly. Come, my ſon.

So ſaying, Madame de Clémire gave a robe de chambre to Cæſar, which he haſtily ſlipt on, and,

(a) Vie de Dauphin, Pére de Louis XV. par M. l'Abbé Proyart. Tom. I.

conducted

conducted by his mother, went to M. Frémont's apartment; he knocked gently at the door, and M. Frémont, who had already put on his night-cap, ſeemed much ſurprized at the ſight of Cæſar; the latter advanced, and, with his eyes ſwimming in tears, made the moſt humble and affectionate excuſes. When he had finiſhed ſpeaking, the Abbé, inſtead of anſwering him, turned coolly towards Madame de Clémire, and ſaid, "You "are very good, Madam, and, ſince it is your de-"ſire, I will endeavour to forgive what is paſſed." Cæſar ſeemed aſtoniſhed that the Abbé had not addreſſed himſelf to him; the Abbé added, as to you, Sir, I have no anſwer to make: it is to your mamma alone I am indebted for this viſit, and this apology.

I aſſure you, dear M. Frémont, mamma did not bid me get up and come here.

But, Sir, had you been preſent in my chamber, if Madam, your mother, had not made you ſenſible of the cruelty of your behaviour to me? (Cæſar here caſt his eyes upon the ground, and began to weep.) Be certain, Sir, continued the Abbé, if, of your own proper motion, without being either counſelled or excited, you had come to me, be certain, I ſay, I ſhould have received you with friendſhip; though you would ſtill have been guilty of a very great error, that of permitting me to leave your room without teſtifying re-

gret

gret for your fault; I, therefore, repeat, ſir, out of reſpect to your excellent mamma, I ſhall willingly pardon you; that is to ſay, I ſhall not inflict any puniſhment on you, for the ſullenneſs you have diſcovered.

Well, ſir, ſaid Cæſar, then I will inflict one on myſelf; I give you my word of honour, to deprive myſelf, during a fortnight, of attending our evening ſtories, which is the greateſt ſacrifice I can make; but, dear ſir, do not treat me with this ſevere coldneſs, and I ſhall then ſupport my puniſhment with courage.

As he ſpoke thus, the Abbé, with an affectionate air, held out his arms, into which Cæſar leapt, weeping for joy that he had obtained his pardon; and, more eſpecially, that he had performed an action which had reconciled him to himſelf.

You ſee, my ſon, ſaid Madame de Clémire, how much it coſts us when we defer to make reparation for our errors; this is to aggravate them, and nothing but extraordinary actions, and painful ſacrifices, can then obtain forgiveneſs. Had you, in going to reſt, made a proper apology to M. Frémont, you would have been pardoned, and not, for a fortnight, deprived of your greateſt pleaſure.

All the three children had mutually made a law to renounce their evening entertainments, whenever any one was excluded, Caroline and Pulcheria

diſcovered

diſcovered that Cæſar had impoſed too long a penance on himſelf, read him various leſſons upon the inconvenience of refractory tempers, and gave excellent advice upon that head, which he promiſed to profit by in future.

Spring now approached, the month of March was almoſt ended, the violet and lily of the valley began to appear; Auguſtin, who was perfectly acquainted with all the environs of Champcery, led them every day through the woods and meadows, whence they continually brought herbs and flowers; the trees did not yet afford any ſhade, and they enjoyed in the foreſt, as well as in the field, the mild warmth of April, while the want of verdure ſtill recalled the rigour of December; though the clear ſky, and the budding earth, proclaimed the return of ſpring-time and pleaſure.

Cæſar and his ſiſters poſſeſſed, in common, a ſmall garden, which was their delight; it was in two diviſions, the one was the kitchen, and the other the flower-garden; at the bottom they had a well, that is to ſay, a barrel ſunk in the earth, but yet with baluſtrades, like a real well, to preſerve them from falling in, and a windlaſs and bucket. The children, with the help of Auguſtin, drew their water, and cultivated their ground, themſelves, and had ſpades, hoes, and other utenſils, adapted to their ſtrength; the gardener, Mr. Steven, inſtructed, and furniſhed them with ſeeds,

roots,

roots, and plants. Ah! Caroline would ſay, while watering a tulip, I wiſh it was blown; how glad I ſhould be to pluck it, and carry it to mamma! Yes, Pulcheria would reply, but that will not be before I ſhall have a noſegay ready for her of pinks and carnations! I ſhall give her a ſallad firſt, ſaid Cæſar.

The twelfth of April was a fine day; Cæſar's penance was ended, and the children roſe, recollecting the Tales of the Caſtle were to begin again that evening. They ranſacked their garden, and found ſallading, hyacinths, primroſes, ſnow-drops, and violets, enough to fill a hand-baſket; this they ornamented with ribbons, and it was carried in pomp by the whole party, each lending a hand, to Madame de Clémire, and their grand-mamma. The flowers were diſpoſed of with care in beaupots, and the ſallad was eat at dinner; and never was ſallad ſo praiſed.

In the evening the Baronneſs informed them ſhe had a hiſtory ready; and, ſupper over, ſhe began, after the following manner, her narrative:

NOTES,

NOTES,

REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES,

IN VOL. I.

(1) STONES bearing the figures of Plants, are called *Dendrites*; and thoſe in which the form of Animals is ſeen, Zoomorphites.

(2) Butterflies are arranged into genera and claſſes. The general diſtinction is that which divides them into the day and night kinds. We have among the birds ſome few that fly abroad only by night, but theſe bear only a ſmall proportion in number to the day-fliers; on the contrary, the number of Butterflies which we ſee fluttering about the fields and gardens, are ſcarcely ſo many as thoſe which fly abroad only by night. We often meet with theſe, even in our houſes, flying about the candles, and the hedges ſwarm with them: in the day-time we find them hid under the leaves of plants, and often, as it were, in a torpid ſtate. In this condition they remain till evening; but they are ſo cunning in hiding themſelves, at this time, that it is difficult to ſee one, even in places where there are a great number. The way to diſcover them is to beat and diſturb the buſhes, or ſhake the branches of trees, in places where they are ſuſpected to be, and they will often be driven out in ſwarms. In this caſe they never fly far, but ſettle again upon the firſt tree or buſh they come to; and, in ſummer, if any one goes out into the fields or gardens, with a candle, in a calm ſtill night, there will numbers of different kinds of them almoſt immediately gather about it. Theſe are called, by Naturaliſts, *night-butterflies*, *phalænæ*, and *moths*.

(3) Thoſe

(3) Thoſe beings are uſually called inſects, the bodies of which are compoſed of rings or ſegments.

One ſpecies of the butterfly, Mr. Reaumur has called the *Bundle of Dry Leaves*. This, when it is in a ſtate of reſt, has wholly the appearance of a little cluſter of the decayed leaves of ſome herb. The poſition and colour of its wings greatly favour this reſemblance; and they have very large ribs, wholly like thoſe of the leaves of plants, and which are indented in the ſame manner at their edges, as the leaves of many plants are. This ſeems to point out the care of nature for the animal, and frequently may preſerve it from birds, &c.

The Skull Butterfly is another ſingular ſpecies, ſo called from its head reſembling, in ſome degree, a death's head, or human ſkull. This very remarkable appearance is terrible to many people; but it has another yet greater ſingularity attending it; which is that, when frighted, it has a mournful or harſh voice. This appeared the more ſurprizing to M. Reaumur as no other known Butterfly had any the leaſt voice at all; and he was not ready of belief that it was a real voice, but ſuſpected the noiſe, like that of the cicadæ, to be owing to the attrition of ſome part of the body: and, in fine, he, by great pains, diſcovered that the noiſe was not truly vocal, but was made by a hard and briſk rubbing of the trunk againſt two hard bodies between which it is placed.

(4) Shells are divided into three claſſes, the firſt claſs is called Univalve, or ſhells of one piece, ſuch as the Snail; the ſecond Bivalve, ſuch as Oyſters; the third Multivalve, or ſhells of ſeveral pieces, ſuch as the Pholas and Balanus.

(5) Botany is the Science of Plants; or that part of phyſiology which treats of plants, their ſeveral kinds, forms, virtues, and uſes.

Authors

Authors are divided about the preciſe object and extent of *Botany*, which ſome will have to include the whole province of plants, in all their ſtates, uſes, and relations; others reſtrain it to the knowledge of the claſſes, genera, ſpecies, external figures, and deſcription of plants, excluſive of their origin and generation, which belong to *Phyſiology*; of their culture and propagation, which belong to *Gardening* and *Agriculture*; and of their virtues, which are objects of conſideration in *Phyſic* and Pharmacy.

Mineralogy is that previous part of Metallurgy which teaches the ways of finding, judging, and digging of mines.

Mineralogy is an art that requires a conſiderable compaſs of knowledge before it can be practiſed to advantage; for it demands a competent ſkill in the nature, effluvia, and effects of mineral ſubſtances, whether earths, ſalts, ſulphurs, ſtones, ores, bitumens, gems, or metals; it likewiſe requires a knowledge of the internal ſtructure of the earth, and it's various ſtrata, with a competent ſkill in ſubterraneous architecture, menſuration, hydraulics, levelling, and mechanics.

The places abounding with mines are generally healthy, as ſtanding high, and every way expoſed to the air; yet ſome places, where mines are found, prove poiſonous, and can upon no account be dug, though ever ſo rich. The way of examining a ſuſpected place of this kind is to make experiments upon brutes, by expoſing them to the effluvia or exhalations, to find the effect.

(6) Cataracts, *couching of.* This operation in Surgery is performed by penetrating the globe of the eye with the *couching* needle, through the *tunica conjunctiva* and *albuginea*, at a very ſmall diſtance beyond the circumference of the *tunica cornea*, and, as exactly as poſſible, in a line with the moſt external part of the circle of the pupil.

Cataracts,

Cataracts, *extraction of.* Mr. Daviel, in 1745, firſt began this operation for the cure of the cataract; and out of a hundred and fifteen different operations a hundred ſucceeded. Though it is ſaid that M. St. Yves practiſed it about ſixty years before.

Great ſkill and care are neceſſary, in order to avoid wounding the Iris, which would endanger the eye. The whole operation requires about two minutes, and is attended with little or no pain. This operation is in many reſpects preferable to *couching*: as it may be performed at all times, and in all kinds of *cataract*, whether they are come to maturity or not, and many accidents are avoided. The principal accident to which this operation is liable, is an exceſſive evacuation of the vitreous humour, at the time of performing it, which may occaſion a ſinking down of the globe of the eye, a deformity, and an irrecoverable loſs of ſight.

Cataract *of water*, a fall, or precipice in the channel or bed of a river; cauſed by rocks, or other obſtacles, ſtopping the courſe of its ſtream: from whence the water falls with impetuoſity and noiſe.

Such are the *Cataracts* of the Nile, the Danube, Rhine, &c.

In that of Niagara, the perpendicular fall of the water is 137 feet: and in that of Piſtile Rhaiadr, in North Wales, the fall of water is near 240 feet from the mountain to the lower pool.

Strabo calls that a *Cataract* which we call a *Caſcade*; and what we call a *Cataract* the Ancients uſually called a *Catadupa*.

(7) It is known that a great Princeſs, exceedingly diſtinguiſhed by her virtues and piety, died with a tranquillity admired by all who were preſent. After ſhe had received the ſacraments, and after a long agonizing fit, ſhe ſuddenly cried, O how delicious is death! And theſe were her laſt words.

(8) Oeconomy of Bees. Naturaliſts relate wonders on this ſubject. The moral virtues have been all, at one time or other, attributed to *Bees*; and they have been particularly celebrated for their prudence, induſtry, mutual affection, unity, loyalty to their Sovereign, public ſpirit, ſobriety, and cleanlineſs. The ſagacity of *Bees*, in foreſeeing rain, has been often mentioned, but it is very queſtionable. Though ſome of the accounts that have been given of theſe inſects are fabulous, yet an intimate acquaintance with them, in their domeſtic operations, has furniſhed many real facts, that are as ſurpriſing as thoſe which are groundleſs. It muſt not, however, be omitted, that at certain times, when they think their ſtores will fall ſhort, they make no ſcruple to throw out of the hives their own offspring; the nymphs, and young *Bees* of the drone kind, ſcarce extricated from their covering, have been carried away, and left to periſh. Though they are juſt in their own kingdom, and to thoſe who may properly be called their fellow-ſubjects, they rob and plunder ſtrangers and foreigners, whenever they have power and opportunity; and they have frequent battles in committing depredations on neighbouring colonies and hives, or in ſelf-defence, which end fatally to many of their number. But it ſhould be obſerved that this never happens, unleſs in the Spring or Autumn, when the weather is warm, and honey ſcarce, and there are no flowers to produce it. In this caſe, when they have ranged the fields without ſucceſs, they endeavour to ſupply themſelves, at the hazard of their lives, from the ſtocks of other *Bees*. However, if the Queen of either hive that happens to be engaged be killed, the conteſt is finiſhed, and both parties unite under the ſurvivor.

(9) Among others, is that of Madame Lagnans. This Tomb, of which I have ſeen no deſcription in any work, is equally intereſting for beauty of deſign, and excellent workmanſhip. Mr. Lagnans, Miniſter of Berne, who was living in 1775, had a wife who was a perfect beauty, and who died in

in child-bed, in the twenty-eighth year of her age; her child only outlived her a few minutes. M. Naal, a celebrated German Sculptor, was engaged to erect a monument to the memory of this mother and her child. He repreſented Madame Lagnans, at the moment of reſurrection, After having ſunk a kind of grave, ſufficient to contain a ſtatue, he placed therein a large ſtone, that ſeemed unequally ſplit or broken, and ſo contrived, that the young wife appeared riſing from her coffin, juſt awoke from the ſleep of death, holding her child with one hand, and puſhing away a ſtone with the other, that apparently impeded her reſurrection. The dignity of her figure, her candour, innocence, and that pure celeſtial joy which ſhines in her countenance, give it a moſt feeling and ſublime expreſſion. There is nothing wanting to this Monument, but to have had it cut in marble. The Epitaph is worthy of the Tomb; it is engraved upon the ſtone, and, notwithſtanding the large cleft, may be eaſily read: it is written in the German language, and Madame Lagnans is ſuppoſed to ſpeak. The following is a tranſlation of it:

"I hear the trumpet! it penetrates to the depth of Tombs!
"Awake child of anguiſh! The Saviour of the world calls us;
"the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will
"crown innocence and virtue. Behold me, Lord, with the
"infant thou gaveſt me!"

The Monument of Le Brun's Mother, in the church of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonneret, at Paris, has nearly the ſame idea, but the deſign is leſs ſtriking. The Artiſt (Colignon) has here placed a large Urn, of a reddiſh colour, upon a tolerable high Altar, the lid of which is thrown down; an old woman, of a venerable figure, riſes out of it, with her hands claſped, her eyes fixed on heaven, and cloathed in her winding-ſheet, the drapery of which falls over the edge of the urn; the whole buſt of the figure is ſeen, and, as well as the drapery, is of white marble; behind her, againſt the

niche of the altar, is the angel of judgment, with the laſt trumpet in his hand.

(10) Medal, medalia, a ſmall figure or piece of metal, in the form of a coin, deſtined to preſerve to poſterity the portrait of ſome great man, or the memory of ſome illuſtrious action.

The parts of a medal are the two ſides; one whereof is called the face, or head, the other the reverſe.

On each ſide is the area, or field, which makes the middle of a medal; the rim, or border, and the EXERGUM, which is beneath the ground whereon the figures repreſented are placed. On the two ſides are diſtinguiſhed the type, and the inſcription or legend. The type, or device, is the figure repreſented; the legend is the writing, eſpecially that around the medal; though, in the Greek medals, the inſcription is frequently in the area. What we find in the EXERGUM is frequently no more than ſome initial letters, whoſe meaning we are uſually unacquainted with; though, ſometimes, too, they contain epochas, or words, that may be accounted an inſcription.

The exergue contains, ſometimes, the date of the coin, expreſſing in what conſulſhip of the Emperor it was ſtruck, as Cos. III. upon the reverſe of an Antoninus. Sometimes it ſignifies the place where it was ſtruck, and to which the coin properly belonged, as S. M. A. L. for *ſigna Moneta Alexandriæ*, upon the reverſe of a Licinius. Sometimes the name of a province, the reduction of which the medal is deſigned to celebrate; as Judæa in the reverſe of a Veſpaſian. On the face of medals we have, commonly, the portrait of ſome great and illuſtrious perſon; uſually, if not always, in profile. The conſular medals have, commonly, the heads of ſome of their gods, or of their ancient kings, or of Rome,

Rome, which is a manly face wearing a helmet. The heads of the Roman kings are, generally, dreſſed with a diadem: Julius Cæſar was the firſt, among the Romans, who ſtruck his own head upon the coin, in which he was followed by all the ſucceeding Emperors. The proper dreſs of the imperial head is a crown, commonly of laurel, the right of wearing which was decreed to Julius Cæſar by the ſenate, and afterwards continued to his ſucceſſors. Beſides, there are ſeveral crowns found in medals, as the roſtral, mural, radiated, &c. The Emperor Juſtinian was the firſt who uſed an arched crown, ſurmounted with a croſs, ſuch as is worn by Chriſtian kings at this day. Some heads of Emperors are wholly naked, as thoſe of Auguſtus, Nero, Galba, and ſome others. Though it is obſerved that a naked head, ſtruck in the imperial ages, is a ſign that it is not the head of an Emperor, but of one of his ſons, or the preſumptive heir of the empire. The heads of the gods are diſtinguiſhed by their proper crown; as Ceres, by a crown of ears of corn; Flora, by a crown of flowers, &c. Heads are alſo diſtinguiſhed, not only by their dreſs, but, by certain ſymbols attending them; as the LITUUS, which is the ſymbol of the Pontifex Maximus. We have, alſo, on medals, the heads of Queens, and other ladies of high rank, chiefly the wives of the emperors. Some medals are alſo charged with two heads, either ſet face to face, as the medal of Severus and the Empreſs Domna; or back to back, as that of Julius Cæſar and Octavianus, afterwards Auguſtus, his adopted ſon and ſucceſſor: and ſome few are ſtamped with three heads, or more, on the face. The titles are alſo generally found upon the face of the medal. Theſe are titles of honour, as Imperator, Cæſar, Auguſtus, given to all the Roman emperors after Octavianus; Dominus, firſt aſſumed by Aurelian, and uſed by his ſucceſſors: other titles are aſcribed to particular perſons on account of their virtues, as Pius, to Antoninus, aſſumed alſo by Commodus with the addition of Felix; Pater Patriæ, firſt beſtowed on Cicero for diſcovering and

defeating the conſpiracy of Cataline, and afterwards aſſumed by the emperors; Juſtus, the title of Piſcennius; Beatiſſimus and Feliciſſimus, of Diocleſian; Optimus and Clemens, decreed to Trajan, by the Senate; Maximus, aſſumed by Conſtantine; and Invictus, by Victorinus. Other titles are the names of officers; as Cos. for Conſul, with a number annexed to it, ſignifying how many times the perſon had been thus elected: Tribunitia poteſtas, with the year of the tribuneſhip, commonly expreſſed after the title, as TRIB. POT. X. or XVI. &c. The office of Pontifex Maximus, expreſſed by P. M. was aſſumed by the Emperors, and generally expreſſed among their titles from Auguſtus to Conſtantine, by whom it was refuſed; it was re-aſſumed by Julian, and laid aſide by Gratian. Julius Cæſar aſſumed the title Dictator perpetuus; Claudius, that of Cenſor; and Domitian made himſelf Cenſor perpetuus.

Some authors imagine that the ancient medals were uſed for money. M. Patin had a chapter expreſs to prove that they had all a fixed regular price in payments, not excepting even the medallions. F. Joubert is of the ſame opinion. Others, on the contrary, maintain that we have no real money of the ancients; and that the medals we now have, never had any courſe as coins. Between theſe two extremes there is a medium, which appears, by much, more reaſonable than either of them.

Medals are divided into ancient and modern.

Ancient medals are either of the higher or lower antiquity. The former conſiſts of ſuch as were ſtruck before the end of the third century; the latter of ſuch as were ſtruck before the third and ninth centuries.

The ærugo of ancient medals adds greatly to their value. It is ſometimes found of a blue, ſometimes of a crimſon, and

and ſometimes of a violet colour. It is ſaid to be inimitable by art; for as to that produced by ſal-ammoniac and vinegar, it comes far behind it in beauty. The genuine kind inſinuates itſelf into the fineſt ſtrokes of the letters, &c. without effacing them, better than any enamel; it is only obſerved on braſs coins; for as to thoſe of ſilver, the ærugo deſtroys them, and therefore is to be carefully ſcoured off with vinegar, or lemon-juice.

Modern medals, are thoſe ſtruck within theſe few hundred years.

Among the ancient medals ſome are Greek, others Roman. Theſe may be diſtinguiſhed into two claſſes, viz. thoſe of the ſtate, and thoſe of particular cities and colonies: for, beſides the money coined by the ſtate, it appears that divers cities and colonies had the privilege of coining; where, it is probable, the chief magiſtrate was the mint-maſter.

The Greek medals are the moſt ancient. That people ſtruck medals in all the three metals with ſuch exquiſite art as the Romans could never come up to. The Greek medals have a deſign, accuracy, force, and delicacy that expreſs even the muſcles and veins; and it muſt be owned, go infinitely beyond any thing of the Romans.

There are alſo Hebrew medals; and Punic, Gothic, and Arabic medals, which make new claſſes in the ancient and modern ones.

Medals have been ſtruck in three kinds of metals, which make three ſeveral ſets or ſeries in the cabinets of the curious. That of gold is the leaſt numerous, as not conſiſting of above one thouſand, or twelve hundred of the imperial; that of ſilver may contain about three thouſand imperial; and that of braſs or copper, of the three ſeveral ſizes, viz. the great, the

the middle, and the ſmall, conſiſts of ſix or ſeven thouſand, all imperial,

It is not either the metal, or the ſize which makes a medal valuable; but the ſcarcity of the head, or of the reverſe, or the legend. Some medals are common in gold, which yet are very rare in copper; and others very rare in ſilver, which in copper and gold are very common. The reverſe is ſometimes common, where the head is ſingular; and ſome heads are common whoſe reverſes are very ſcarce.

There are alſo medals very ſcarce in ſome ſets, and, yet, very common in others: for inſtance, there is no Antonia in the ſets of large copper, and the middle copper is forced to ſupply its place. The Otho is very rare in all the copper ſets, and yet common in the ſilver ones. Othos of the large copper, are held at an immenſe price; and thoſe of the middle copper at forty or fifty piſtoles. And the Gordians Afric are rated near as high. Singular medals are invaluable.

M. Vaillant has collected all the medals ſtruck by the Roman Colonies; F. Hardonin thoſe of the Greek and Latin cities; F. Noris thoſe of Syria. M. Morel alſo undertook a univerſal hiſtory of medals, and promiſed cuts of twenty-five thouſand. He ranges them under four claſſes; the firſt contains the medals of kings, cities, and people, which have neither the name nor image of the Roman Emperors; the ſecond contains the Conſular medals; the third the Imperial medals; and the fourth the Hebrew, Punic, Parthian, French, Spaniſh, Gothic, and Arabic. He begins with the Imperial, and brings them down as low as Heraclitus: He places the Latin in order above the Greek.

Ad. Occo, a German Phyſician, and Count Mezzabarba, have endeavoured to range the medals in a chronological order; but that is impracticable: for in many of the Imperial medals

medals there is no mark either of the Conſulate, or of the year of the reign; and, ſince Gallienus, there are few of the Roman Imperial Medals that bear the leaſt footſteps of chronology.

The moſt noted medaliſts, or authors on medals, are Antonius Auguſtinus, Wolf, Lazius, Ful. Urſinus, a learned Antiquary, Æucas Vicus, Huber Goltzius, a famous graver, Oiſelius, Seguin, Occo, Triſtan, Sirmond, Vaillant, Patin, Noris, Spanheim, Hardouin, Morel, Joubert, Mezzabarba, Beger, &c.

There is an Introduction to the Knowledge of Medals, by Dr. Jennings, publiſhed in 1764, which may be uſeful to convey a general acquaintance with the ſubject.

A very eaſy and elegant way of taking impreſſions of medals and coins, not generally known, is this: Melt a little iſinglaſs glue, made with brandy, and pour it thinly over the metal, ſo as to cover its whole ſurface; let it remain on, for a day or two, till it is thoroughly dry and hardened, and then, taking it off, it will be fine, clear, and hard as a piece of Muſcovy glaſs, and will have a very elegant impreſſion of the coin. *Cyclopædia.*

(11) The moſt intereſting natural curioſities of Franche-Comté, are the Fall of Doux, a natural caſcade of great beauty; the Grotto of Quingey, where the water falling, drop by drop, from the arch to the roof of the cavern, congealing, forms itſelf into various figures of columns, feſtoons, trophies, and tombs; the famous Grotto of Beſançon, or the Glaciére, another large cavern, ſunk in a mountain, five leagues from Beſançon; it is 135 feet wide, and 168 long; many pyramids of ice are there ſeen, and the variation of the Thermometer, between winter and ſummer, is very inconſiderable. Thus, ſays M. de Bomare, this Grotto preſents a phæ-

a phænomenon unique in nature; the ice, which is there formed, during the heats of ſummer, proves that the cold is regular, and not relative, as in other caverns.

The other celebrated Grottos, are the Grotto of Arcy, in Burgundy, in the Auxerrois, remarkable by its apartments, which run one into another, and in which are obſerved various ſports of nature; the Grotto of Balme, ſeven leagues from Lyons, where are concretions of various colours and forms; the Grotto of Bauman, in the Duchy of Brunſwick; the Grotto of Chien in Italy; the Grottos of the Fairies, two leagues from Ripaille, in Chablais; theſe are three Grottos, one over the other, into which you can aſcend only by a ladder. A baſin is ſeen in each Grotto, in which the water, according to popular opinion, has marvellous virtues. Add to theſe the Grottos of Anti-Paros, in the Archipelago, which are the moſt beautiful and extraordinary of them all.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.